JOHN BULL, JUNE 13, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1565.

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JOHN BULL

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Of all Chemists and Hairdressers in standard bottles, big tubes and the new open-neck bottles. 1/-

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Road, West Twyford, London, N.W.10.

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Earnings unlimited. Free gift every agent. Big cash Prizes. Catalogue Free.
F. J. TATE, 26, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS, 1.

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YOUNG MEN physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for Entrance and Promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars free, or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free. Dept. A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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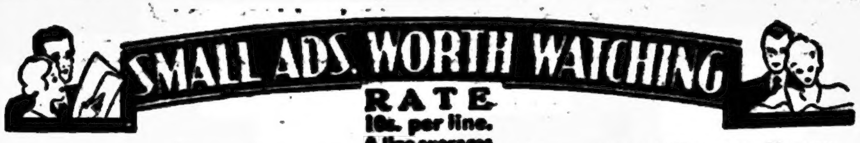

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SECTIONAL BUILDINGS.—Prices down and low easy terms. Garden Sheds, Greenhouses, Garages. Write for Free List.—C. Albert & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

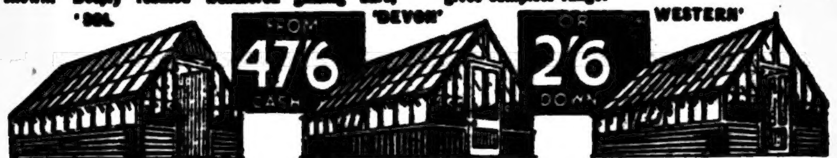
BABY-CLOTHES. — EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Homes and Welfare centres. 75-garment Layette with full-size shawl, 30/-, or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro. (Cash or Terms).—Mrs. J. Howard, 68, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Berkeley Superlax Chair advt. on page 39 for free illustrated catalogue of all models, together with complete range of coverings, patterns, etc.; 10/- with order secures luxurious model illustrated.

SOUTH WESTERN

250-MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY. FREE 'TITAN' STEEL BRACINGS

GREENHOUSES Easily erected, 6 complete sections—4 walls and 2 roof sections; just screw together. 2" framing and 'Titan' steel bracing, av. 3" x 2" erected: walls of ¾" planed, rebated weatherboards, or ¾" matching as shown. Deeply rebated weathered glazing bars, roof ditto with chamfered rail, ensuring waterproof ridge. Eaves plates throw water clear. Strong door and lock. Movable ventilators, iron stays. Double staging. Clear cut glass in large sheets, bedded all putty and 1 coat of paint. List "GH." gives complete range.



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6	5	4	6½	2. 7.0	2/6	4/3
7	5	4	6½	2.10.0	2/6	4/7
9	6	4	7	3. 7.0	3/-	6/2
10	6	4	7	4. 2.6	3/6	7/6
15	8	5	9	7. 0.0	5/-	13/-

L	W	H'gt. E	H'gt. R	Cash £ s. d.	Down	12 M. Pt's.
6	5	4	6½	3. 7.0	3/-	6/2
7	5	4	6½	3. 8.6	3/6	6/5
9	6	4	7	4. 7.6	4/-	8/-
10	6	4	7	5. 4.0	4/6	9/7
15	8	5	9	8.12.6	6/-	16/-

L	W	H'gt. E	H'gt. R	Cash £ s. d.	Down	12 M. Pt's
6	5	4	6½	4. 0.0	3/6	8/-
7	5	4	6½	4. 8.6	3/6	8/3
9	6	4	7	5. 7.0	4/-	9/11
10	6	4	7	6. 8.0	5/-	13/11
15	8	5	9	10. 2.6	8/-	18/9

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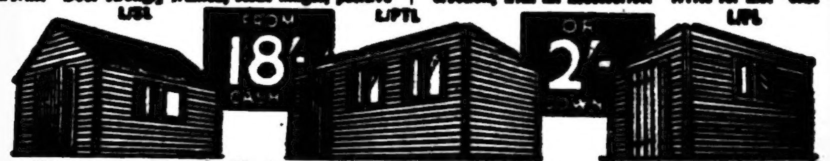
CARRIAGE PAID IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Strongly made in easily handled sections, 2" framing, covered ¾" deal w'boards, generous o'lap. Windows approx. 2" sq., ½ to open on pivots, glazed at works. Door strongly framed, stout hinges, positive lock. Roof on rafters, birdsmouthed to top plate, planed matching & bitumen felt. Floor complete: heavy joists covered planed and grooved close-boarded flooring. Absolutely complete for simple erection, with all accessories. Write for List "S.B."



L	W	H'gt. E	H'gt. R	Cash. £ s.d.	Dep.	12 M. Pt's.	Fl. Ex.
4	4	5	6	1. 4.6	3/-	2/1	6/6
6	4	5	6	1. 9.6	3/6	2/6	8/6
7	5	5	6½	2. 4.6	4/-	3/11	10/6
8	5	5	6½	2. 9.6	4/-	4/5	11/6
8	6	5	6½	2.14.0	4/6	4/9	12/6
9	6	5	6½	2.17.0	4/6	5/-	15/-
10	7	5	6½	3. 9.6	5/-	6/2	22/6

L	W	H'gt. F	H'gt. B	Cash £ s. d.	Dep.	12M. Pt's.	Fl. Ex.
7	5	6	5	2. 9.6	4/-	4/5	10/6
9	6	7	6	3. 7.0	4/6	6/-	15/-
10	6	7	6	3.17.0	5/-	7/-	22/6
12	6	7	6	5. 2.0	5/6	9/4	27/6
15	6	7	6	6.12.0	6/-	12/2	35/-
12	8	8	6	6.12.0	6/6	12/3	30/-
14	8	8	6	7. 7.6	7/-	13/7	35/-

L	W	H'gt. F	H'gt. B	Cash £ s. d.	Dep.	12M. Pt's.	Fl. Ex.
4	3	5	4	18.0	2/-	1/7	5/-
4	4	6	5	19.6	2/6	1/9	6/6
5	4	6	5	1. 2.6	3/-	1/10	7/6
6	4	6	5	1. 9.6	3/6	2/9	8/6
7	5	6	5	2. 4.6	4/-	3/11	10/6
8	6	7	6	2.12.6	4/-	4/8	13/6
9	6	7	6	2.17.6	4/6	5/-	15/-

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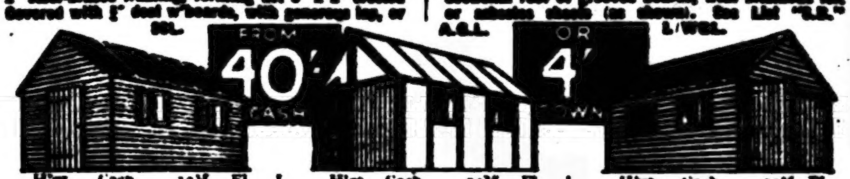
ALL ADVERTISED BUILDINGS DISPATCHED FROM STOCK

Generous specification: low prices. All-sectional and easily erected by novice. Walls of stout 2" steel-braced framing, forming av. 3" x 2" erected covered with ¾" deal w'boards, with generous lap, or British Asbestos cement sheets. Glazed windows, pivot hung, ½ to open. Doors of strong planed and grooved matchings, heavy hinges, locks, etc. Sectional roof of grooved boards, with bitumen felt or asbestos sheets (as shown). See List "S.B."



L	W	H'gt. E	H'gt. R	Cash £ s. d.	Dep.	12M. Pt's.	Fl. Ex.
6	4	5	6	2. 0.0	4/-	3/6	8/6
7	5	5	6½	2.18.0	4/6	4/9	10/6
8	6	5	6½	3. 8.0	4/6	5/10	13/6
10	7	5	6½	4. 0.0	5/-	7/4	22/6
14	8	6	8	7. 8.0	7/-	13/4	35/-
16	8	6	8	8. 8.0	8/-	15/3	40/-

L	W	H'gt. E	H'gt. R	Cash £ s. d.	Dep.	12M. Pt's.	Fl. Ex.
8	6	6	7½	4. 5.0	6/-	7/8	13/6
9	6	6	7½	4. 7.6	6/3	7/11	15/-
10	7	6	8	5.10.0	7/-	10/-	22/6
12	8	6	8	6.15.0	8/-	12/4	30/-
14	8	6	8	7.10.0	8/-	13/8	35/-
16	8	6	8	8.10.0	10/-	15/-	40/-

L	W	H'gt. E	H'gt. R	Cash £ s. d.	Dep.	12M. Pt's.	Fl. Ex.
8	6	6	7½	3. 1.0	2/6	5/6	13/6
9	6	6	7½	3. 9.6	4/-	6/-	15/-
10	7	6	7½	4. 9.6	4/6	8/2	22/6
11	7	6	7½	4.19.6	4/9	9/2	27/6
13	7	6	7½	5. 9.6	5/-	10/-	30/-
14	8	6	8	6. 9.6	5/6	11/11	35/-

Our new Factory is the largest and best equipped in the British Isles. The very latest machines and highly skilled workmanship ensure our buildings being the finest specialised product ever offered to the public by any portable building concern.

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Write NOW. Catalogue "S.B." (Sheds, etc.), "G.H." (Greenhouses).

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WALLPAPERS from 2d. roll. Bigger, Brighter, Bargain Book, 1936 Designs. Post free.—BRUCE & HALL (Dept. J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

A BARGAIN for your home. Illustrated in this week's "Show Window" (page 3) is a charming modern design Fire Screen, obtainable direct from the actual makers at an extraordinarily low price. Don't miss this big bargain.

CAMPERS! Free Ground Sheets to purchasers of Tents, from 8/3. See illustrated advertisement of Messrs. Nuttall in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," page 3.

WRITE for the Spring catalogue (men's and women's) offered by Smartwear, Ltd., of 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1, on page 37.

A SMALL deposit secures the attractive bargain offered by Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., on p. 42. Use the coupon and order now.

GARDENING.

NOW is the time to use **SANGRAL**—the 10-Day **FERTILISER** for better flowers, Fruit, vegetables and lawns. 100 per cent. safe and effective. 6d., 1/6 and 3/-. Sold everywhere.

FOR Cutting Grass a Scythe is best. Does it twice as quickly as shears and gets where mower cannot be used. These grass Scythes cost only 2/-. Obtainable from an advertiser in *John Bull's* "Shop Window." See page 3.

SEVERAL free Catalogues of interest to gardeners, etc., are offered in the display advertisement on this page. By a simple plan of easy monthly payments you can obtain any of the models profusely illustrated in the various catalogues, which can be obtained free on application to the South Western Appliance Co. (1929), Ltd., Hugon Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS. Drums & All Access., Trumpets, Guitars, etc. 1d. p.c. brings wonderful 64-p. cat. free.—Terms. J. B. RAYMOND & CO., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (529 E.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HEADACHE stopped FREE! Try Cephos, the famous Physician's Remedy for Headache and Neuralgia. In Powders and Tablets. Safe and certain and gives instant relief.—Send p.c. to CEPHOS, LTD (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

PSORIASIS-ECZEMA ended while you sleep. Satisfaction guaranteed. FREE BOOKLET.—RIDALEX, LTD., J., Lytham Road, Blackpool.

RUPTURE Elastic Trusses and Appliances. Single 12/6, Double 17/-. No extra charge for Scrotal pads. The new "Campolastic" Air Pads unpuncturable. Testimonials daily. Free Trusses for National Health insured persons. Illus. Price List and Measurement Form post free. C. A. Macbeth (J.B.33), 124, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, London, S.W.11.

"**INFERIORITY COMPLEX.**"—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc., send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.21), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

MEN!—Preserve your health and fitness by wearing a Spencer Supporting Belt. — Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for free Booklet and further partics. See advt. on p. 34.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL Endowment Policies Purchased outright. — The Secretary, PIONEER SALES, 12, Christchurch Road, WINCHESTER.

FREE. — Wonderful new cookery book—crammed full of cookery wisdom—how to make ordinary dishes better! Send for your free copy now! Fill in your name and address in the coupon in the Stork Margarine ad. on p. 27.

HAVE you ever spent a holiday at Blackpool? A free guide and full particulars are offered in the advt. on p. 27—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to R. W. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool.

FREE.—A trial tube of Odol Tooth Paste. Simply send a postcard to Cranbux, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.7), Norwich. See page 28.

GARDENERS.—**SANGRAL**, the ten-day fertiliser, will give you better results. Don't overlook the ten-day test offer on page 34.

FREE.—Fennings' "Every Mother's Book."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 33.

A FREE sample tube of MORNING PRIDE, the new brushless shaving cream. Cut out the coupon on p. 28. Pin your name and address, and attach 1½d. stamp for postage, etc., or, if you prefer, write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing 1½d. stamp, to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A.), 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

IF you want the perfect hairdressing, use Brylcreem. It fixes the hair naturally by its blended oils and tonic ingredients. Try Brylcreem and become one of its enthusiasts.

MEET Henry! He is to be found in every packet of Kensitas cigarettes, the makers of which have issued a special album in order that these amusing cards can be preserved. Get one from your Tobacconists—now.

FILL in the coupon on page 31 for free sample of either Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Tooth Powder, which keep the teeth brilliantly white and prevent dental decay. Send for your trial samples now. Be sure to enclose 1½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. You can try either by sending the coupon NOW!

ACCEPT this sample offer of Four Square Tobacco! If you've never tried the delightful blends of these cool and mellow tobaccos, you can obtain samples which include Empire Mixture, Cut Cake, Curlies, Original Mixture, etc., for only 1/-, if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing remittance, to Dept. J.B.9, Geo. Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland. See p. 35.

EXCELLENT health for 1/- a week! This is the cost of Mr. H. Bream's International Physical Culture Course advertised on page 41. Fill in the coupon, which will bring you full details.

A WELL-KNOWN fisherman, having read "Angling Fine," by E. Marshall Hardy (Herbert Jenkins, 2/6) writes:—"No one has said so much that matters for so little money." You should read it.

HOUSEWIVES know how much thought and energy goes to running a house comfortably and still being fresh and gay by the evening. The great thing is to conserve your forces, and never let "nerves" run away with you. Doctors are now recommending chewing gum for these moments. Chewing gum not only soothes your nerves, but it helps your digestion and keeps you slim. It's good for the children, too. So next time you feel irritable, or wonder if you are losing your sense of proportion, hand a penny packet round the whole family—and chew! And be sure it's Wrigleys! See p. 38.

IN a book just published, "The Human Factor in Industry" (Messrs. Chapman and Hall), the author, Mr. Eric Palmer, seeks to prove that it is in the interest of workers, and without doubt very profitable to employers, that a rest pause with refreshment in all factories be provided. An interesting feature of the book is the mass of facts and figures showing where production gradually increased in certain factories the day the workers were given a rest pause and refreshment. The author does not advocate any special type of refreshment, but quotes all the experts by saying that the workers, especially women and girls, ask for tea. Every employer and welfare worker should have a copy of this very readable and informative book. Price 3s.

NAIL BITING.
A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

JOHN BULLS SHOP WINDOW

EXTENSION LADDERS

Closed.	Open.	Price.
6ft.	10ft.	14/6
7ft.	12ft.	16/6
8ft.	14ft.	19/6
9ft.	16ft.	22/6
10ft.	18ft.	25/6
11ft.	20ft.	28/6
12ft.	22ft.	31/6
13ft.	24ft.	34/6
14ft.	26ft.	37/6
16ft.	30ft.	43/6
18ft.	34ft.	49/6

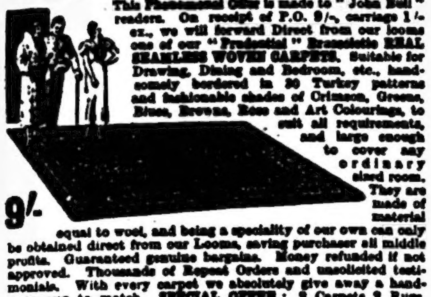
Longer lengths. Send for List.

Ladders Light
Ladders Long
Ladders Stout
Ladders Strong
Made and Sold by
PHILPOTT JOHN (Dept. J.B.),
59, Waddon Rd., CROYDON.
Phone: Croydon 6613.

Clean Pine sides. Oak rungs. Carriage paid. Delivered from Stock. Discount for quantities.

Tapered Ladders **TRUCKS** Pole Ladders
Established for over 30 years.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!



This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets 2 Rugs, and 2 Doormats for 20/-. Carr. paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES

SEMI-OXFORD

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms.

FLANNELS

Waist 26 to 46, Leg 25 to 36. Silver, Med. or Dark Grey. Well cut and made from tested Flannel, with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets and buttons inside: permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

5/- *Post 6d. or C.O.D.*

2 pairs 10/6 post paid.
ONLY TO PURCHASERS OF FLANNEL TROUSERS
St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White **1/6**

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.11), Mail Order Dept., 130-134, Heath Rd., TWICKENHAM, also 10, Canada Park Parade, Edgware, & 148, High Street, Staines.

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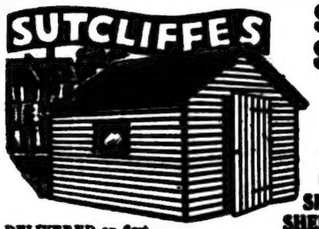

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Design S.S.
SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0	2/9
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	2 12 0	5/-
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Send for Free CATALOGUE, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

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A SPARE TIME "JOB" THAT GIVES A GOOD WEEKLY INCOME ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

£2 AND UPWARDS WEEKLY CAN BE EARNED.

COMMISSION UP TO 33% AND BONUS PAYABLE WEEKLY. WE PAY ALL POSTAGE. NO OUTLAY WHATSOEVER—NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

*FREE OFFER. Each New Agent enrolled this week will receive a "Golden Guinea" Fountain Pen. 14 carat Gold Nib. New Style Stud Filler.

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29 BARBICAN LONDON E.C.1

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

Write for Lists NOW

CYCLES FROM **57/6** CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1936 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

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LOUNGE SETTEE or FULL LENGTH BED
SETTEE
AS A BED

35/- or 2/- weekly.
Carr. & Pack. Eng. & W. 3/6

Patent Spring Seat. Solid Oak Frame. Turned Legs. 2 Velvet Cord Cushions, colours to suit everyone. Send for new coloured catalogue J.2 of Wonderful Bargains in upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites.

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We load your camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British made "Gratispool" film. NO "CATCH." Send this ad. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. THESE SIZES ONLY: 3¼ x 2¼, 4¼ x 2½, 3 x 2, or 2½ x 1¾ films.

We have films to fit the Kodak Six-20 now. Get yours FREE. Send this Coupon

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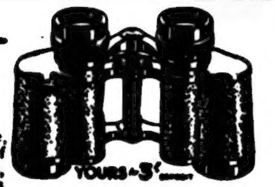
BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

HERE IS A 10 GN MODEL REDUCED 75/- YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT



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Zeiss, Deraisme, Recombier, Chatelain, Lumiere, Secompte, etc. All available on the easiest of easy terms. At all Sporting Events, Horse Races, Yacht Races, Cruises, Seaside and Country visits you will obtain far greater enjoyment and keener enthusiasm if you are carrying these wonderful Binoculars. Do not be content with distant vision. Get a real "close up" and enjoy every possibility of a "Front row" seat. **Send only 3/- deposit** and 6d. for postage for immediate delivery on **Free approval** of these exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by "Lumiere Paris." 8x Magnification, extra wide view, independent eyepiece adjustment with wheel focus, bending bar, damp and dust proof. Really wonderful definition, name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English leather case with neck lanyard and slings. If fully approved, balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid, or Cash within 7 days, 75/- only. Don't forget to write for Fully Illustrated list of Field and Prism Glasses by all the finest makers. **Sent post free.**

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SOUNDS impossible. But just consider. We can show you that it can be your own experience.

That much-longed for holiday means expense. The problem is how to raise the money. Why not do as thousands of others have done? Start a "Worldwide" Club and get a good Commission and profit-share. We know that you can do it, and we'll tell you exactly how simple it is.

You also benefit your friends—they buy direct from our warehouses—saving 5/- to 10/- in the £ on Footwear, Fashions, Crockery, and Household Goods of every description, and all on simple 1/- weekly terms. You get your welcome regular commission and profit-share.

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Associated Warehouses — J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., of Manchester. *Established 1875. British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually. Directors:— E. C. & W. P. Williams.*

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Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

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Send now for FREE CATALOGUE No. 15, illustrating various new features of complete Terms of Purchase. Hundreds of Sizes and Designs. Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

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STEEL TIED ROOFS!
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Lth.	Wdth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£5/-/-	5/-	9/2
12	8	8	£5/17/6	6/-	10/9
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7, West Street, Erith, Kent.
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stop it!

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

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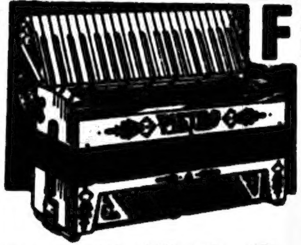
More Guaranteed Bargains Appear Overleaf ☛



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and WITH NO OBLIGATION you can play and test these World Famous Instruments before placing your order.

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39/6 to 15 Gns.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE: EASY TERMS AVAILABLE.
Wr. to to-day to J. & A. MARGOLIN, 112, Old St. London E.C.1

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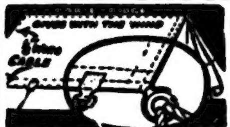

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Wire piping all round provides firm anchorage for side ropes no strain on fabric and always "Square-set." All size tents in stock from **8/3**

Send for Catalogue of Camping Equipment. Cash or deferred terms and remember a ground sheet given free with every K.B.L. Tent purchased.

49/6 CARR FWD

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20 only, but will reserve one for you on receipt of small deposit.

49/6 (cash only — no terms). Full size, 42ft round and 1st class condition. Will give years of service. Complete with all parts packed in valise. 49/6, carr fwd (wght. 84lb.). *Money-Back Guarantee.*

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QUICK-CUTTING GRASS SCYTHE

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners around trees, rockeries, etc. This sturdily British made implement is fitted with finest quality tempered steel blade for keenness and close cutting. Non-rust blade holder. Price 2/-, post 4d. Handle 9d. extra.

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PRICE **10/6** CARRIAGE & PACKING FREE

THIS CHARMING MODERN DESIGN FIRE SCREEN

is beautifully made of figured oak and faultlessly finished in a russet brown and delicately shaded. Makes a handsome addition to any room, and will harmonise with any colour scheme, but other shades can be supplied on request. Full size 20 in. wide, 27 in. high. Usually sold for 14/11. Send for one NOW, and if it fails to please you we will return your money in full. Mention "John Bull."

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2/-
2/-
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Why risk nondescript, unreliable watches when for as little as 1/6 deposit you can own a Genuine Tru-Time Watch, renowned the world over and guaranteed 10 years in writing. Simply send Deposit and name and address. If satisfied balance by small instalments (no extra charge). Or write for Catalogue Ladies' & Gent's. Watches, (Solid Gold, Gold Cased & Silver Chrome), Diamond Rings, etc. Same easy terms.

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7 DAYS HOME APPRO.

FOR 1/- DOWN

FLANNEL 'BAGS'—WITHOUT SAGS

She likes you to look smart, you know, not with legs like a Pantomime Horse. See that crease up the centre! That's cast iron! Not really, but it stays, and gives that knife-edge click to your get-up that gets you the job (or the girl) before the other fellow. Now send your bob along and lift yourself on to a new plane of smartness. These trousers last for ages, clean up, last for more ages—and then some. All the risk is ours—money back at once if you wish. We take no chances on quality. We want you, yes, but we want more, six of your mates. 1/- down, then 1/- weekly (12/6 in all) or 11/6 cash. State waist, 30, 32, 34, 36 or 38 inches, and length inside leg.

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Sent on first Payment. Thorn's Buildings are made in accurately fitting sections with "Strongess" steel-braced corners, easy to bolt together. All wood planed smooth, ornamental gables, roofing felt. On fullest approval at Bargain prices.

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6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	43/-	3/6	3/11	Floors Extra.
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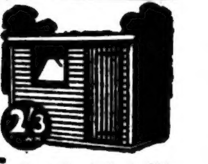
Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.



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Chas. T. Robey Ltd
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CARDINAL POLISH RESTORES THE COLOUR TO RED TILES

Cardinal
POLISH
RED TILES

Immediately imparts a beautiful rich red finish to Red Tiles, Red Composition Floors, Front Steps & concrete garden Paths.

Large Tins 6d & 1/-
From all Dealers.

Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

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BABY CLOTHES 30/-

DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY-CLOTHES —IT DOES NOT PAY— SEE MY IMPROVED COMPLETE LAYETTE.

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes.

75 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins Squares, Coveralls, etc.

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

Another Purchaser writes:—"I think your layette is worthy of all the recommendation it gets. It is certainly the best bargain I ever had. Beautiful quality and perfectly made garments."

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Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, and similar nervous disorders. Sent free in sealed envelope. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

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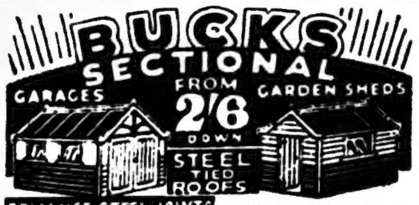

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GARDEN SHEDS	34/6	2/6	3/1
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BUCKS PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Electric Works (Dept. J.15), Erith Road, Erith, Kent.

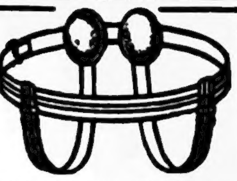
EASILY ERECTED—JUST BOLT TOGETHER

BUY AT WORKS PRICE

56/6 OR 1/6 WEEKLY

DON'T pay shopkeepers' prices! Save at least £1 by buying from actual makers. For only 56/6, or 1/6 weekly, we offer you an All-British guaranteed-for-ever Cycle fully equal to anything in shops at £2-19-6. Carriage Paid or 7 days' free trial. SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE which pictures and describes a magnificent range of Lightweights, Roadsters, etc. Costs you nothing—Saves you 5/- in every £.

MOORHOUSES, Dept. 36, PADIHAM, LANCS.



10/- SINGLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 17/6

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We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable.

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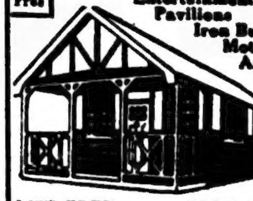

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We want to pay YOU £5 a week - AND MORE

OPPORTUNITY for CLUBHOLDERS

The value of John England's goods is so wonderful and our commissions are so generous that you can easily earn several pounds a week in your spare time as a John England Trust Clubholder.

John England supply, on the easiest possible payment terms, from 1/- weekly, high quality goods that sell themselves, as they afford a saving of 5/- in the £.

Delivery on first payment, carriage paid. No drawing for chances. No late turns. EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN.

Our Clubholders earn £2–£3 a week. Some earn even more. You can do the same. You can start a John England Trust Club with as few as five 1/- shares.

The coupon below will bring you full particulars of this wonderful proposition. Post to-day in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope to the address below. (Please write in pencil.)

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ADDRESS..............................
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S.25..............................

JOHN ENGLAND'S TRUST CLUB,
Reading Lane, Hackney, London, E.8.

"It has come as a GODSEND"

says wife of "John Bull" Reader

"I RECEIVED your warm and welcome cheque. Please accept both my husband's and my own most grateful thanks for same.

"I can assure you it has come as a Godsend to us."

In these words the wife of a JOHN BULL reader, convalescing after Diphtheria, acknowledged the prompt and generous cheque sent as Sickness Benefit under JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to pay Sickness Benefit—not only for Diphtheria, but also for Measles (Morbilli), Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever, etc.

In addition, JOHN BULL is the only paper to safeguard your household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest.

Among other wonderful features of JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift are Benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Loss by Burglary, Damage to Wireless Set by Lightning, and Children's Accidents.

During the past week JOHN BULL distributed no less than £718 16s. to registered readers or their dependents:—

	£	s.	d.
Home and Sickness Benefits	228	10	0
Accident Benefits—Adults ..	253	10	0
Accident Benefits—Children..	236	16	0
	718	16	0

"JOHN BULL'S" MINUTE-BY-MINUTE PROTECTION FOR YOU AND YOURS ALL THE YEAR ROUND IS FREE—one registration on the forms below covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen). SIGN FOR SAFETY TO-DAY.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)..............................

Address..............................

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................

Address..............................

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.... Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 13/6/36.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance Registration Form.

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address..............................

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent..............................

....

.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 13/6/36.

£1,000 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 19.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 19, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see pages 44 and 45) were those submitted by the following five competitors, who share the £500 offered as First Prize:—

Miss L. Chenery, 55, Hoblers Hill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.
R. J. Davis, 81, Union Street, Borough, London, S.E.
Miss K. L. Gorsey, 13, Broad Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.
J. Simpson, 5, Launder Terrace, Kirkewhite St., Nottingham.
H. C. Tubb, Greystones, Hawkhirst Road, Kenley.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £100 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 16th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up and the Surprise Awards. The Runners-up Prize has been divided between 36 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £4 3s. 4d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. An additional £50 will be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in same envelope.

A New Surprise Award for each of 357 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted on June 16.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 17.—Thirty-two competitors qualified to share the extra £50 offered and payments of £1 11s. 3d. have been despatched.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

Pimples

invite Blood-Poisoning AND Ugly Skin Diseases

Disease germs abound everywhere, and the slightest pimple or skin abrasion offers an open door to infection. Use this simple unfailing Cuticura treatment to-day — to prevent blood-poisoning, to eradicate the beginnings of torturing, disfiguring Eczema or other stubborn skin disease.

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Brand Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura Brand Ointment penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs and poisonous matter which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery. Facial pimples and rashes vanish as if by magic.

Cuticura
Brand Ointment

THE WONDER HEALER AND SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC KILLS GERMS

DRAWS OUT POISONS

CLEARS THE SKIN

Cuticura OINTMENT AND SOAP

Sold by all Chemists

CUTICURA TALCUM specially prepared with balsamic essential oils. Absorbs perspiration, soothes and cools hot inflamed skin, relieves prickly heat.

Cuticura
SOAP
MEDICINAL
TOILET
Cuticura
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IF YOU ARE THIN, WEAK RUNDOWN AND AILING, MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST!

New Discoveries in Nutrition Show How MINERALS and FOOD IODINE Build Worn-Out, Pale, Sickly People Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women

Within 10 Days Pacific Ocean FOOD IODINE and MINERALS in 'VIKELP' Tablets MUST Give You Tireless Energy, Strong Nerves, Pounds of 'Stay-There' Flesh, and Radiant Health Without the Use of Drugs or the TRIAL IS FREE.

"VIKELP" Tablets, amazing Mineral Concentrate from the Pacific Ocean, get right down and correct the real underlying cause of weakness, thinness, nervous and run-down conditions that the latest in discoveries in nutrition have shown to be GLANDS STARVING FOR MINERALS AND FOOD IODINE. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into healthy flesh. The result is, you stay "TOO THIN," pale, tired out, ill and run-down.

The most important glands — the Thyroid and other tiny hidden glands, which actually control body-weight and strength—need a regular, evenly balanced ration of the 12 essential minerals plus FOOD IODINE all the time (not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic, or mere iodine fumes).

Only when the system gets an adequate supply of FOOD IODINE AND MINERALS can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into FIRM FLESH, new health, strength and energy.

To get these 12 essential Life-giving Minerals in assimilable form (Chlorine, Potassium, Calcium, Sulphur, Magnesium, Phosphorus, Iron, Manganese, Copper, etc.) and FOOD IODINE, so sadly lacking in the cooked foods we eat yet so vital to the body—take "VIKELP" Tablets, made of an amazing Pacific Ocean sea plant—now recognised as the world's richest source of these precious substances. Contain 1,300 times more Iodine than Oysters—once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more Iodine than 480 pounds of spinach or 1,378 pounds of lettuce. Absolutely free from drugs.

MAKE THIS TEST!

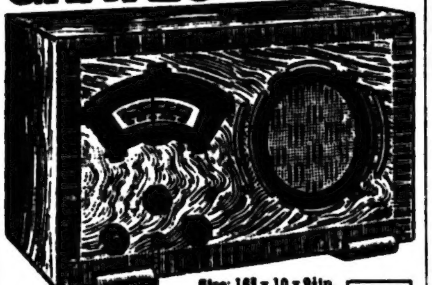
First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take three "VIKELP" Tablets with each meal for 10 days and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring and how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Faulty metabolism, malnutrition, constipation, gastritis, goitre, rheumatism and other systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely. Watch flattering extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows. If you don't gain extra pounds (8–9 lbs. not uncommon) within these first ten days, the trial is FREE. Whatever you have tried before, try "VIKELP" to-day. It costs but little to use. 40 tablets 1/9; 100 3/6; 225 6/9. If your dealer cannot supply you send 3/6d. for 100-tablets trial treatment to Dept. J.B./6/2, Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., 10, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

Comparison of Minerals in VIKELP vs. VEGETABLES. 3 VIKELP Tablets Contain:

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7¼ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than 1¼ lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

VIKELP Brand *Body Building Tablets*

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size: 16¾ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped 3-valve low-consumption Radio Outfit removes every obstacle that has been standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**
Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. D., of Dalmuir, writes:—"The S-3 Battery Set has been fitted up and running since Tuesday night, and I may say it is extraordinary wonderful at stations—Vienna, Brussels, Paris, London, etc.—all quite loud and clear. It is indeed a wonderful Set inasmuch as I only use a small inside Aerial and Earth."

Mr. V. E. of Dawley, writes:—"The Wireless Set, S-3 model is a splendid job of work only to be seen & heard to advertise itself."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Wonderful NEW Cookery Book FREE! Fill in the Coupon on Page 27 for a copy of the new Free Stork Cookery Book, "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking," just published. GET IT NOW!

"My hair was rapidly falling out and becoming terribly thin."

New Hair Growth by using KOTALKO

Blackpool.

"**My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin,**" writes Miss D. Bell. "I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. **Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff.**"

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP. They regrow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-cloggings, softening the hardened scalp and restoring its healthful colour, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy St. (53.ED.), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

KOTALKO
KOTALKO

INSTANT RELIEF FROM PILES

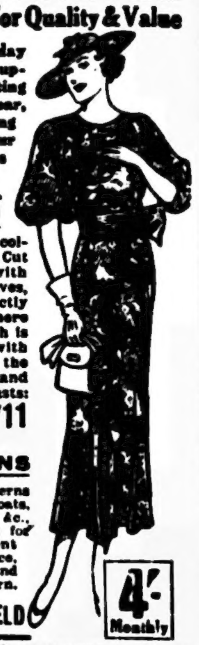
FREE OFFER.

Few complaints cause more pain and distress than Piles. Apart from the physical disability, there is always the mental strain of endeavouring to keep the trouble secret as long as possible. Sufferers will not frankly seek advice for Piles as they would for other ailments, yet it is such a simple matter to cure the trouble easily and painlessly in the privacy of one's own home. The MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE—a doctor's formula—will instantly relieve the pain and irritation of swollen piles. Its soothing action will reduce protrusions, check hemorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how bad the condition.

Mr. P. Hale, of 31, Bradley St., Cardiff, writes:—"I have much pleasure in reporting a complete recovery after using your MAGIC PILE CURE. Words cannot praise this wonderful remedy enough. I had suffered from Piles for two years, had tried everything, and spent pounds trying to get ease from my suffering—all without result. Now, within three weeks of trying your MAGIC PILE CURE all pain and swelling have gone. It is hardly credible, unless one has suffered from rectal trouble, to appreciate what your cure has done for me in so short a time. It is, as you claim, a 'magic' cure for all rectal troubles, so easy, clean and dependable. I consider it worth its weight in gold."

The MAGIC PILE CURE has been used and recommended for more than 25 years; there is nothing "just as good" for the treatment of internal, external, blind and bleeding piles. It relieves where all else fails. For a generous FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to:
MAGIC LABORATORIES MN, 13, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

RIVIERA This lovely Summer Frock is produced in Art. Silk Crepe, beautifully printed in a tastefully coloured floral and poppy design. Cut on simple but graceful lines with Raglan shaped elbow sleeves, fitted with elastic, and a perfectly draped skirt in plain style. There is a broad belt of satin, which is machine-stitched & trimmed with three cherry motifs to match the bodice. Shades: Green, Brown and Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to W. Busts: 32in. to 36in. Lengths: 46 to 50ins. Price **26/11**
Terms: 4/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

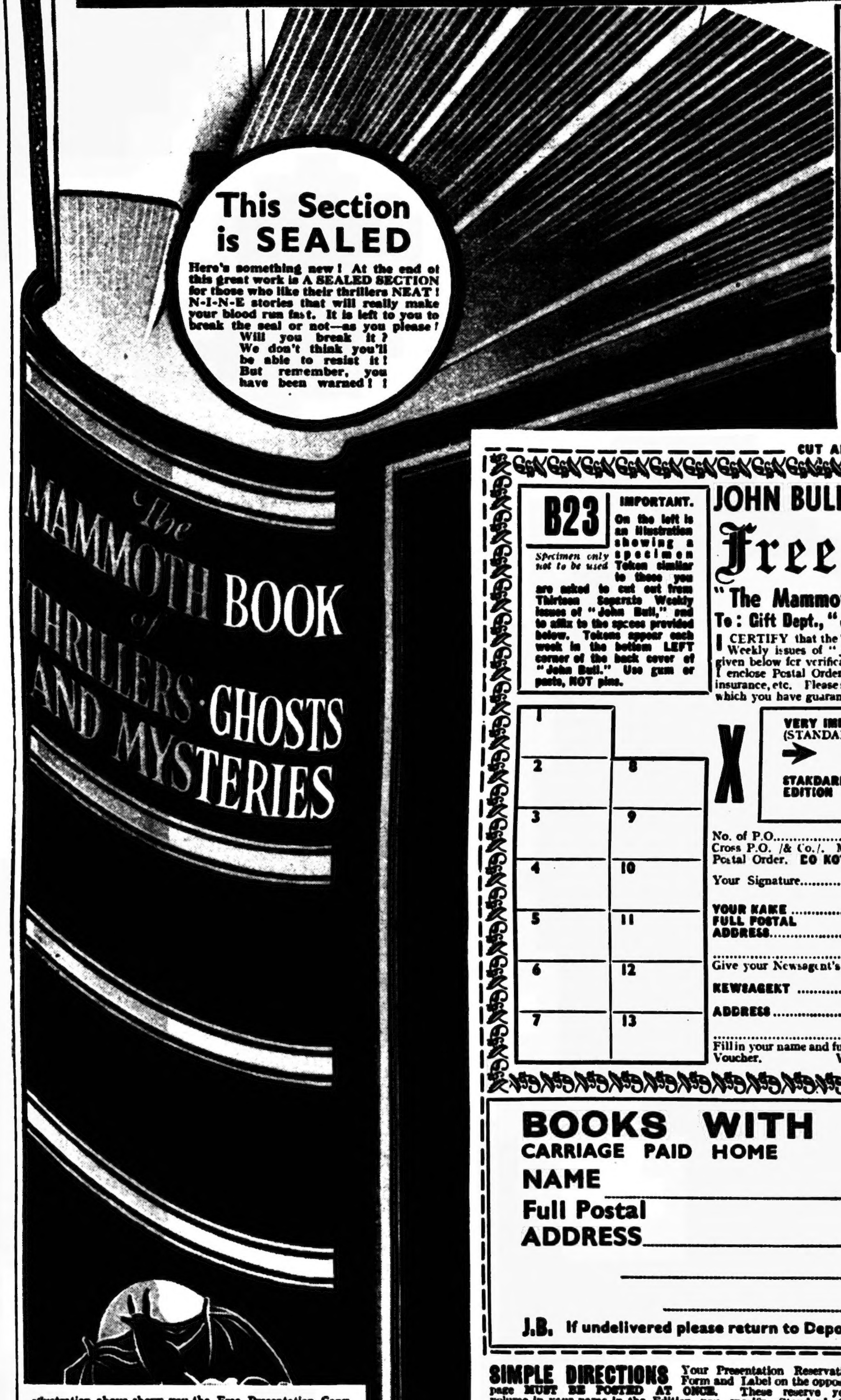
Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Swagger Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

4/- Monthly

For Bargains—See pages 3 & 4 and "Small Ads. worth Watching" on p. 2

Don't be too



This Section is SEALED

Here's something new! At the end of this great work is A SEALED SECTION for those who like their thrillers NEAT! N-I-N-E stories that will really make your blood run fast. It is left to you to break the seal or not—as you please! Will you break it? We don't think you'll be able to resist it! But remember, you have been warned!!

50 THRILLING STORIES *by* WORLD FAMOUS AUTHORS

768 PAGES

IMPORTANT Keep the Gift Voucher and "Books With Care" Label below very carefully and send them in when completed with your Thirteen Tokens. Be sure to read the simple directions below.

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

B23

Specimen only not to be used

IMPORTANT. On the left is an illustration showing a specimen Token similar to those you are asked to cut out from Thirteen Separate Weekly issues of "John Bull," and to affix to the spaces provided below. Tokens appear each week in the bottom LEFT corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Use gum or paste, NOT pins.

1	
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12
7	13

JOHN BULL'S 30th BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION

Free Gift Voucher

"The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries"

To: Gift Dept., "John Bull," Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

I CERTIFY that the Thirteen Tokens affixed to this Voucher have been cut from Thirteen Separate Weekly issues of "John Bull," purchased from the Newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes. **I am NOT qualifying for another volume under this scheme.** I enclose Postal Order for amount, as stated below, which includes carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc. Please send me my copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" which you have guaranteed in my name in Edition specified below.

X

VERY IMPORTANT.—Indicate below AT ONCE the Edition you require (STANDARD or DE LUXE) as specified by you on your Reservation Form.

→ **You MUST cross out Edition NOT required.** ←

STANDARD EDITION 1/- which covers cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc. **DE LUXE EDITION** 2/- which includes cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

X

No. of P.O.................................Value .... DATE..................

Cross P.O. /& Co./. Make payable to "John Bull." Write your name and address on back of Postal Order. **DO NOT SEND LOOSE STAMPS.**

Your Signature...

Write clearly below in Block Letters.

YOUR NAME ....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS...

....

Give your Newsagent's Name and Address below.

NEWSAGENT ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Fill in your name and full postal address on Label below and send in with this Voucher. WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

LEAVE BLANK
Certified and checked by
....
District Supervisor.

BOOKS WITH CARE

CARRIAGE PAID HOME

NAME ____________________

Full Postal ADDRESS ____________________

____

....

J.B. If undelivered please return to Depot "John Bull," 46, Castle St., London, W.C.2 **T.G.M.**

Illustration above shows you the Free Presentation Copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" which is bound in Black Morocco-grained Cloth, gold embossed on spine and front. The actual size of the volume is 8½ in. deep by 5¾ in. wide.

Do you remember? Do you remember "The Mystery Book"—and "The Great Book of Thrillers"—both of which "John Bull" offered to its readers some time ago? If you've got these you know what fascinating books they are. Well, this "Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" out-thrills them all. AND it's something ENTIRELY NEW and different.

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS Your Presentation Reservation Form and Label on the opposite page **MUST BE POSTED AT ONCE.** These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify—Standard OR De Luxe—and will bring you an official Gift Certificate acknowledging your Reservation and guaranteeing your volume.

It is a condition of this Birthday Gift offer that your newsagent holds an order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull."

Above is the Gift Voucher. To qualify cut out the token, Series "B," from the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Do this with THIRTEEN separate issues. Affix each token to the Voucher with paste or gum—NOT pins. Tokens eligible are the series "B." Applicants from this announcement may commence from No. "B23" in this issue. NO TOKENS PRIOR TO No. "B22" and NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED. Having collected THIRTEEN tokens from thirteen separate weekly issues of "John Bull," complete the Gift Voucher and "Books With Care" Label as directed. Then post your Voucher and "Books With Care" Label, together with your Postal Order for the amount as specified on the Voucher according to the Edition you require, to the address given on the Voucher.

Send Cheque or Postal Order. Do not send loose stamps. Write your name and address on the back of your Postal Order, make it payable to "John Bull" and cross /& Co./. Upon receipt of your properly completed Gift Voucher and "Books With Care" Label, together with your Postal Order for the correct amount, your volume, in the Edition specified, will be immediately dispatched to your home.

GENERAL NOTES.—After a completed Voucher is sent in allow a few days for your volume to reach you. No person may qualify for more than one volume and no volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

late

for 'John Bull's' Stupendous 30th Birthday Gift!

FREE

TO EVERY READER

Amazing success has attended "John Bull's" sensational 30th Birthday offer to its readers—everyone wants to participate in this greatest of all Free Presentations. If you have *not* already applied, "John Bull" strongly advises you to seize this further opportunity *before it is too late*. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation and the offer will be withdrawn as soon as the huge yet limited edition of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" is exhausted. You'll be sorry if you miss this great Free book of a thousand thrills. Fill in forms below and post at once.

This volume is a completely new Presentation—specially prepared for the occasion. "John Bull" readers will be the very first to know the secrets between its covers. And what a Book it is! 768 pages! Nearly 300,000 words! Nearly five times as much as many a standard work of fiction. F-I-F-T-Y great stories that will hold you spellbound, by 50 great masters of mystery. A library of thrills and mysteries in one beautifully bound volume!—well worthy of the title of "Public Thriller No. 1."

And listen! It has a novel feature of its own—A SEALED SECTION—but more about that later.

There are stories in this book that will make you glance furtively over your shoulder as you read them—others that will so fascinate that you will not be able to put down the book until you've finished—others that really will make you feel as if "each individual hair is standing on end"—and then there is the

SEALED SECTION—nine super stories for those who like their thrillers NEAT. This section is under seal at the end of the book. It is up to you to break it open or not, as you please. Resist it if you can!!

There are 66 illustrations in this volume—including portraits of the Authors and 17 specially drawn full-page pictures by well-known artists.

And now for the book itself. It is printed throughout in large, clear type and measures 8¼ in. deep by 5⅝ in. wide—A real Library volume—superbly bound in stiff covers of Black Morocco-grained Cloth, gold embossed on spine and front. A decorative design is embossed on the foot of the spine and on the front of the volume and there are specially designed end-papers.

For those who would like this Gift Volume in a binding of unusual dignity and beauty there is an exquisite De Luxe Edition bound in rich deep Red, Antique finish Art. Leather, with title and bands on spine embossed in real 22-carat gold.

This is a book you'll read again and again—look at the Authors and look at the titles in the list in the next column!

1	**ALAN, A. J.**	*The Diver*
2	**ARLEN, Michael**	*The Ghoul of Golders Green*
3	**BENNETT, Arnold**	*The Murder of the Mandarin*
4	**BERESFORD, J. D.**	*Powers of the Air*
5	**BLACKWOOD, Algernon**	*Keeping His Promise*
6	**BULLETT, Gerald**	*Dearth's Farm*
7	**CHESTERTON, G. K.**	*The Hammer of God*
8	**CHRISTIE, Agatha**	*The Blue Geranium*
9	**CONRAD, Joseph**	*The Secret Sharer*
10	**COPPARD, A. E.**	*The Tiger*
11	**DE LA MARE, Walter**	*The Looking Glass*
12	**DE MAUPASSANT, Guy**	*The Hostelry*
13	**DUNSANY, Lord**	*A Large Diamond*
14	**FARNOL, Jeffery**	*The Cupboard*
15	**FLETCHER, J. S.**	*The Other Sense*
16	**HANSFORD JOHNSON, Pamela**	*Ghost of Honour*
17	**HENRY, O.**	*Roads of Destiny*
18	**HERIOT, C. D.**	*The Trapdoor*
19	**HOFFMAN, C. F.**	*Ben Blower's Story*
20	**HOOD, Tom**	*The Shadow of a Shade*
21	**HUXLEY, Aldous**	*The Dwarfs*
22	**IRVING, Washington**	*Guests from Gibbet Island*
23	**JAMES, M. R.**	*The Mezzotint*
24	**JEROME, Jerome K.**	*The Dancing Partner*
25	**LAWRENCE, D. H.**	*The Woman Who Rode Away*
26	**MAUGHAM, W. Somerset**	*Honolulu*
27	**ONIONS, Oliver**	*Rooum*
28	**PAIN, Barry**	*The Green Light*
29	**PHILLPOTTS, Eden**	*The Iron Pineapple*
30	**PRIESTLEY, J. B.**	*The Demon King*
31	**PUSHKIN, Alexander**	*The Queen of Spades*
32	**QUILLER-COUCH, Sir Arthur**	*The Seventh Man*
33	**"SAKI"**	*Laura*
34	**SEABROOK, W. B.**	*Goat-Cry, Girl-Cry*
35	**SINCLAIR, May**	*The Mahatma's Story*
36	**STACPOOLE, H. de Vere**	*Deep in the Forest*
37	**STEVENSON, R. L.**	*The Isle of Voices*
38	**WALLACE, Edgar**	*The Man of the Night*
39	**WALPOLE, Hugh**	*Major Wilbraham*
40	**WELLS, H. G.**	*The Inexperienced Ghost*
41	**WEST, Rebecca**	*The Salt of the Earth*

The Sealed Section

Nine stories under seal—super-thrillers you may read or not as you please.

42	**BENSON, E. F.**	*The Confession of Charles Linkworth*
43	**BIERCE, Ambrose**	*The Moonlit Road*
44	**HARTLEY, L. P.**	*A Visitor from Down Under*
45	**HODGSON, W. H.**	*The Voice in the Night*
46	**JACOBS, W. W.**	*His Brother's Keeper*
47	**POE, Edgar Allan**	*Berenice*
48	**SMITH, A. E. D.**	*The Coat*
49	**STOKER, Bram**	*The Squaw*
50	**WREN, P. C.**	*Presentiments*

In order to make it as easy as possible for you to get your FREE Volume your GIFT VOUCHER is in your hands now—it is actually printed on the opposite page. There is nothing to do other than qualify according to the simple directions given.

Do this now! The very first thing to do is to fill in the Free Presentation Reservation Form (A) and the Label below. These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify, and MUST be sent to us at once. Do not send any money with these forms. Be sure to indicate which Edition you want reserved—also, at the same time indicate on your Gift Voucher on the opposite page the Edition you have chosen.

On receipt of the Free Presentation Reservation Form and Label below, "John Bull" will send you its official 30th Birthday Gift Certificate Guaranteeing you a FREE copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries." At the same time your volume will be put in hand to be printed and bound in the Edition you specify, ready for dispatch, carriage paid to your door, immediately your completed Gift Voucher is received.

Opposite you will find your Gift Voucher on which you begin right away to qualify for your Free Volume. You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and to affix to it 13 tokens, "B" series, from 13 separate issues of "John Bull." Applicants from this announcement may begin this week with Token "B 23" which appears in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of this issue.

Remember this great 30th Birthday Gift is FREE—all you send with your completed Voucher is 1/- (one shilling), which covers carriage, packing and insurance, etc. What a Gift! You'll be sorry indeed if you miss it.

Important It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull." If he should not already hold your order, hand him the Order Form (B) on left below to-day.

HURRY! CLOSING JUNE 23rd. Tuesday next, June 23, is the last day for receiving applications from this announcement. You, as a "John Bull" reader, are fully entitled to this great work—Free—as a Birthday Gift from "John Bull." Post Reservation Forms below without delay.

No reader may apply for more than one Free 30th Birthday Celebration Gift.

IMPORTANT It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent holds a written order from you for the regular and uninterrupted supply of "John Bull."

↓ If he does NOT already hold your Written Order YOU *MUST* HAND TO YOUR NEWSAGENT THE FORM BELOW TO-DAY! ↓

B **"JOHN BULL"**

TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

Order Form

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

TO ....
(NAME OF NEWSAGENT)

ADDRESS..

....

Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE ....

ADDRESS..

....

Date.................. ....

DO NOT SEPARATE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL—CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Send no Money with this Form.

"John Bull's" 30th Birthday Gift to its Readers.

A

"THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF THRILLERS, GHOSTS & MYSTERIES"

FREE PRESENTATION RESERVATION FORM

This Special Reservation Form MUST be received by not later than first post Tuesday. June 23.

Post to: "John Bull" (Dept. J.M.2),
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2

This form reserves in your name "John Bull's" FREE 30th Birthday Gift, "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries."

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS very clearly written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form with Label on right may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

Please reserve in my name a FREE copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries." The newsagent (whose name and address are below for verification purposes) holds my written order for the regular supply of "John Bull." I certify I have not previously reserved one of these volumes. Please send me an acknowledgment of my Reservation and a special GIFT CERTIFICATE guaranteeing my FREE Gift Volume. The Edition I wish reserved is indicated below.

STANDARD EDITION {You MUST cross out Edition NOT required.} **DE-LUXE EDITION**

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS

Reader's Signature..

Address..

....

Newsagent's Name ....

Address..

Date__________ ....

Checked and Verified

....
District Supervisor

"John Bull," 13/6/36

IMPORTANT—You may send this Form with Label in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp and, if you are NOT already a Registered Reader of "John Bull" you may save postage by enclosing with it the Registration Form for "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance, which is on page 4 of this issue of "John Bull."

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by YOU

NAME..

Full Postal
ADDRESS ....

....

....

....

J.B.2. T.G.M.

Ginger Rogers
BLACK CAT
MEDIUM CIGARETTES
10

BUY A PACKET TO-DAY!

10 for 4D

COLOURED PORTRAIT OF FAMOUS FILM STAR NOW IN EVERY PACKET

BLACK CAT

MEDIUM CIGARETTES

ALSO IN *New* "RIGID" PACKET at 5 for 2D

Better flavour—Better filled

BC 28

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

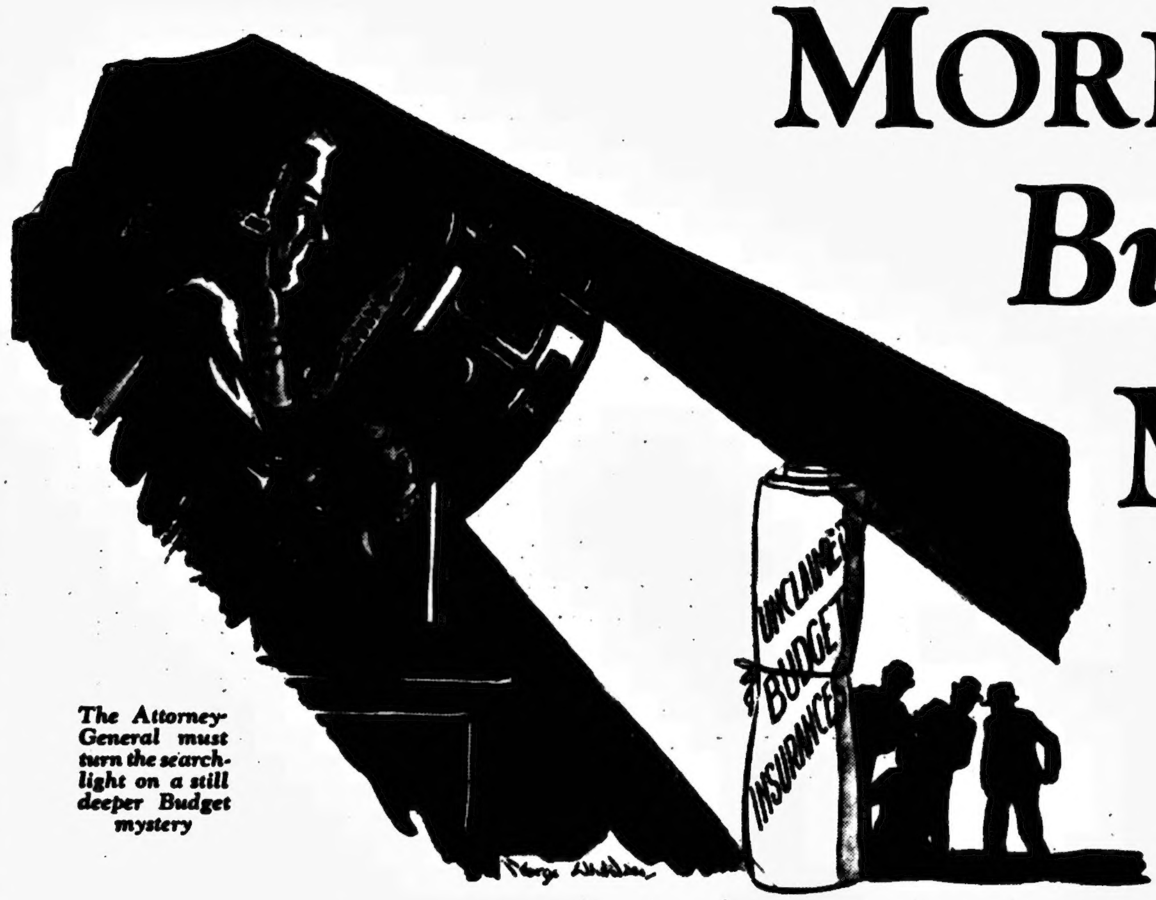
JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 13, 1936. Twopence.
Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

MORE *Budget* MYSTERY



The Attorney-General must turn the searchlight on a still deeper Budget mystery

A SECOND Budget leakage enquiry must come!

That seems a startling demand, but John Bull makes it in the light of information that has come to our knowledge in the last few days.

That information concerns the *unclaimed* insurances on Budget risks, totalling tens of thousands of pounds—in fact, much more than the sum involved in the deals so fairly and fearlessly investigated by Mr. Justice Porter's Tribunal.

Indeed, Mr. Justice Porter with the assistance of his colleagues did his job so well that he would be an admirable head of the second enquiry we shall show is necessary before the public can be completely satisfied that the Budget insurance mystery has been probed to its bitter end.

☆ ☆ ☆

Who, we ask, are the mysterious speculators, or their nominees, that made these Budget insurances that they found it expedient not to claim?

That they have no connection with any of the parties or transactions which came before Mr. Justice Porter's Tribunal seems clear.

Their reasons for not claiming the insurance money may be good or otherwise, but until they are explained and the cloak of anonymity is torn off these hidden speculators the public has just cause for uneasy suspicions.

At present their identity is known only to themselves or to the nominees who acted for them. Even the underwriters and brokers concerned in some of the transactions are ignorant of the principals who were operating behind the scenes.

In several instances where cheques were automatically paid weeks ago by underwriters to brokers and agents in settlement of insurances the cheques have never been cashed by the clients for whom they were drawn.

Some of these clients no doubt have good reasons for denying themselves their dues. They may feel that, though they speculated without knowing what the Budget would contain, they ought to forgo their benefits because of the ugly disclosures which have followed.

Some insurers. indeed. have actually returned their cheques, preferring that the transactions in which they participated should be cancelled.

WANTED—
Another Tribunal

We have only to cite one or two cases of the unclaimed insurances that have come to our notice, to show the need for a further enquiry.

A woman, through a friend, took out a heavy policy of insurance against the rise of Income Tax, the transaction being carried out by a broker to whom the woman's friend was known. Then, when the sensational Budget leakage news broke, an enquiry agent called upon the friend and asked how he came to effect the insurance. In due course the woman speculator herself was interviewed.

She admitted that she knew nothing about "risk" gambles, had never undertaken a similar speculation before. Also it was clear from her humble circumstances that she was not in the position to finance such a gamble, and was herself obviously a nominee for some person unknown

She declined to disclose his name, and the insurance has never been claimed.

Another mysterious transaction is that of a man employed by a racing man who has several agents in London. The employee took out an insurance, and, when questioned, said it was "just speculation," though he is suspected of being one of several people who effected insurances for the same principal.

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In another instance an insurance was effected by a brokerage agent on behalf of a man who described himself as a printer. The broker who put the transaction through, and the underwriter who covered it, did not know the insurer's name, but booked it in the name of the agent whose client he was.

Enquiries revealed that the man who took out this insurance was heavily in debt and was a friend of the employee who figured in the case we have already quoted.

Nearly £20,000 is involved in another of these unclaimed insurances. The speculator operated through a nominee and the underwriters have no idea who the principal is.

One inevitable but unfortunate consequence of this lamentable state of affairs is that the names of all sorts of people are being bandied about in a most reckless fashion by gossips who profess to have inner knowledge of some of these Budget deals.

"Well, what are the police doing about it?" you may ask. The answer to that question is the justification for the second public enquiry that we demand.

The power of the police—even if they are called in to assist in the elucidation of some of these mysteries — is limited. They cannot *make* an interrogated person divulge what he may know. Only a tribunal like Mr. Justice Porter's Board of Enquiry can do that by threatening with imprisonment any witness who will not "talk."

The next step then is obvious.

The Attorney-General, Sir Donald Somervell, K.C., as the Chief Law Officer of the Crown, should recommend to the Government the setting up of a second tribunal that would turn the searchlight on the mystery behind the unclaimed Budget insurances.

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Such an enquiry could usefully go much further. It could examine, for example, several "leakage" speculations in the shares of certain commercial enterprises.

Stockbrokers have constantly been puzzled by the sudden and mysterious increase in the value of shares in undertakings just before Government Departments have handed out contracts ensuring heavy profits for the companies concerned

"Safe" and "certain" speculations of this kind have often been made in suspicious circumstances by people who must obviously have been in possession of advance information concerning proposed Government decisions.

Not only that, but the Tribunal we suggest should also investigate and recommend what steps are necessary to make it impossible for speculators ever to gamble again on Budget or other secret State proposals.

The enforcement of such steps is the Governments' job, and not that of the Stock Exchange. The Committee of the Stock Exchange, with the best intentions, and with new regulations, can only minimise the evil, but not blot it completely out.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

The Child Witness at the Murder Trial

Dearer Coal Plot to Watch

How to Shame Jerrybuilders

SHOULD children undergo the terrible ordeal of being put into the witness-box at murder trials?

This vexed question is prompted by the calling of a girl of ten and a boy of twelve to give evidence at the Dorchester trial of their mother, Mrs. Bryant, on a charge of murdering her husband by poison. The answer is not easy.

A Dorsetshire magistrate, Mr. A. H. Edwards, protests that the appearance of the two children in the "sordid and degrading" atmosphere of a murder trial should have been prohibited by the Home Office. He hopes that such a painful spectacle will never again be permitted.

Another side

Millions of us who read how both youngsters were unable to restrain their sobs in the witness box during their ordeal must feel inclined to agree with Mr. Edwards and say with him, "Never again!"

But there is another side of the picture. The evidence of a child may be sufficient to prove the innocence of an accused parent.

Should that child be prevented from saving his father or mother from the gallows? Is it in the interests of Justice that key evidence should be suppressed?

The answer to both questions is "No."

What must be done

The real evil is that, at present, there is no way for such evidence to be taken without summoning the child as a witness.

It should, of course, be possible for him to give his testimony without subjecting him to an ordeal which can never be forgotten and may haunt him throughout his life.

Unfortunately, this important safeguard does not appear to have occurred to the authorities.

We recommend it to their urgent consideration.

Still dearer coal

We shall watch the new coal selling scheme closely.

Mineowners want to put up the price by 2s. a ton from August 1. This is in addition to the 2s. rise earlier in the year, and the usual 2s. winter rise due in October.

And you can bet your boots that precious little of the increase will reach the miners.

Slight for the Emperor

A fine British welcome for the Emperor of Abyssinia! A still better one if officialdom had not made him drive through the back streets from Waterloo to Kensington, to the disappointment of thousands who lined the advertised route to cheer him.

We should like to know the reason for this irritating slight to a distinguished visitor.

Betrayal?

By the way, is it true that "eminent official quarters" are planning a pact with Italy? Is that pact designed to end sanctions, make possible a British loan for Mussolini?

Such a monstrosity would betray not only the League, but the eleven million Peace Ballot voters of this country. And, make no mistake, it would bring the Government a fresh crisis.

Up and down

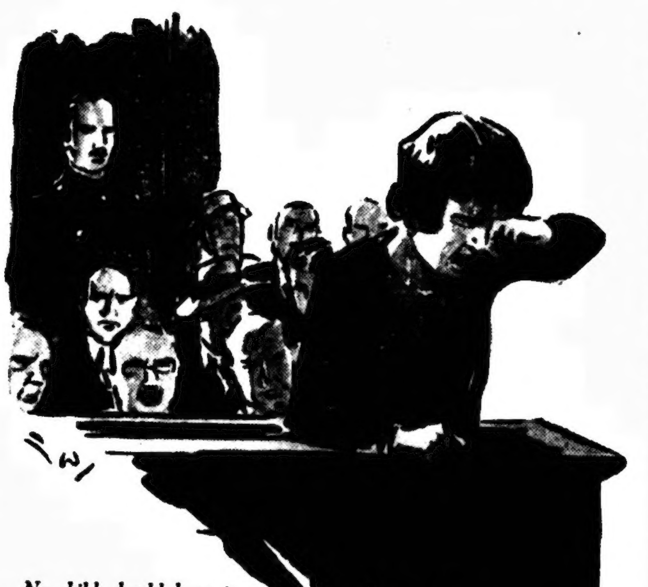
Beer sales still rise month by month, are up by 43,000 barrels so far this year. More men are employed in the brewing and transport industries.

The penny off the pint is the reason. Well, why not try it with food? Prices there go up instead of down. So farm workers lose their jobs and millions of people are being underfed.

Black mystery

Almost incredible is the way our official spokesmen still voice eighteenth-century views about working conditions. Latest example: Mr. Norman, Ministry of Labour delegate, obstructs the Geneva scheme to give the world's workers the right to join trade unions.

Someone must give orders to Whitehall on such occasions—a crazy Cabinet, diehard employers or Old Nick himself. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, ought to tell us.



No child should have to face the ordeal of giving evidence at a murder trial

Send him back!

Seven years for the burglar who shot a hotel-keeper is by no means too heavy a sentence. What worries us is why he and his kind are allowed in Britain at all.

For this burglar is a young Pole who twice escaped from jail in the United States, then came here to continue his career of desperate crime.

They say he can't be deported because his nationality cannot be proved. But surely our Home Secretary is too good a lawyer not to find a way out of that little difficulty!

Coronation sharks

Not only foreign medal makers prepare to cash in on the Coronation.

Seats for stands are already being sold at £15 each. Speculators are buying up big blocks of them to sell at immense profit later.

It can't be beyond human ingenuity to stop them.

Teaching Jerry

Our congratulations go to the North London man who hits on an ingenious idea to shame the jerrybuilder.

A few days after moving into his new house he finds walls cracking, woodwork warping, other defects appearing. When the builder refuses to repair them, the householder sticks up a notice in his front garden, "Show House—Open for Inspection."

That builder soon changes his mind.

Flag day

Very sensible is the idea, now being worked out by Lord Luke and others, for one big flag day in aid of all London hospitals. At present there are sixty-six hospital flag days in the Metropolis every year.

It isn't that we resent giving, but to be held up so often is enough to make a saint impatient.

Take his number!

This is not another pedestrian's complaint. It comes from a motorist whose young daughter arrived home in tears the other day.

As she stood beside her bicycle waiting to cross an Ealing main road a car knocked her down, wrecked her machine, and made off at speed.

The fact that there were many people about and not one quick-witted enough to take the car's number prompts the suggestion: Why don't pedestrians learn that number-plates have a purpose—and so help to get the dangerous driver his deserts.

Legal robbery

A bad business is the failure of many firms to insure against bankruptcy, which often means that maimed workers cannot obtain compensation.

A fresh case comes from Caerphilly. A miner dies from silicosis. "No use trying for compensation," says the coroner sadly to the widow. For the colliery company has closed down, leaving compensation claims for £3,000 outstanding.

When will Parliament take up the cases of thousands of defrauded victims like that poor widow?

Social climbers

It's a pity Court officials are being pestered by social climbers for invitations to the coming Buckingham Palace functions—and by hard-up peeresses who earn big fees for getting the climbers presented.

Palace officials, of course, have to use diplomatic language to these people. That's another pity.

Sabbatarian

Exeter Public Assistance Committee refuses to allow nurses to play tennis on Sunday (though every day is a working day to them).

The committee makes the mean excuse that if nurses play on the Sabbath other citizens will want to do the same.

Well, if they do, why not?

Test by proxy

Too ingenious for our liking is the dodge of William Henry Boyd, a bright boy of Scunthorpe. Applying for a driving licence, he doesn't turn up for the test, but sends his elder brother in his place. The brother, a garage hand, passes the test in William's name. The magistrates imposed a fine.

We would have liked also to have forbidden William to apply for another driving licence for, say, at least another five years!

Telephone problem

The Post Office, as we have said before, is certainly going ahead. But, when we recently commended the latest automatic telephone improvements, including the special emergency facilities, we drew attention to those rural areas which still have to rely on manual 'phones.

Our reminder has been brought to the attention of Sir Donald Banks, the Director-General, and we have received a letter written on his instructions.

Sir Donald's assurance

He assures us that it is his firm policy to extend automatic working to exchanges all over the country, so that countryfolk as well as town dwellers shall enjoy its advantages. In the last year no fewer than 120 rural exchanges have been fitted with the automatic system.

Moreover, Sir Donald informs us that the special treatment of emergency calls in manual exchanges is also in hand.

We are naturally pleased to hear it.

Neglect

Knightswood is a big, populous Glasgow suburb. Three years ago ten thousand of its citizens signed a petition for a swimming pool, but nothing happened. Now it's hoped to get a petition bearing twenty thousand names. Maybe that will make the local bigwigs sit up and take notice.

Sacrifice

We can all admire thirty girls who attend a night school in London's East End. For a year they have given up their weekly sixpences for the kinema so that 15s. a week might be given to the invalid mother of a school friend who died.

Her death left only a brother who had still a year to go at school. Now he has turned fourteen and got a job.

This kind of unobtrusive generosity goes on all over the country, though we seldom hear of it. While young people make such sacrifices willingly, there's nothing much wrong with the coming generation.

Death traps

There's a lot of talk about "accident prone" people. Why isn't something done about accident-prone places?

On the Great North Road, near Grantham, a constable takes details of an accident. As he writes, another accident occurs a few yards away. Then—all within a hundred yards—there is another. Finally, about the same time, a boy is knocked down near by.

The moral ought to be obvious even to the authorities.

Shots on the sands

Again a shooting gallery accident. A woman enjoying the sea air at Skegness gets a head wound four inches long, has to have it stitched.

Even if these galleries have been made as safe as they possibly can be, the question of putting them where they don't endanger the lives of the public ought to be considered.

War veteran passes

Honour the memory of Henry Jackson, workless war veteran, who trudged with his wife from Norfolk to the Midlands in search of work. At night they slept in a tent, by day they pushed the pram which held all their worldly goods. And day after day went by without a hope of that which they sought.

At last a farmer gave the war-wounded man a job. For two days he worked happily, then the farmer found him dying in his wife's arms, and but for the British Legion he would have been buried as a pauper.

What price glory?

Something wrong

A dying man, found unconscious in the street with a head wound, is taken from a London hospital to a police station, charged with drunkenness as he lies on a stretcher, placed in a rubber cell. Later he's taken to another hospital, where he dies.

Something wrong here! We know a fracture of the skull often produces symptoms which merely suggest drunkenness. But we didn't know that hospitals were apt to hand over to the police a man who, since he bore a head wound, was obviously much more likely to be suffering from a fracture than excessive liquor.

Din overhead

Air avenues, which mean that aeroplanes nowadays keep to fixed courses, are an excellent idea—except for the people who live along those courses. No joke for thousands of people to lose sleep because one man wants to travel quickly!

We don't want flying to be hampered. But we do want quieter aero engines. Think about it, you designers!

Football fight

We welcome the fight for footballers who are put out of the game by injury and often left stranded.

Big money in football is made by the players, who risk grave mishap every time they go on the field. That they should lose their livelihood and receive no compensation when they are disabled is a wrong which cannot be put right too soon

WHO'LL BUILD the KING GEORGE?

Sir Percy Bates, chairman of the Cunard-White Star Line, will have to announce a decision that will affect the lives of hundreds of thousands

THE tumult and the shouting over the *Queen Mary* does down and a new tumult takes its place—the clamour of a quadruple battle that is being fought with the contract for the *Queen Mary's* sister ship as its glittering prize.

In fact, the Battle of the Rivers for the *King George*, as the new ship is expected to be named, has already reached the "gloves off" stage.

Every device known to the propagandists is being used to influence public opinion and the authorities in favour of having the new ship built on one or other of four rivers—the Clyde, Tyne, Mersey, and Lagan of Belfast.

Nearly £6,000,000 of public money will be spent on the *King George*. It is not these millions alone that are coveted, but the millions more that they will create as a godsend to idle craftsmen and poverty-broken homes over a period of not less than two and a half years.

For the building of the *Queen Mary* taught the country a simple lesson in economics. She brought new life to the corpse of Clydebank far beyond the measure of her actual cost, which was only the core of the snowball of prosperity that grew out of her.

The envy of the other rivers, each with masses of skilled but unemployed men on its banks, and their determination to get the order for the new ship is sufficient explanation of the intense, almost bitter, conflict that is going on behind the scenes.

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Many M.P.s have had their lives made a nightmare by the wiles and blandishments of the wirepullers for the respective rivers. They are buttonholed in the streets and cajoled at their business places and homes. In each of the four rival areas for the great contract a postal campaign seems to have been organised, and M.P.s are bombarded with postcards and letters.

The real off-stage work of persuasion and pressure is being done by the magnates of industry and finance with interests bound up in the welfare of the four warring rivers. They are themselves playing every known trick in the game of winning contracts, and their agents are "lobbying" with amazing persistence.

That there are to be no Queensberry rules in this fight became apparent on the very day the *Queen Mary* went down the Clyde to the sea. Everywhere, except in Scotland, an extraordinary report was spread that the ship had run aground.

M.P.'s for other areas, honestly believing this piece of propaganda, exploited it in the House of Commons by asking whether the possibility would again be faced of losing millions of public money by the grounding and risky manœuvring of big liners in the tortuous channels of the Clyde.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer himself had to intervene to scotch the rumour.

On behalf of the Cunard-White Star Company, the owners of the *Queen Mary*, it has been said that its directors are business men who will not be influenced by political or other pressure inside or outside the House of Commons, but will award the contract to the firm which submits the best and lowest tender.

No one seriously believes that they will escape this influence. The Government is paying the piper, and it would be ludicrous if it did not call for the happiest tune in the general interests of the nation.

The wirepullers have even been touting the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Chamberlain has been entertainingly enigmatical. This is the stereotyped reply which he has handed out to everyone who has approached him:

The Government has a substantial interest in the successful operation of the concern under which the "Queen Mary" is working, and, if economic advantage will be secured by placing one order in one district rather than in another, it will be difficult to override those considerations.

The experts have examined this statement with microscopes and are still guessing whether the "economic advantage" to which the Chancellor refers is that of the Cunard-White Star or of the country.

No matter where the order ultimately goes, the new ship will be as satisfactory as the *Queen Mary*. The highest standards of shipbuilding are now universal, and for very special work there can always be transference of labour.

If price alone is to count in the building of the *King George*, the Clyde should have the contract in its pocket. The lessons learned by trial and error in the evolution of the *Queen Mary* are the precious secrets of a few men at Clydebank. So valuable is this data that it has not even been put on paper.

It means that John Brown and Company, the builders of the *Queen Mary*, will be able to produce even a larger companion to her at a cost £500,000 lower than any rival outside Scotland.

And they are so sure on the Clyde that the contract will go there that the new plant necessary is already being assembled in the yards.

The *Queen Mary*, they say in Scotland, is the only propagandist they need. The City of London apparently believes them, because only a few days ago the shares of John Brown leaped upwards, not only on the strength of an increased dividend, but in anticipation of the *King George* being born on the Clyde.

One snag confronts Clydebank. It is known that the Admiralty is to place a large part of the naval building programme there, and it may be declared that the district will be too busy to cope also with a giant liner.

It will be with a sorry heart indeed if those who give the final decision have to reject the claims of the Tyne. More than any other part of Britain dependent on its engineers and shipbuilders, the North-East has been sorely stricken. New hope would dawn on Tyneside if it was announced that it was to have the *King George*. Prayers are being said in the churches that the miracle may come about.

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The ship could be built in one of two yards there—Swan Hunter's, at Wallsend, or Vickers Armstrong, at Walker—and it is understood that both these firms are prepared to pool resources and make a common front if that can bring the contract to the Tyne.

Swan Hunter's are, of course, world famous as the firm which built the *Mauretania*, holder of the Atlantic record for a quarter of a century.

The only serious argument advanced against the Tyne is that during its black years it has lost many of its best workers by migration. In reply to that the trade unions guarantee a sufficiency of the highest class of labour.

"The *Queen Mary* is out of date! It is eight years since she was designed. . . ." So say the designers and draughtsmen who advocate the claims of Messrs. Cammell Laird, of Birkenhead. To prove that it is so, they have prepared plans for a bigger ship than the *Queen Mary* with the principles of stream-lining applied to the hull and decks for greater speed, and introducing engines and boilers of more compact and later design to allow greater accommodation without increasing the tonnage.

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It is a factor that Merseyside is the spiritual home of the Cunard Line. It also is a distressed area, and it offers one of the finest launching tidal waters in the country. Cammell Laird is at present engaged on one of the Admiralty's largest post-war orders, the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*, estimated to cost £3,000,000 and the longest ship ever built on the Mersey.

The people of Northern Ireland believe that they deserve the order for the *King George* for their loyalty alone. It could very well be constructed at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's place on the River Lagan, at Belfast, where the White Star affections lie. It is even stated to have been a condition of the Cunard-White Star merger that the contract for the second ship would be placed in Belfast.

But this is legally impossible unless the Act subsidising the building of the *Queen Mary* and the *King George* is amended. It deliberately excluded Northern Ireland because it has in force a system of guaranteed loans which is equivalent to a subsidy of 10 per cent. to Belfast shipbuilders in competition with British firms.

JOHN BULL invited a firm of Lloyd's underwriters to quote rates on the claims of the four rivers. In betting terms they were set out as:—

Clyde	Evens.
Tyne	5 to 2 against.
Mersey	6 to 1 against.
Lagan	25 to 1 against.

The City of London believes that price and experience will prevail.

JAPAN Menaces —CONQUEST is her RELIGION

HIS LIFE'S OBJECT
War and the glorification of Japan is, for the mass of Japanese people, simply their divine mission

MUSSOLINI dreams dangerously of a new Roman Empire in the Near East. At the other end of the world a whole nation is convinced that it has a divine mission to conquer and rule all the Far East.

And not only the Far East, but all the world.

That is why there is danger of war in Eastern Asia and in the Pacific, in which, should it come, Great Britain can hardly help being involved. Not so much because of Japan's economic need for expansion as because of Japan's religion.

Economic wants can be met by compromise and concession. There is no compromising with a religion.

And, as never before perhaps in history, imperial expansion is with the Japanese an article of religious faith, as binding as the obligation on a pious Christian to preach the Gospel to the heathen.

The Emperor is Akitsu-Kami—the Living God. The way of the Emperor is the Great Law of the Universe. The Divine Virtue of the Emperor must be extended to all parts of the world, equally and indiscriminatingly. That, quite seriously and earnestly, is the inspiration of Japanese policy

When the new Japan was in the making, the Lord Hotta, one of its founders, laid down the line to be followed.

"Our object must always be to lay the foundation for securing hegemony over all nations.

"We must when we are strong punish the nations which act contrary to the principle. We must declare our protection over harmless nations.

"The nations of the world will come to look up to our Emperor as the Great Ruler of all the nations. They will follow our policy and submit to our judgment."

That was in 1858.

"In the middle of the twentieth century Japan will meet Europe on the plains of Asia and wrest from her the mastery of the world," said Prime Minister Count Okuma.

That was in 1915.

"Our great missions from heaven are to promote our national expansion and to liberate the peoples of the Orient, who are groaning under the oppression of the white race," wrote General Tada, commander of the Japanese Army in China.

That was in 1936.

In eighty years the policy has not changed. There have been periods of advance, periods of quiet, even periods of retreat; but for tactical reasons the aim has never varied.

To oust the "white oppressors" from Eastern Asia, to "liberate" China and bring all its vast resources under Japanese control so that they may become instruments of the Divine Virtue, finally to "wrest from Europe the mastery of the world," and force all nations to acknowledge the supremacy of the Divine Emperor.

It sounds madness. But for the men who dominate Japan, and for the mass of Japanese people, it is literally and simply their divine mission, the inevitable fulfilment of the Great Law of the Universe.

And the Japanese who dies for this mission, "whether criminal or good man, general or private or common citizen, at the moment of shouting 'Banzai' to the Emperor, becomes united in the Great Life of the Universe and lives for ever as a guardian deity of the nation."

Realists

That religion, if it keeps its hold, means war, must mean war.

The dream may be madness. To become master of Asia, let alone master of the world, may be as wildly beyond Japanese capacity as to become an ox was beyond the capacity of Æsop's frog.

The frog burst. Japan may burst in the attempt.

But the attempt if persisted in must bring war after war. It has brought enough already.

Were Japan neighboured everywhere by strong, well-equipped States, organised for the keeping of the peace, the peace might be kept. For the Japanese, for all their mystic faith, are hard-headed realists when it comes to the point

But the tragedy of the situation is that just over the sea from this virile, able, efficiently organised, highly militarised country, urged to expansion both by economic need and by passionate faith, lies a great empire which is crumbling internally, which is hardly capable of resistance: the ideal prey for a determined conqueror.

For forty years Japan has been patiently, steadily, unremittingly, preparing the conquest of China. She has attacked from without, she has undermined from within: she has advanced, paused, even retreated: she has used money and arms, threats and cajolements.

The means have been skilfully varied: the end has never changed.

Already she has carved out of China a continental empire far larger than her own territory.

She took Formosa and the Pescadores in 1895, the Liaotung peninsula in 1905; she annexed Korea in 1910.

Merely a step

Those were the prelude. In 1931 came the big advance. In less than five years Japan has conquered and brought under her own dominion the three provinces of Manchuria, Jehol Chahar. She controls Hopei and Seiyuan, and can take them when she chooses.

An area as big as half Europe, with a population as big as that of Germany, containing one of the biggest cities in Asia, with incalculable resources.

Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia is petty larceny by comparison with this great steal.

And even this is only the beginning: only a step on the way to the overlordship of all China, of all Eastern Asia.

Already the plans are made, the preparations afoot for new advances westward into Mongolia and away to Sinkiang, which is just over the high passes from Kashmir and India: southward into Shansi, into Shantung, down to the Yang-tse valley and Shanghai.

Already, and with much success, Japanese diplomacy, with judicious mingling of writers and threats and propaganda is working to bring the Chinese Government itself under Japanese control.

Already in Fukien and at Canton Japanese emissaries are at work. Northern China has been swallowed: the nibbling at Southern China has started.

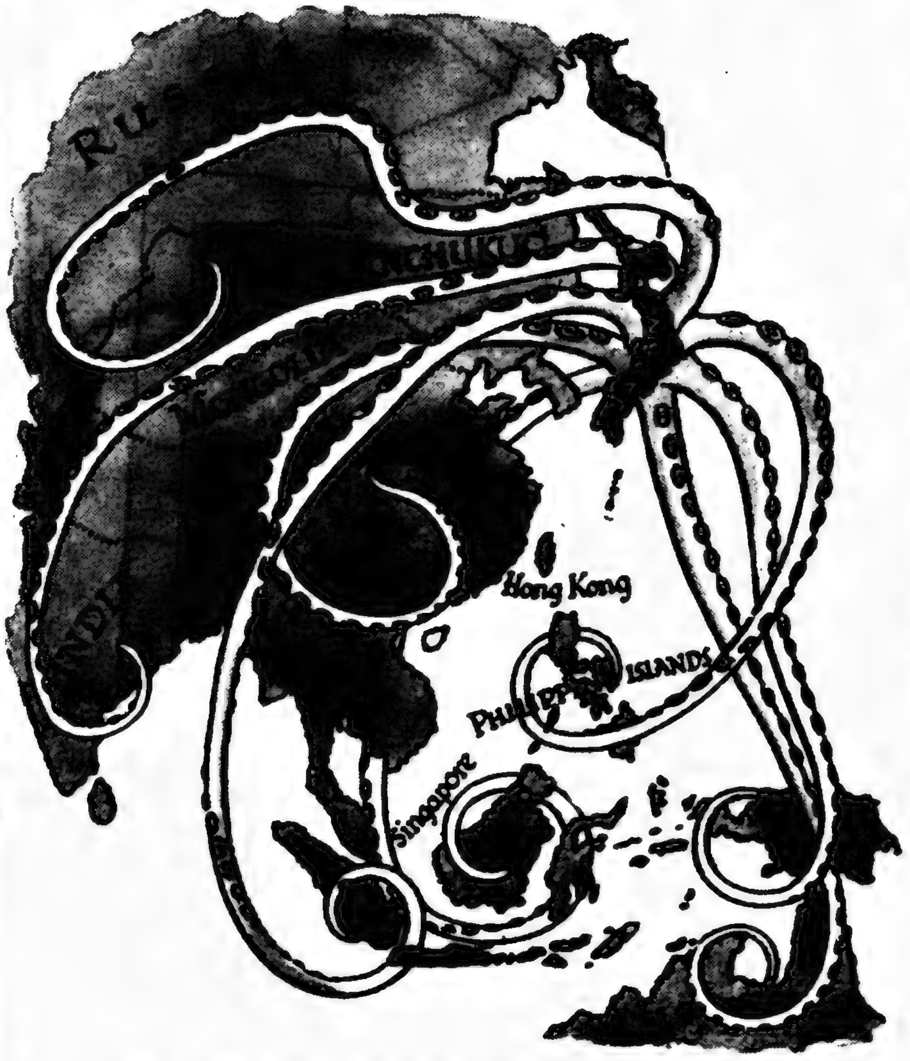
And notice has been served on all other Powers to keep hands off: that, unless they choose to fight, they have got to recognise that China is Japan's exclusive affair and exclusive prey: that any attempt to help the Chinese to assert and defend their independence will be counted a hostile act.

Espionage net

Nor does ambition stop at China. Japanese diplomacy. Japanese propaganda, Japanese money, are all hard at work in Siam, which lies between British Burma and French Indo-China, and on the south marches with Malaya and the mainland over against Singapore.

Quietly the work of penetration is

THE WORLD



LIKE A SINISTER OCTOPUS, Japan casts its tentacles about the countries of the Far East—and beyond. While provinces are being seized in some directions, espionage is going on in others to see how Japan's domination can be increased in time to come

How Near are We to War?

by W. N. EWER

(The Authority on Foreign Affairs)

going on in the Philippines and in the Dutch East Indies: restless activities by Japanese merchants, Japanese shipping: and the merchants often are, curiously, "retired" army officers, the sailors—"retired" naval officers.

British, French, Dutch and American authorities have all become uneasily aware that Japanese espionage is anything but fiction: are uneasily wondering what it all portends: how long it will be before "the Great Law of the Universe" will demand that the Imperial Virtues be extended to the islands which lie between Asia and Australia.

Should that happen, should Japan try to make herself mistress of the Philippines ʻr of the East Indies, war would be certain. Neither the British Empire nor the United States would permit that conquest without fighting.

A few years ago that danger seemed remote and visionary. Now it is not so easy to be confident. The conquest of China has gone forward at such a pace: the political fabric of China is so obviously crumbling, its strength of resistance so visibly fading, that the whole process may be over within a very few years.

And then?

Four years ago there were those who said cynically that it would be foolish to oppose the drive into Manchuria: that if Japan were allowed to take Manchuria it would satisfy her: at any rate for many years to come. Time has proved the folly of the cynics. Already Japan is pushing south.

South—and west. The danger, for South China, for the Philippines, for the East Indies, for Malaya, for Australia even, may lie some years ahead. But in Mongolia—open prairie land westward of Manchuria—the danger of war has been imminent; may very, very soon be imminent again.

Vast wealth

Mongolia, land of the Mongols and their kinsmen the Usbeks, is in four parts.

One part of the Mongol race is in Manchuria itself—in the Japanese-controlled state of Manchukuo. One part is in Inner Mongolia, under petty princelings, vaguely under Chinese sovereignty. One part is in Outer Mongolia, a People's Republic under protection of Soviet Russia. The Uzbeks are in Siberia itself, in Soviet territory.

Following the bidding of the "Great Law of the Universe," coveting the grazing lands which might make Japan independent of Australian wool, the Japanese Imperialists planned to push from Manchuria into Mongolia, to "liberate the Mongols" from Chinese suzerainty and Russian protection.

To push westward through Mongolia into Sinkiang, to "liberate" Sinkiang as well, and, incidentally, to exploit its vast mineral wealth.

For two years past there has been danger—far more real, far more insistent than the world realised—of a Mongolian war, of a clash on those Asiatic plains between two Great Powers — Japan and the Soviet Union. And no man can say where a war, once started between two world Powers, may end.

A Japanese attack on Outer Mongolia must have brought war: for Russia could not have stood idly by and seen the Mongolian Republic, which she was pledged to defend, overrun. And such an invasion has been very near indeed. There have been frontier conflicts, real fighting which might easily have developed into war.

The Japanese generals have been riskily testing how far they could go, trying, probing, reconnoitring, feeling their way to the west, seeking how deeply they could penetrate without encountering a real resistance. There is in these lands no well marked frontier such as we are used to in the West.

Russian strength

A dangerous game: and they played it with cautious daring. The army nosing its way forward, the diplomats in Tokyo always ready to explain, to excuse, at need to make bland apology for inadvertent trespass.

For two years or so that game went on every month bringing a little nearer the point at which either advance must cease or explosion would ensue.

Caution did finally, or rather for the time being, win the day. There were two good reasons for it.

First, that the Russians, working desperately, had so strengthened their military and air forces in Eastern Siberia that the risks of challenging them had become, and that obviously, far greater than had been dreamed.

Second, the policy of conciliating the Mongol tribesmen, of acting as their "liberators," of sending the Mongols of Manchuria to "free" the Mongols of the People's Republic from their Soviet "protectors" failed.

The Mongols had been alienated, not conciliated. To-day they dislike and fear the Japanese more than they dislike and fear the Russians. They would act not with, but against a Japanese or Manchurian army that should attack Outer Mongolia.

So, for the time being, the war clouds which hung heavily over Mongolia a few months ago have lifted. The most dangerous Japanese advances, on a line which must have brought a world-shaking war, has been halted.

But that is for the moment: a pause for thought and new opportunity. Japanese statesmanship is wise in such matters. It knows when to halt, even when (as in 1895 and 1921) to retreat. But neither halt nor retreat means any abandoning of the divine mission: they are only preparations for a new advance.

Stark facts

Checked for the moment in Mongolia, the drive has turned again southward towards the heart of China. But it may turn, it may be forced to turn, westward again, to deal with the Chinese Communist armies (no negligible force) which are now in Shensi and Kansu.

Suppose (it is more than likely) that Tokyo orders an "anti-Red" campaign: that the Red Armies (which are Chinese peasant armies) retreat westward to the Mongolian border: that they ask aid in their extremity from the Russians?

Suppose a dozen other alternatives? Every time you come back to the stark facts.

Japan, under the double influence of economic need and religious fervour, is moving forward steadily, unceasingly to the conquest of China, of all the East, of all Asia.

That means local war, or helpless surrender all the time.

And if the process goes on unchecked, sooner or later, in some section of that advance, the onset is bound to reach the point when it meets, not fragments of a crumbling China, but a resistant Power.

The resistant Power may be Soviet Russia, or it may be the British Empire.

When that moment arrives, either the Japanese must be false to the Imperial virtue and to the Divine Law of the Universe: or they must decide for war.

Next week:

HITLER'S WAR MACHINE

Hurry For Our Free Gift

THERE has been an overwhelming response to JOHN BULL's great 30th Birthday offer to every one of its readers.

You have still time, if you act immediately, to secure the enthralling volume which JOHN BULL offers you—*free* to commemorate one of the most historic occasions in modern journalism. Full details and your Reservation Forms on pages 6 and 7.

There have been Presentations in the past, but never one such as this—"*The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries.*"

Here is the world's most exciting reading, months and months of entertainment, pulsating with drama, packed with the grim, the uncanny, the mysterious.

There are fifty wonderful stories by fifty famous writers—stories that will make you look over your shoulder, that you will never forget as long as you live.

In 768 big pages and nearly 300,000 words—*nearly five times as much reading as in an ordinary novel*—you will find the cream of thriller-fiction, plus sixty-six illustrations, including portraits of the authors and seventeen full-page pictures.

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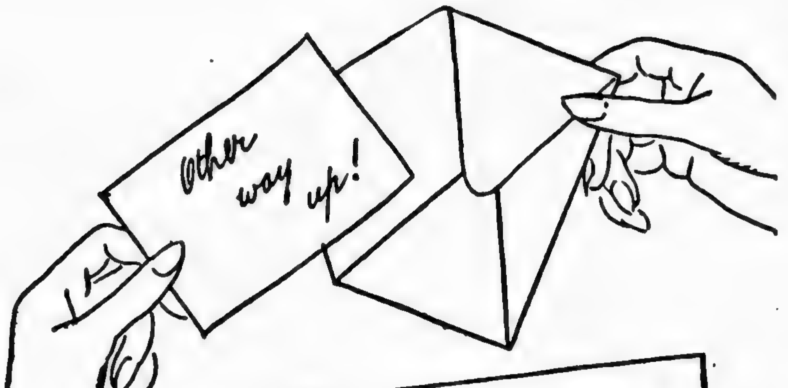
At the end of the book there is a sensational *Sealed Section* of nine super-stories for those who like their thrillers "*neat.*" Will you break the Seal?

"The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" is a real library volume, superbly bound in stiff covers of Black Morocco-grained Cloth.

When you send in your Reservation Forms you may, at the same time, send in the Registration Form for JOHN BULL's Free Family Insurance, which appears on page 4 of this issue. If you are already registered there is, of course, no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or your newsagent.

Our gift is yours—*Free*! Seize this further opportunity and post your Reservation Forms at once.

Take SNAPS to put in your letters


Other way up!

When you see the children having a high time, when the family gets together in the garden, think how much your friends and relations would like to see it — and how much you would like to see it again. Then — out with the 'Kodak'!

Remember, for as little as 5/- you can get a 'Brownie' (made only by Kodak) with a tested Kodak lens. There are folding Kodaks from 25/- upwards. All you need besides is Kodak Film — the size to use is printed inside the camera.

THE BABY 'BROWNIE.' The new arrival in the 'Brownie' family. Smooth modern streamline. Supremely simple — you hold viewfinder up to eye-level and press the trigger. Tested Kodak lens.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

WELCOME HOME, GEORGE!

Land Profiteers: A Tory Shows Us How—Slur on the Teachers—"Conscription" M.P. Answered—The Infant Invalids

DEAR GEORGE LANSBURY,—Welcome home—and well done!

When you left for your Peace Tour of the United States I feared the strain of its heavy programme would be too much for you. After all, you are seventy-seven, and had not long recovered from an accident that laid you in hospital for months.

But it seems my fears were needless. You've come back, I hear, looking years younger than when you left.

With Dr. Salter, you have travelled 27,000 miles, addressed scores of demonstrations, broadcast to seventy million people, again and again had to journey through the night. And it's all been not a great trial, but a splendid tonic for you!

"I've come back with a new enthusiasm to work for peace," you say, and I hope you'll be able to carry on that work for years.

* * *

Like you, I am greatly concerned with the shadows which are creeping over the world once more, as you will see by the series of articles, "How Near Are We to War?" now appearing in these pages.

Like you, again, I am convinced that peace can be maintained and made permanent. But if we bury our heads in the sand and ignore the dangers which threaten, if we shirk the sacrifices which peace entails, then there can be little hope for mankind.

A modern Saint George, you, like the Saint George of old, have a dragon to slay.

As you put it, "the only way to avoid war is to take up a definite attitude for peace." And we can all help you in your work as Britain's greatest crusader for peace.

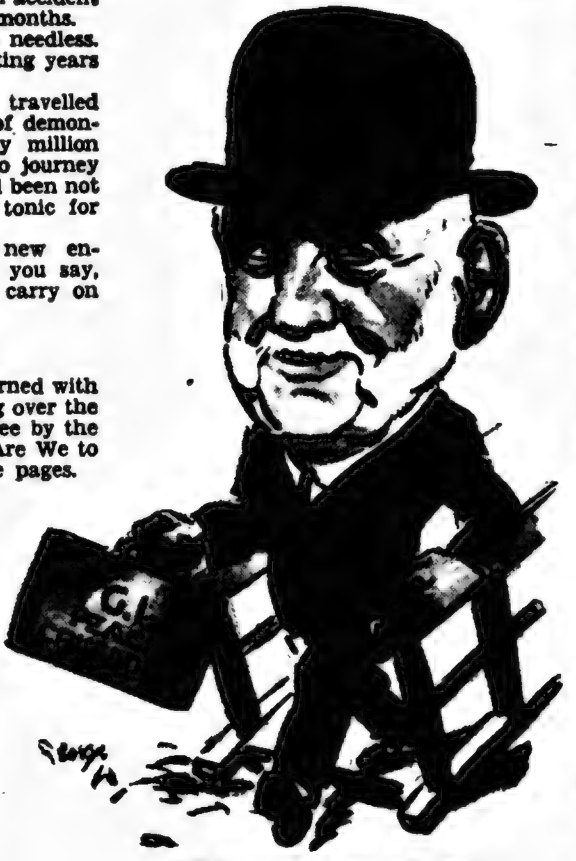
* * *

I dare say you're right in thinking that if the statesmen were shut up in a conference and not allowed to leave until they reached a settlement, a solution of the world's problems would soon be found.

But we mustn't blame it all on the statesmen. We mustn't forget they can be brought to heel by the ordinary people they represent.

And once all the millions who desire peace are ready to agitate for it, to fight for it if necessary, then the great task you have set yourself will be accomplished.

JOHN BULL.



"Welcome home—and well done!"

Mr. J. W. LAING,
Messrs. John Laing and Son, Ltd.

DEAR MR. LAING,—I am glad the fact that you are a "Conservative and a landowner" does not prevent you from being a revolutionary.

In your view, nationalisation of the land would be "a great and beneficial change." As head of one of the biggest building firms in the country, you must know of many instances where land has risen enormously in value—owing to housing needs, better transport facilities and so on—and brought riches to an owner who has not raised a finger to earn them.

Of course you are right in declaring that the gain should go to the whole nation instead of to a few lucky individuals. But land nationalisation must inevitably be a slow business.

Let us begin by imposing a stiff Land Values Tax, as I have so often demanded.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. C. ROBERTS,
Clerk, Wrexham County Police Court

SIR,—It is deplorable, I admit, that two boy witnesses should have to admit they cannot read. But equally so is your gibe at the "efficiency" of elementary education and your observation that school teachers should "consider to what extent they earn their money."

It would be just as unfair to condemn public schools because they turn out some young men who write wretchedly, spell abominably and mispronounce horribly.

There are educational misfits in every social station. To infer, as you do, that they are the peculiar products of elementary schools is sheer nonsense.

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—"Better late than never" is what I feel tempted to say of your new drive to improve the health of children between the ages of three and five.

Because such youngsters are at present outside the health services, thousands of them die each year, thousands more become physically defective. And this is an evil I have attacked time and again; only recently I published an article by Lord Strabolgi which told of the youngsters "Ruined at Five."

Besides, you know, a big scheme for nursery schools was scrapped by the Government for economy's sake in 1931. I hope no fresh wave of saving madness interferes with your plans!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
Prime Minister

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I join with you in wanting the memorial to King George V to be a real offering of the people.

After all, the greater part of the memorial will be spent on the people—providing playing fields so that our children and the generations yet to come may enjoy happy and healthy recreation.

I trust that all those who can afford it will do their bit towards honouring the memory of a devoted King in the way which, we may be sure, he would have wholeheartedly approved.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. VICTOR RAIKES, M.P.,
Eccleston Square, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—So you're another of the prattlers about conscription.

True, you do not favour peace-time conscription. But you hint that "unless our young men are prepared more and more to put themselves into training in the Territorial Army" they will be inviting conscription.

Evidently you know little about public opinion. Read what my readers have to say about conscription on page 40.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FREDERICK SMITH,
Unilever, Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—You would like to see a National Board for the organisation of the country's transport services. So should I.

I agree, too, that the users of transport should be heard equally with the providers of transport, redundant services cut out, and every system given its fair share of traffic.

Indeed, national planning of transport services is just as urgently needed, in my opinion, as a national system of roads. Dunderheads in authority may oppose both, but one day they'll have to yield.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCILLORS,
East Sussex

GENTLEMEN,—I warn you to expect some indignation concerning your latest action. No doubt the short-sighted will talk about "unwarrantable interference with private affairs" and "intolerable bureaucracy"—all because you are determined to keep most of the South Downs free of building above the 300 ft. level.

Well, we have heard those criticisms before, and I hope you'll ignore them.

One of the best replies in your case is that landowners are generously supporting you. Certainly it would be a loss to the whole nation and to overseas visitors if Sussex's white cliffs were to be surmounted by an unending chain of shoddy bungalows. So carry on your work!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—In the bad old days no one bothered about the effect imprisonment had on a man's home life. Now you have found out, and it is certainly alarming.

In nine cases out of ten the discharged prisoner finds a home completely ruined. Sometimes the man is embittered against life and visits his bitterness on the one nearest to him. Sometimes the wife keeps "rubbing it in." In any case—in a home already weakened by the husband's absence—the effect is the same.

The couple separate, and the children become the worst sufferers of all.

You are going to find a remedy somehow. To begin with, you are appointing a commitee of discreet men and women who can work unobtrusively. I wish you—and them—every success.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. F. R. J. PEEL,
Chief Constable of Essex

DEAR CHIEF,—You are ill-advised in supporting the proposal that juvenile offenders should have their fingerprints taken by the police.

To many children such an action would be a humiliation that nothing could ever mitigate, that might well encourage them to become social rebels. To others it would be proof they were "real tough guys," and thus induce them to commit further offences.

No, the very suggestion is repugnant.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. C. LITTLE, A.E.U.: Nor can I understand why Britain can't do as Scandinavian countries and give all workers paid holidays.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER KINNEAR: Only fools will dispute that social insurance has saved our people from destitution and demoralisation.—JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.

Tips on Slips

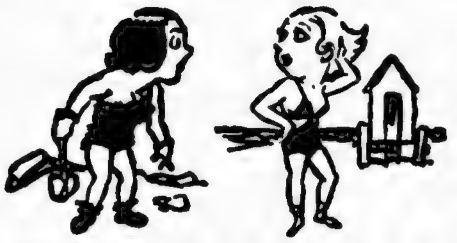
TO world-wide freedom man was born,
But he has been at pains
To give his liberty away,
To make quaint laws he must obey
And load himself with chains.

Quite naked to the world he came,
But soon all heads wore hats,
All bodies were concealed in suits,
All necks in collars, feet in boots,
And some likewise in spats!

And what man's once put on he can't
Take off, it would appear;
If back to nature he should try
To make a move, loud voices cry:
"You can't do that there here!"

When philosophers tell us that what man has done man can do, we are reminded that in the past he did with quite a few clothes, but can't now—at least, not without incurring the censure of vicars and vergers, seaside Stigginses and other eminent nobodies.

In deciding that a young woman who sought to attend a friend's wedding, wearing a long skirt, but no stockings, was improperly dressed, the Rev. W. H. Rowdon, of Poole, will doubtless have the support of all right-thinking hosiers.



It may similarly be taken for granted that hatters and tailors and overcoat-makers will applaud the decision of the Broadstairs Council to prohibit persons in bathing slips from visiting the promenade and listening to the band.

But approval from these and other quarters does not prove that our too, too common censors have common-sense on their side; for common-sense takes the view that, in such matters, anything that is fairly common is likely to be fairly sensible.

After all, there is (or should be) *something* in the seaside air; for whereas in Bond Street a person in a bathing slip would attract attention, many a slip on a seaside promenade passes unnoticed except by those who always look to see if they can see something they don't like the look of.

"Men," according to Councillor B. J. Pearson, "are the worst offenders" in this matter of listening to the band without first disguising themselves as Egyptian mummies, and special constables are to make these shameless slipsters realise that what may be good enough for Brighton is too bad for Broadstairs.

And herein lies one of the snags of seaside censorship; for, owing to variations in the views of marine parade moralists, it often happens that a seaside visitor, although he knows where he is, don't know where he are!

The councillors of Mudbank,
Of Mudbank-by-the-Sea,
Don't mind a naked neck or arm,
But they are filled with wild alarm
When backs and chests show free!

'Gainst backs and busts at Slocum
Nobody has a grudge;
But if a girl appears in shorts
The councillors are moved to snorts
At Slocum-on-the-Sludge!

So, when you're at the seaside
Take care, though May be out!
For e'en in flaming June, alack!
You may have Chadband on your track
If you should cast a clout!

Y. Z.

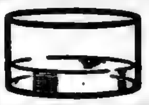
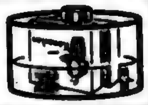
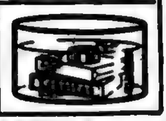
"**KENSITAS** IS MY FAVOURITE CIGARETTE — BECAUSE IT HAS A PLAIN-TIP AND THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS*** DON'T HARM MY THROAT"

Nancy O'Neil

WARNER BROS FIRST NATIONAL STAR

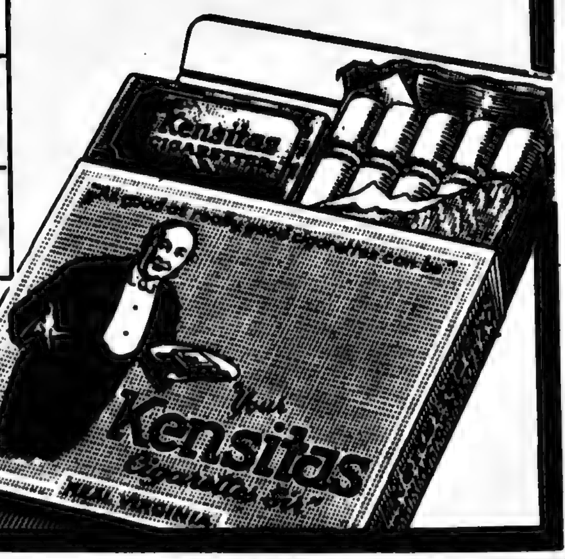
TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE. SO KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS* ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Miss O'Neil made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test:

1	**HERE IT IS – YOU TRY HER DRASTIC TEST ! –** Miss O'Neil put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.	
2	She placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. She did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, she lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	

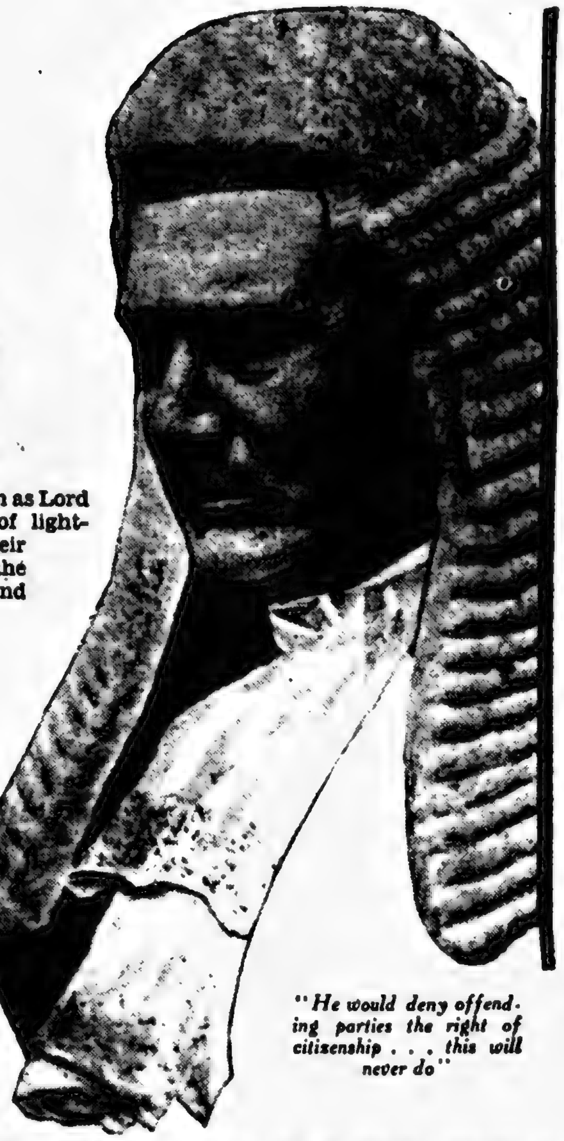
RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.

**Your Throat Protection Against Irritation ... Against Cough*



The JUDGE'S Divorce Bombshell

by A. G. GARDINER



"He would deny offending parties the right of citizenship . . . this will never do"

THERE is no more perplexing social problem than that of divorce, and it might have been assumed that if anyone could lead us out of the maze it would be Lord Merrivale. He is better known to us as Sir Henry Duke, for long a respected member of Parliament for Plymouth, and afterwards, for fourteen years, the President of the Divorce Court.

In that position, which he has now resigned, he has seen more of the working of the divorce law, heard more cases and divorced more couples than anyone in the history of this country.

And now in his leisure he has written a book, "Marriage and Divorce," in which he gathers the harvest of his experience and sets down his thoughts on the subject and his proposals for solving the problem and removing the evils associated with it.

Unfortunately, while containing much that is admirable, the book seems to approach the question from the wrong angle and to put forward some reforms which would aggravate rather than relieve the present intolerable position.

WITH his main purpose all sensible people will be in agreement. He wants to strengthen the institution of marriage, which is the basis of family life and of every civilisation that has come down to us through the ages. He sees that institution menaced by the breakdown of the discipline of morals and faith and by the tidal wave of revolutionary ideas that is sweeping over the modern world.

And he would meet the menace by tightening the bonds and putting those who offend the sanctities of marriage outside the pale of citizenship. He would deny them, for example, "the electoral franchise, competence to fill certain public offices and the right to receive beneficial grants."

This will never do.

We badly need a reform of the divorce law, but such a reform as this would not merely be repulsive to the sentiment of the public, but destructive to the institution of marriage itself.

Marriage is a Christian ordinance, but it is much more and much older than that. It is a human relationship which has existed in all societies and in all ages, and it has its roots in the deepest social instinct of mankind.

That social instinct has prevailed against ceaseless attack, from the promiscuous appetites of the sexes and from the teachings of philosophers from Plato to Bernard Shaw. It has prevailed because the idea of the home and the family — abhorrent to both these dreamers—is the master motive of mankind.

But the task of reconciling that motive with the reasonable liberties of the individual has always been a perplexing problem. And the efforts to solve it have been infinitely varied.

Before the Roman Empire became Christianised, Roman law allowed a person eight divorces—beyond that was reckoned adultery. And the frequency of divorce then is illustrated by the remark of Seneca in *De Beneficiis*: "Does anybody now blush at a divorce since certain illustrious and noble women compute their years, not by the number of consuls, but by the number of husbands they have had."

In converting marriage from a human institution to a divine ordinance the Christian Church sought to make the bond absolute, final, irrevocable, and the Roman Catholic Church to this day maintains that position. In practice, of course, it has always broken down, especially in the case of the rich and powerful. We have seen in recent years instances of the ingenious loopholes which the Church makes for the escape of people who have found the marriage bond an intolerable burden.

To-day the conception of marriage as a civil process, terminable in circumstances which make its termination desired by those concerned, is the commonplace of every civilised community.

We may regret some of the consequences. We may loathe, as much as Lord Merrivale does, the spectacle of light-headed people changing their matrimonial partners with the levity of those "illustrious and noble" Roman women whom Seneca satirised nearly two thousand years ago.

But these featherheads, in making a mockery of marriage, do not represent the attitude of the mass of the people towards the institution. In losing its chains it has not lost its loyalties and sanctities, and in spite of the experiences of Lord Merrivale in the Divorce Court, I should doubt whether marriage as an institution was ever more stable or respected than it is to-day.

Divorce, in opening the door of the prison to the victims of an unhappy union, has not weakened the basis of marriage. It has strengthened and rationalised it.

No country in its senses would revert to a condition in which, in the name of religion and morality, two people, who had mistaken a passing emotion for an enduring affection and found that they were unhappy in each other's society, should be yoked unalterably together until death put an end to their misery.

And the need to-day is not that the means of recovering freedom in such cases should be diminished. It is that they should be enlarged.

It is, for example, deplorable that a husband married to a wife permanently insane, or a wife married to a husband permanently insane, should be condemned for the rest of his or her days to remain in that cruel and painful situation. As long ago as 1912 the Royal Commission on the subject recommended that divorce in such cases should be permitted, but the law remains.

One needs little imagination to appreciate the extent of the unmerited misery that multitudes of husbands and wives have had to endure while Parliament, under some heathenish scruples posturing as religion and morality, has sat with folded hands, ignoring not only the claims of humanity, but the earnest pleadings of its own Commission.

IN this and other respects Lord Merrivale himself makes suggestions which go some way towards rationalising the law. He recommends a decree of nullity where insanity was latent at the time of marriage; but he would refuse it where the infirmity develops after marriage. Why he makes the distinction is difficult to see.

He takes better ground in his proposals that the respondent in a suit founded on long desertion should be declared civilly dead, and that where a sentence of death has been commuted to imprisonment for life or a man has been sentenced to penal servitude for life he, too, should be held civilly dead.

In these and some other directions Lord Merrivale's suggestions, backed as they are by his long experience, should induce Parliament to deal with this painful and urgent matter. His influence should be the greater because of the rigid and even reactionary attitude he adopts in other respects.

Nothing is more characteristic of that attitude than his proposal to deprive the respondents in divorce suits of their rights of citizenship. That is to treat questions of private immorality as if they were felonies—an idea so contrary to all sense of legal principle that one can only express astonishment that it should have been put forward from such a quarter.

It is regrettable, too, that he has not used his great influence to extend the operation of divorce to cases where both parties, for good and quite moral reasons, desire divorce. It is the absence of this means of relief that accounts for that underworld of "faked" infidelities which is so often disclosed by the activities of the King's Proctor. There is no more flagrant blot upon the smudgy face of our antiquated Divorce law.

YOU'RE IT!

EVERY man is three men. He is what he is. He is what he does. He is what he thinks of himself. It is not stretching the truth to say that the last is the most important of the three.

The Human Machine

What a man is can be altered to a large extent if it is not satisfactory. Physical defects can be remedied by proper exercise. Mental shortcomings can be made good by proper training. Health can be maintained or improved. What we are is by no means what we need remain.

What a man does is as important as, if not more important than, what he is. Actions not only speak louder than words; they are the forge in which character is made and tempered. What we do is, from the psychological point of view, the sort of habits we form. The habits we form make or mar us in the end.

But what a man thinks of himself is what is really going to determine his course of life. To bring out the best that is in us we must be able to face our fellows as equals. We must have complete self-respect. We must have absolute belief in ourselves.

Some people call a proper sense of one's own fitness egotism. Let them! Better be an out-and-out egotist than a sufferer from a chronic feeling of inferiority.

In any case there is a simple test. If you are not self-centred; if all your thoughts are not taken up with the fact that you're a hell of a fine fellow and a darn sight better than anyone round you; if your belief in yourself does not make you a nuisance to those with whom you associate, you needn't worry.

The great thing is to know your own worth, but to refrain from ramming the knowledge down the throats of others. As long as you know it, you can trust others to discover it fast enough.

Playing with Fire

IT is a boring business having to amuse yourself when you are a high-spirited youngster of four.

When all your little friends are away at school, mother is upstairs doing the housework, and your old toys can't supply a single new thrill—how nice it would be to pitch them on the fire.

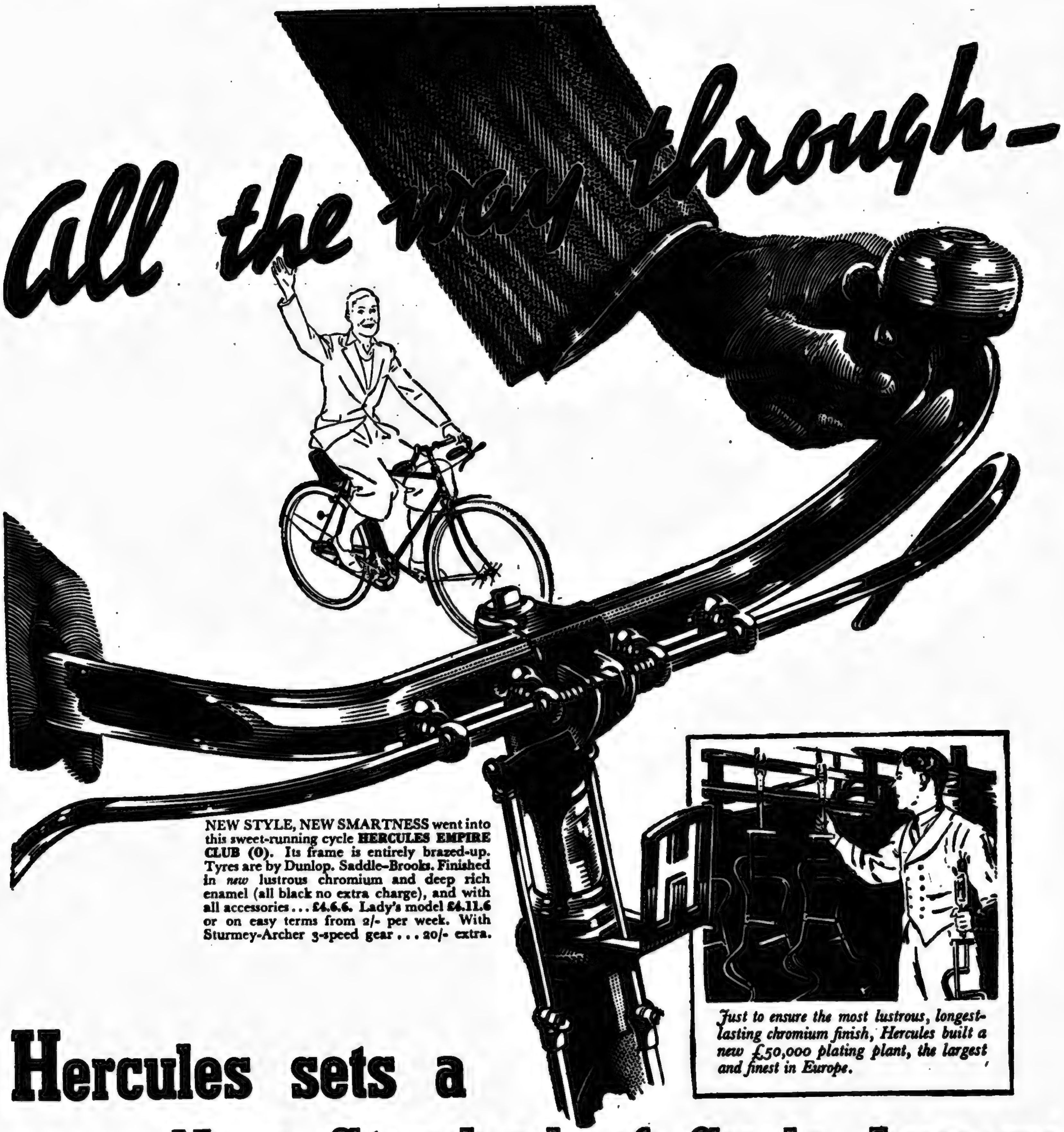
The fire—ah, that suggested a possibility to a little South Wales boy. You could easily push a spill of paper through that fireguard.

He did so, laughed aloud at the big blue flame, felt the growing heat on his fingers, wondered in alarm what to do, and then —why, he pushed it into the cupboard, still burning.

And what a to-do followed. Smoke pouring upstairs to alarm mother. Great tongues of flame shooting out. Clothing stacked high irreparably ruined. Pounds worth of damage, which the family could so little afford to meet.

Anyhow, a load was lifted from very heavy hearts when JOHN BULL sent a cheque to cover the damage, because the household had taken the precaution of registering under our unique Free Family Insurance Gift by the simple act of sending us a coupon like the one you can find page 4 of this issue.

We are waiting to receive that coupon from you. You'd be surprised how many things can happen to make you thankful for its protection.


All the way through—

NEW STYLE, NEW SMARTNESS went into this sweet-running cycle **HERCULES EMPIRE CLUB (O)**. Its frame is entirely brazed-up. Tyres are by Dunlop. Saddle-Brooks. Finished in *new* lustrous chromium and deep rich enamel (all black no extra charge), and with all accessories . . . **£4.6.6.** Lady's model **£4.11.6** or on easy terms from 2/- per week. With Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear . . . 20/- extra.

Just to ensure the most lustrous, longest-lasting chromium finish, Hercules built a new £50,000 plating plant, the largest and finest in Europe.

Hercules sets a New Standard of Cycle Luxury

EVERYTHING that science has ever discovered about making better cycles has been brought to life in the lithe, lean lines of the 1936 Hercules. New quality, new workmanship, new reliability has been drilled and forged and brazed into every nut and flange and bearing. Part by part the Hercules ranks with any engineering triumph of the age. These new-found qualities are things you can sense and see. The deep rich glow of long-lasting enamel. The flashing brilliance of luxurious chromium. The comfort-coddling placing of saddle, handlebar, and pedal. The confident balance on curve and lever. The sweet, silent running of chain and wheel and bearing. The style, the steel, the steering—nothing has been forgotten in this triumphant determination to set a new standard of cycle quality all the way through—to make each Hercules the sweetest running cycle on the road and your friend for fifty faultless years. Ask your dealer for our new beautifully illustrated catalogue or apply to us.

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JOHN DRINKWATER'S
Intimate Diary

The King This Week

"The rest of the time was devoted to neighbourly words with his tenants"

THE Beloved Landlord

I REMEMBER that when the King, as Prince of Wales, paid a visit to Thomas Hardy, with whom I was privileged to be doing some work at the time, the geat poet had occasion to transact a little business about an acre or so of paddock with His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall.

And Thomas Hardy, who was shrewd always, even in the glamour of royalty, found his landlord uncommonly reasonable.

The King, who has an Empire to rule, retains a particular affection for that corner of it which is, as it were, his own private property. And so the first public diversion of his reign has been to go down West for the purpose of seeing that all is well with his tenants.

There had been misgivings in this ancient seat of loyalty. The King, on his accession, had ceased technically to be Duke of Cornwall. The crofters and farmers of the duchy, who had learnt to regard their Duke as a model landlord, feared that in the new dispensation their interests would be submerged in some official routine.

Having an Empire on his hands, the King nevertheless was quick to realise that his old friends were anxious. He sent word that although he was no longer their Duke, he was still their landlord. and promised that as soon as possible he would be down their way.

⁂

HE could spare only a day for the visit, but he arranged that no more than half an hour of it should be taken up by formal receptions, half an hour that was enough to satisfy the very proper demands of Mayors and Corporations. The rest of the time was devoted to an inspection of the Duchy farms, to neighbourly words with the men whose forebears for three hundred years have ploughed and nursed the lands that once linked England with Brittany.

When a little girl handed him a posy he said that it was very kind of her. Her great-grand-children may well cherish the memory of a far-off June day. But, when the King said this, he merely spoke as a considerate country gentleman to his people.

The visit to the Duchy of Cornwall was, in fact, symbolic.

If the King could be a hundred men with all the King's horses, he would like to see to it personally that everyone in his kingdom was getting a square deal in the matter of housing, wages, and security. He cannot do that, but in his corner of Cornwall he can keep an eye on the individual case. And there he went to see that if any man had a grievance he could present it, that if any man had ideas as to how the estate could be better run he should be heard.

⁂

IF we can visualise the immense amount of business that the King has daily to transact in his office, we cannot fail to understand the pleasant gallantry of his visit to the Cornwall Duchy at a time when half of Europe is banging not too mannerly at our doors.

It might almost seem that His Majesty took stock by that same great Englishman, Thomas Hardy, in realising that the secret of all great living, as of all great art, lies in a meticulous attention to detail. It would have been so easy, and so excusable, to say that the demands of the throne left no time for Land's End excursions, but the busiest man in the Empire had other views.

There is, also, a romantic aspect of the King's landlordism. When he was Prince of Wales he bought a ranch in Alberta, and although he has more pressing claims on his time these days, he still asks for regular reports on the conditions of his Canadian property.

We, who in the pressure of our life can still take a day off for fishing or manage an undisturbed fortnight at Margate or Blackpool in the summer-time, know little of the ties that hold a King to his work.

If our King could order his own days, nothing would please him better than to go far West to Alberta and even take a chance on a buck-jumper that the best fisherman in Cornwall could not ride. But the King of England (I beg your pardon, Scotland, "Edward by the Grace of God, etc.") may not do these things.

⁂

NO story of our King's reign will be prettier than this. . . .

A Sandringham official rang through to Buckingham Palace to ask what was the form of address in which to thank the King for a kindness. It happened that the King himself was in the secretarial office at the time. Unlike his father, who considered telephones a bore, he likes them. It is a matter of taste. In any case, he answered the call.

The fellow at Sandringham asked to be put on to the right official. "This is the King speaking; can I help you?" Embarrassed but delighted, the man at the other end explained himself, or tried to. But explanation was unnecessary. Don't trouble to write about it, thanks are duly noted, much obliged, ring off.

⁂

THERE is a thing called a tea-cosy. And these records, that two or three hundred years hence will be treasure-trove for the historian, are cosy, too. For, to put a short circuit on it, the King likes tea. More than once he has startled civic dignitaries by asking for a cup of it when a liberal wine list was on tap.

Buckingham Palace is, or has been, full (speaking by a figure) of silver and such tea-pots, measuring up to the expert knowledge of Queen Mary as a connoisseur rather than to the practical uses of a tea-table.

The King found that early Georgian silver, greatly prized by the collector, burnt his fingers when four o'clock came along. So that an extensive set of wooden-handled pots was ordered for Buckingham Palace, and the museum pieces have been transferred to Marlborough House, where the Queen will keep them in a collection that will enrich the marginalia of English history.

Collecting, for the few who understand it, is an art, and there is no better artist in that kind living than the Queen.

⁂

ENGLISHMEN are collectors by habit, even though it may not rise above cigarette-cards. Also they are racegoers by habit. And although the King is not conspicuously a racing man, caring rather for the turf of St. Andrews and the like than for that of Epsom, I hear that while, on account of Court mourning, he could not grace one of the Aga Khan's many Derbies in person, he listened-in on a set that not unexpectedly is one of the best.

If I may be allowed to say so, I also listened in, but was so confused by the end of the race that I thought the Negus had won it!

In the evening of Derby day the King did not entertain the Jockey Club, as is a time-honoured tradition. This, however, has no significance as a precedent. Next year, when Court mourning is over, the Honourable Jockeys will have their dinner again.

⁂

THE King has adjusted his coronation date to the growth of London foliage. Nobody else would have thought of that.

It was to have been at the end of May, when for half the spectators the trees would have blotted out the pageant. Now it is to be early in the month, and a million or so of the King's subjects will get a better view in consequence.

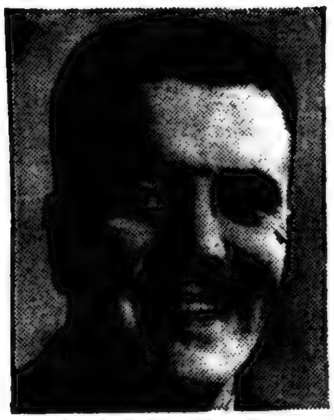
I see that the traffic authorities are already making preparations for what will certainly be the biggest crowd ever seen in London. These cannot be too elaborate or too careful.

It was only an extraordinary display of self-discipline in the crowd at King George's funeral that prevented disaster. No risks must be taken next year

A MAN'S man?

or an IRON-STARVED weakling?

Which will YOU be?



Two men—one strong, the other weak. One vigorous with lusty manhood; the other feeble in appearance, constitution and purpose.

Ill-health does not exist for the first man. The second is always ailing. His digestion is poor, his nerves are jumpy. Worry quickly pulls him down. He lacks energy, driving force.

Why? Because he is IRON-STARVED. No wonder he lacks vitality and stamina.

Be like the man who *is* a man! He knows that without IRON no one can be healthy and strong. So he guards against IRON STARVATION by taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A soon lay the foundation of an Iron Constitution, a sound Digestion, Steady Nerves, and Vigorous, Vibrant Vitality. After two or three 3/- boxes you will be full of life! Full of energy! Weakness and ill-health will disappear. Your work will be easier, you will enjoy your food. Friends will congratulate you on your new health and virility. You will be a *Man's* Man!

IRON 'JELLOIDS' are sold by all chemists in handy boxes to fit your pocket, and should be taken regularly with every meal. Get a 3/- box to-day.

Iron Jelloids

No. 2A

make WEAK men STRONG and STRONG men STRONGER

by correcting the Iron Starvation which causes

Weakness
Exhausted Nerves
Lack of Energy
Tiredness
Heat Exhaustion
Breathlessness
Faintness
Palpitation
Heart Pains
Numbness
Poor Appetite
Weak Digestion
Constipation
Headaches
Sore Tongue
Paleness
Sallowness
Falling Hair
Brittle Nails
Skin Blemishes

Of all Chemists: 3/- *(36 days' treatment)* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

For WOMEN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2. For CHILDREN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 1.

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

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Eightpence an ounce

IS ALL I PAY...

And believe me, a man couldn't wish for a better smoke than DIGGER. This fine blend of Empire tobaccos has made its mark with smokers who want REAL enjoyment for a moderate outlay. Take my tip and try DIGGER today.

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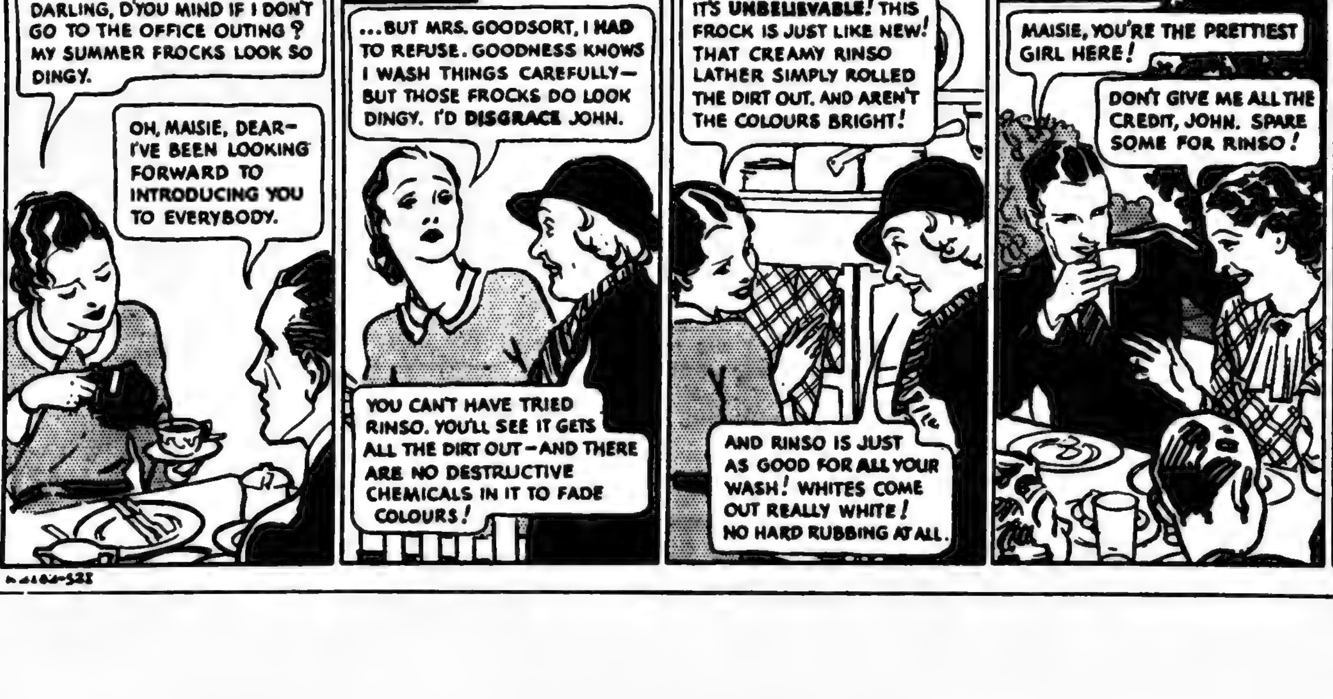
8D PER OZ.

"PLAYER'S "DIGGER" SHAG EMPIRE GROWN
JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM
also FLAKE MIXTURE & CUT PLUG

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. R D 37.

Mrs Goodsort WINS A WIFE A PLACE IN THE SUN


DARLING, D'YOU MIND IF I DON'T GO TO THE OFFICE OUTING? MY SUMMER FROCKS LOOK SO DINGY.
OH, MAISIE, DEAR—I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO INTRODUCING YOU TO EVERYBODY.
NEXT DAY
...BUT MRS. GOODSORT, I HAD TO REFUSE. GOODNESS KNOWS I WASH THINGS CAREFULLY—BUT THOSE FROCKS DO LOOK DINGY. I'D DISGRACE JOHN.
YOU CAN'T HAVE TRIED RINSO. YOU'LL SEE IT GETS ALL THE DIRT OUT—AND THERE ARE NO DESTRUCTIVE CHEMICALS IN IT TO FADE COLOURS!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! THIS FROCK IS JUST LIKE NEW! THAT CREAMY RINSO LATHER SIMPLY ROLLED THE DIRT OUT. AND AREN'T THE COLOURS BRIGHT!
AND RINSO IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ALL YOUR WASH! WHITES COME OUT REALLY WHITE! NO HARD RUBBING AT ALL.
THE OUTING
MAISIE, YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST GIRL HERE!
DON'T GIVE ME ALL THE CREDIT, JOHN. SPARE SOME FOR RINSO!

WHAT MAISIE TOLD HER HUSBAND

It is easy enough to get whites snowy and colours bright with Rinso. You see, deep down through the creamy Rinso lather are rich suds which gently draw out all the specks of dirt and trap them like prisoners. And there are no destructive chemicals in Rinso to fade washable colours and harm threads.

3½d., 6d. and 10d. a packet

[illegible]-523

R. S. Hudson Limited, London

WAR WIDOW OUTRAGE

—Ministry Leaves her to Starve

VERDICT at an inquest: This man died from an illness brought on by his war wounds. The result of the post-mortem examination clearly proves that.

Decision of the Ministry of Pensions: This man had no remaining war wound disability. That is our ruling. The widow can receive nothing whatever from us

The paragraphs above epitomise the facts of an amazing pensions case.

On the one side is the verdict of the coroner, reached after careful consideration of medical evidence. On the other is the inflexible attitude of a Government department, adopted years ago and never amended.

And crushed between these two conflicting judgments is the pathetic figure of an ex-soldier's widow, rendered destitute and penniless by the death of her husband.

Vainly has that widow battered at the doors of Whitehall in an effort to secure redress for her wrongs. The Ministry of Pensions refuses to admit of any mistake.

Not a penny

"Impossible that WE can be in error" is, in effect, the answer it returns to petitions and pleadings.

Meanwhile a woman, the sole support of an invalid son, has to suffer intolerable hardship. Her only livelihood comes from a State widow's pension and the small amount she can earn by her own endeavours.

For the loss of her husband through his service to the country she is given not a penny.

All the circumstances make strange reading.

Soon after the outbreak of the war Henry Blake, a young married man of Cardiff, enlisted in the Royal Artillery. He left behind him in his humble, happy home his pretty girl wife and their baby firstborn son.

Before long Blake was fighting in France, and he remained overseas—except for two periods in hospital and the ordinary home leave—during the four years of hostilities.

Twice Blake was wounded in the lower part of the back, near the spine, from shrapnel.

While her husband was away Mrs. Blake carried on as best she could. She also did her part during this time of national emergency, working first as a maid in a military hospital, and later taking a man's place as conductor with the Cardiff Corporation tramways.

On his discharge from the Army, Blake came before a medical board because of his wounds, but his disability was assessed at less than 20 per cent. For this he was granted a weekly allowance of only 5s. 6d., plus family allowance for a period of fifty-one weeks.

Henry Blake, a victim of war wounds, yet his widow gets nothing

By this time there were three children, the eldest ailing son and two daughters.

In the ordinary course Blake's pension came up for review. He was "re-surveyed" in February, 1920, and his disability was assessed as *nil*. A final gratuity payment was made to him of £35, and that was the end of the State's concern for Henry Blake, twice wounded ex-soldier.

Ill-health

During the years which have intervened Blake continued his occupation as a maker of artificial stone. Then repeated onsets of unaccountable ill-health made this impossible. He was forced to give up regular employment. As an alternative, with the assistance of his wife, he built up a fluctuating business of small earnings selling newspapers.

Repeated approaches were made to the Ministry of Pensions for a renewed issue of war-wound pension. They were fruitless. The information returned to Blake was always, "No disability can be discovered."

Despite every setback, the family struggled on bravely. Then the final stunning blow and the latest stage of this tragic narrative. Blake was stricken with terrible pains in the lower part of the back. He was removed to the City Lodge Hospital, Cardiff, and an operation was performed.

And the surgeons discovered and removed from an internal organ—on which an abscess had formed—a piece of shrapnel and a piece of leather belt.

Unfortunately the operation proved ineffective—the injury was too deep-rooted and old for medical skill to cure. Henry Blake died in this Cardiff public institution at the age of thirty-eight.

Because of its peculiarities, the death was reported to the coroner, and he gave instructions for a post-mortem. This examination confirmed to the hilt that the sequence of Blake's illnesses and his death were due to the pieces of shrapnel and leather left in his body after he suffered his last war wound.

The verdict at the inquest, as shown on the official documents of the coroner, was: "Death caused by septicæmia following perinephric abscess and cystitis due to war wounds."

Nothing could be clearer than that.

Indeed, the verdict was so plain that it affected poor Mrs. Blake in another devastating manner.

Her husband had been insured for the sum of £40 odd with an industrial insurance company.

When the cause of death was made known to the company it refused—as it was quite entitled to do under the terms of the policy—to make payment to the widow of the amount insured.

"Your husband," it reported, "died from the effect of his war wounds, and not from any normal human ailment. If we had known of his condition he would not have been accepted as a risk."

So Mrs. Blake, with her husband dead, was left absolutely without resources. The funeral she had ordered—on the presumption that she would receive the insurance money—she could not pay for. She was threatened with proceedings, and the possibility of distraint upon her home, if she did not settle the undertaker's account.

She was forced to seek relief from the poor law authorities. Without this aid she would have been in desperate straits.

Eventually, however, she secured from the insurance company a return of the premiums paid on the life of her husband. The company, a commercial concern existing to secure profit, behaved with more graciousness and consideration than the Ministry of Pensions.

A pittance

Then her State widow's pension of ten shillings weekly was forthcoming, with back payment to the date of her husband's death. She was notified that £10 was due to her from this source.

What she actually received was five shillings. The balance was passed to the poor law authorities in repayment for the emergency grants they had made to the widow.

The sum of five shillings was Mrs. Blake's windfall. No wonder she protests: "My man fought for his country. He died because he fought. And I am left with this."

Since then this story of Henry Blake and his widow has been placed before the Ministry of Pensions. The verdict of the coroner's inquest has been submitted to Whitehall as evidence.

But Whitehall will not reverse its former decision. On the pension records the entry is down that Henry Blake had no war wound disability. The records, apparently, cannot err.

So Mrs. Blake, by the decree of the Ministry of Pensions, is not entitled to consideration as a war widow.

Nothing can be given to her by the Ministry of Pensions nor to the chronic invalid son of Henry Blake, ex-gunner of the Royal Artillery, who died from the effects of war wounds; from whose body a shrapnel bullet was taken years after the war.

The son is now twenty-two years of age. He suffers from a disease of the bones which makes it impossible for him to take employment. He can never support his widowed mother, but must look to her for help.

Our demand

Both the other children—fine, good-looking girls—are at present working in Cardiff, and are, of course, assisting the home. One is engaged to be married, and in the ordinary course the two will have homes of their own.

As the years grow fuller the mother will be left with her ailing son and a widow's pension of ten shillings per week. We demand that she should receive immediate consideration from the Ministry of Pensions.

After full investigation, we set down the facts in black and white for the Ministry of Pensions to read, mark and act upon.

Lapse of time since the wounding of Henry Blake only emphasises the injustice handed to this dead soldier and his widow

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Beware this Stage Trap

THANKS to the activities of British Equity, the stage is being cleared of bogus theatrical managers, but much work in this direction remains to be done.

The theatrical manager who advertises for girl dancers and other performers, and after a brief tour in the provinces forgets to pay salaries and leaves members of the company stranded in a strange town, is still active.

A case in point is that of a theatrical concern which glories in the imposing title of Regal Productions, whose shows have included such brightly named revues as "Looking for Pleasure" and "Out of Town To-night."

The proprietors of Regal Productions are Mr. John Rowley, alias J. Linden, and Charles Picton.

They advertised recently in theatrical newspapers for dancers and other performers.

Two Birmingham girls replied to these advertisements and were subsequently engaged to join the show "Out of Town To-night" at Bilston.

There was a hitch, however, and the Birmingham girls after preliminary rehearsals travelled to Caernarvon, where the show had a moderately successful week's run.

"When we went for our salary on Saturday," said one of the girls to a JOHN BULL representative, "we received nothing at all owing to the fact that the takings had been mortgaged for railway fares for the previous week.

"Being such a long distance from our homes in Birmingham we decided to travel with the show to Penygroes."

At Penygroes a hall had been booked for three nights, but the show was not a success. The takings for the first night amounted to £1 18s. and the two Birmingham girls each received out of this total the staggering sum of 9d. each.

The second night's takings were taken by the lessee of the hall, and so the poor company had none!

The third night saw takings dwindle to 25s.—obviously the show could not go on, and it did not!

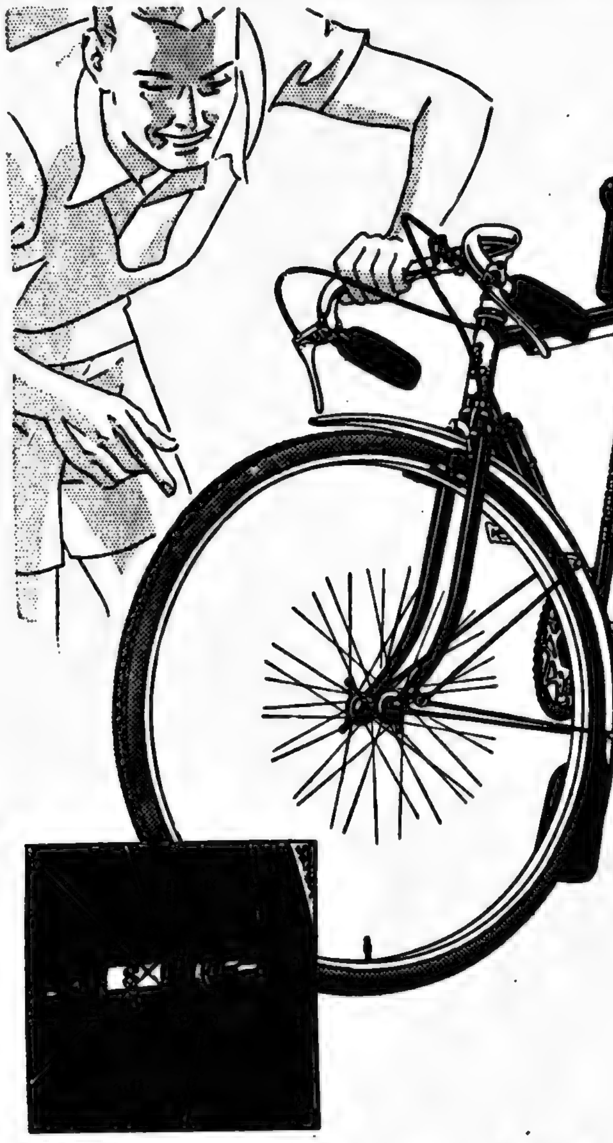
Next day members of the company, including eight child performers under care of a matron, were told that they had best get home as best they could.

So after ten days with this company they found that they had received 9d. each for their services, were stranded in a strange town many miles from home, and were in debt to their landlady.

Eventually these girls borrowed enough money to pay the railway fare to Stafford, and from that town railway officials allowed them to complete the journey home to Birmingham, on condition that the balance of the fares due should be paid shortly after their arrival.

Since then these girls have been paying off by instalments the money due to their landlady at Penygroes.

They are naturally anxious to trace the proprietors of Regal Produstions, but these two theatrical impresarios have faded away.



"Raleigh are right !-even the spokes are superior!"

Superiority in every detail has long been a Raleigh feature. Now the patent exclusive *Raleigh Spoke Treatment has abolished the tarnishing and rusting of spokes.* Five separate treatments make Raleigh spokes bright and rust-proof for all time—an achievement which puts Raleigh two years ahead.

Raleigh are years ahead too with their exclusive frame design for easy running, and with Individual Production—a method of manufacture which ensures that the Raleigh model you choose is individually designed and built for its purpose, and is NOT merely an assemblage of standardised parts. Finally, every Raleigh is Guaranteed For Ever – your assurance of a lifetime of trouble-free cycling. *(Prices quoted do not apply to the I.F.S.)*

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£4 : 19 : 6 cash

(Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 20/- extra, cash.)

Deferred Terms

5/- *down and 12 equal monthly payments (from 9/7). Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 2/– extra, monthly. Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' Saddle and the best of everything. Send for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh," and name and address of nearest dealer.*

THE RALEIGH CYCLE Co., LTD., NOTTINGHAM (Depots and Agents Everywhere)

RALEIGH Patent LIGHTING UNIT

Obtainable ONLY on a new Raleigh 16/-

Entirely self-contained — no loose wires — no detached switches — no earthing. The finest, most modern and most efficient type of Dyno Lighting yet evolved.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

INDIVIDUALLY PRODUCED

Fit the Sturmey Archer 3-speed gear—the gear that makes cycling easy

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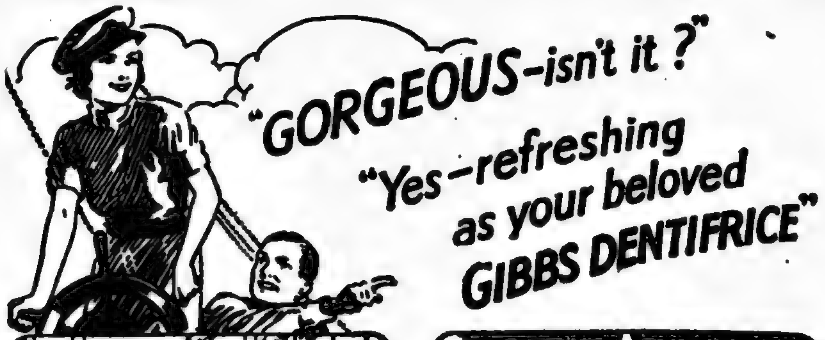
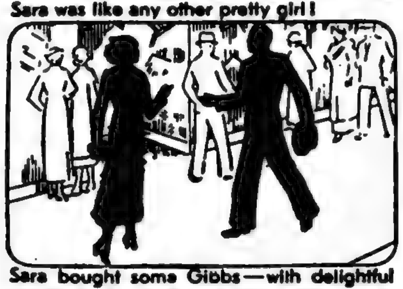

"GORGEOUS-isn't it ?"
"Yes-refreshing as your beloved GIBBS DENTIFRICE"

Spending a week-end at Ann's, Sara met Ann's dentist brother, Derek. "Don't let him bore you with shop," admonished Ann. But Sara was like any other pretty girl!

"Do tell me," she urged "What should I clean my teeth with?" "*I* always use Gibbs Dentifrice," Derek replied. "Gibbs is antiseptic, doesn't scratch, and does clean thoroughly."



Sara bought some Gibbs—with delightful results to her teeth! Running into her in Regent Street, Derek thought, "I'll suggest Ann asks her to join our yachting party!"

It was glorious! And on the last evening Derek proposed. "It's love at *second* sight," he said. "I can't think why not first!" But Sara knew! "I wasn't using Gibbs then" she thought.

The antiseptic foam from Gibbs Dentifrice reaches every crevice of teeth and mouth. Gibbs cleanses thoroughly; polishes safely, revealing the beauty of unblemished enamel, and keeps gums firm and mouth toned up and refreshed. Dentists themselves use and recommend Gibbs—they know its formula and pronounce it ideal. Change to Gibbs today

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—*defend them with*

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS
SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d. 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes, 6d & 1/-

GD119L

There's nothing to beat a little cigar!

WITH THE LATEST 'THRILLER'

A roomy armchair, a good 'yarn' and a supply of MARCELLA Whiffs makes enjoyment complete. These delightful little smokes are just right for leisure moments. Buy a few on your way home to-night.

MARCELLA WHIFFS

MW 13

3 for 6D • 5 for 10D • 10 for 1/8

BIG New Estate SWINDLE

Sporting Estates, Ltd., talked of acquiring first class "shoots" like this one for its investors; but it proved to be just talk

THERE is a constant "boom" nowadays in the promotion of schemes which have for their main programme the development of housing estates, or the construction of modern buildings suitably equipped for the expansion of growing commercial enterprises.

One of our investigators has recently paid considerable attention to the activities of a number of housing and estate "financiers," whose range of operations extends from housing and house purchase propositions to the financing of real estate ventures and building construction in all its phases.

They are seeking money from investors for the development of new estates they say they have acquired.

The "financiers" in question, we find, have been exploiting this class of business for years, and have even turned to the world of sport as a medium for their profitable, if questionable, talents.

Stupendous things

The lure of sporting events, of course, has always held a peculiar attraction for a certain class of investor; and that is the reason why members of this group some little time back formed a company called Sporting Estates, Limited.

Sporting Estates, Limited, was set up to do stupendous things in the sporting world.

It was going to promote sporting enterprises of all kinds, arrange first-class "shoots," acquire "fishing rights," and, generally speaking, make itself felt in the world of sport.

Its headquarters were established in London, and the offices from which its destinies were directed were exquisitely furnished.

Apparently the directors of Sporting Estates, Limited, were not greedy men, and, content with making a fairly reasonable amount of money for themselves, condescended to share the safe and certain profits of the business with one or two "sporty" people who might care to throw their lot in with them.

A retired Major, residing at the time in Scotland, was interested enough in an advertisement he saw, and which asked for financial assistance, to write for further particulars. He received in reply a letter which suggested that an interview in London might be desirable if he was really in earnest to participate in the scheme.

Enter two

The Major came to London, and was granted an interview with two gentlemen, who came on to the scene one after the other. The principal was a certain Walter Pritchard, director of Sporting Estates, Limited, who outlined a most extravagant proposition in eloquent language.

The Major had previously been regaled with a lesser description of the same programme by a certain George Henry Bristowe who, in addition to being associated with Sporting Estates, Limited, was running a partnership agency in Chancery Lane, London, called "Bristowe's Agency."

Briefly, the influential gentry behind Sporting Estates, Limited, represented that they had shooting and fishing rights at their disposal which were second to none throughout the land. Well-organised "shoots" and fishing parties, which would be attended by some of the most fashionable sportsmen in both England and Scotland, would yield the company immense profits once they had been "got well under way."

Two of the shoots, it was explained, had been leased to the company by Lord Derby, and another two had been leased from that foremost veteran peer of sport, Lord Lonsdale. These four "shoots" were among the finest owned by these noblemen, and were on their estates in Leicestershire and Lancashire.

The most detailed stories were told of the arrangements which had supposedly been made for the comfort of guests and the running and timing of all fixtures. No expense had been spared to ensure that Sporting Estates, Limited, would become something "new" in this well-supported and highly remunerative line of commerce.

Well, the Major believed all he was told, and was induced to part with various sums of money. At first only a small amount was taken from him, but later, when other glowing stories had been successfully unfolded to him, he parted with a further £450, and confidently believed that he was on a really good thing.

In return for his £450 he was to be given a position on the directorate of Sporting Estates, Limited, at a good salary with a share of the profits.

Things moved very briskly—for a time—and so well was the grandiose programme of Sporting Estates, Limited, put over that several other people were similarly induced to part with substantial sums of money under some seemingly favourable pretext or another.

First shock

One other investor, for instance, put up £500 for shares in the company on the understanding that, for a further £500, his unemployed son-in-law would be given the position of "shoots partner."

The first shock came when it was found that the stories which had been unfolded in the initial stages were both false and misleading in many salient respects.

There was little or nothing to do at the London offices, and, as time went on, the alleged preparations for certain "shoots" and fishing expeditions seemed unduly delayed.

One of the first investors to "smell a rat" decided to pay a surprise visit to a provincial town where Sporting Estates, Limited, was supposed to have a commodious and well-equipped "store"—one of the company's best assets.

To his disgust he found that the sole equipment there consisted of a small empty house and garden, with one or two dilapidated wooden kennels of little or no value, and an old wooden hut used as an office!

He confronted officials of the company with his discoveries and demanded to see documentary proof of the company's "rights" in Leicestershire and elsewhere.

There were no documents, of course, as the whole thing was a sham.

By the time further enquiries had been made all the other investors were commiserating with each other, and Sporting Estates, Limited, and its talkative directors, had closed down. The agents of both Lord Derby and Lord Lonsdale indignantly denied that they had ever entered into any negotiations with Sporting Estates, Limited, and so every penny put up in this preposterous scheme was lost.

Now the same Mr. George Henry Bristowe, together with others, is interested in further "housing" and "estate" concerns, in all of which they pose as financiers. These have offices in Holborn, and Southampton Row, London, and Mr. Bristowe is in command at an office in Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

The aims and objects of these new concerns are identical: they require funds for the purpose of purchasing houses or otherwise financing new building estate schemes. Through the medium of circulars, mailed mostly to people in the provinces, the financiers are seeking funds to enable them to carry out an extensive programme which will within the space of a few months bring excellent profits.

Another reason

We warn any reader who receives a circular or answers an advertisement which emanates from any of these "estate specialists" to leave the proffered propositions completely alone. For the men in question have been concerned in many other ramps during the past few years, in which large sums have been extracted from the public

Bristowe, prior to his association with Sporting Estates, Limited, for instance, was running a concern in the West End of London in which he induced numerous people to invest money in return for positions which did not exist. He has already been convicted for fraud.

From enquiries we have made we find that the police authorities at Scotland Yard are already interested in their latest activities, which provides yet another reason why anybody who receives literature from them in any of the guises we have here described should be on the strictest guard against them.

He Harrows the Bereaved

A FEW days ago the remains of a well-known sportsman who died as the result of an accident were, by his own wish, cremated in London, and, after the solemn service in the chapel, his ashes were reverently scattered in the Garden of Rest.

Next morning the members of the bereaved family were gathered together at the mother's home when a letter arrived by post addressed to her.

It was a typewritten document and came from a Mr. W. R. Birt, of Vesey Road, Wylde Green, Birmingham.

The mother had only read the opening sentences of the communication when she gave a cry of pain and was so suddenly overcome that she collapsed.

The letter which had struck her down was abominable in its heartlessness.

It was headed: "Cremation is Transgression against God and Insanitary."

Many of its passages are so terrible in view of the circumstances in which it was received that the nature of them cannot even be indicated. They amount to an outrage upon the sanctity of death and burial.

Let it be explained that this grief-stricken family is far from having been the first to receive similar letters from this Mr. Birt, of Birmingham.

He studies the obituary announcements in the newspapers all over the country and selects for his attention the relatives of the dead in cases where cremation is to take place.

Daily he sends out from Birmingham numerous letters of this kind.

And they are always despatched so that they shall reach the mourning family by the first post after the funeral service.

"God moves us to write you of this iniquity," he offers as explanation of his harrowing message.

This is followed by the awful sentence —"I would remind you as a man of God that we obey God in regard to the burial of the dead in Christ; that they shall rise in glory incorruptible; not so the wicked who are not in Christ—theirs is the resurrection of Damnation."

After further veiled allusion in even worse manner to the survival of the soul of the dead person about whom he is writing, Birt proceeds to accuse the bereaved relatives of sacrilege incurring the wrath of God.

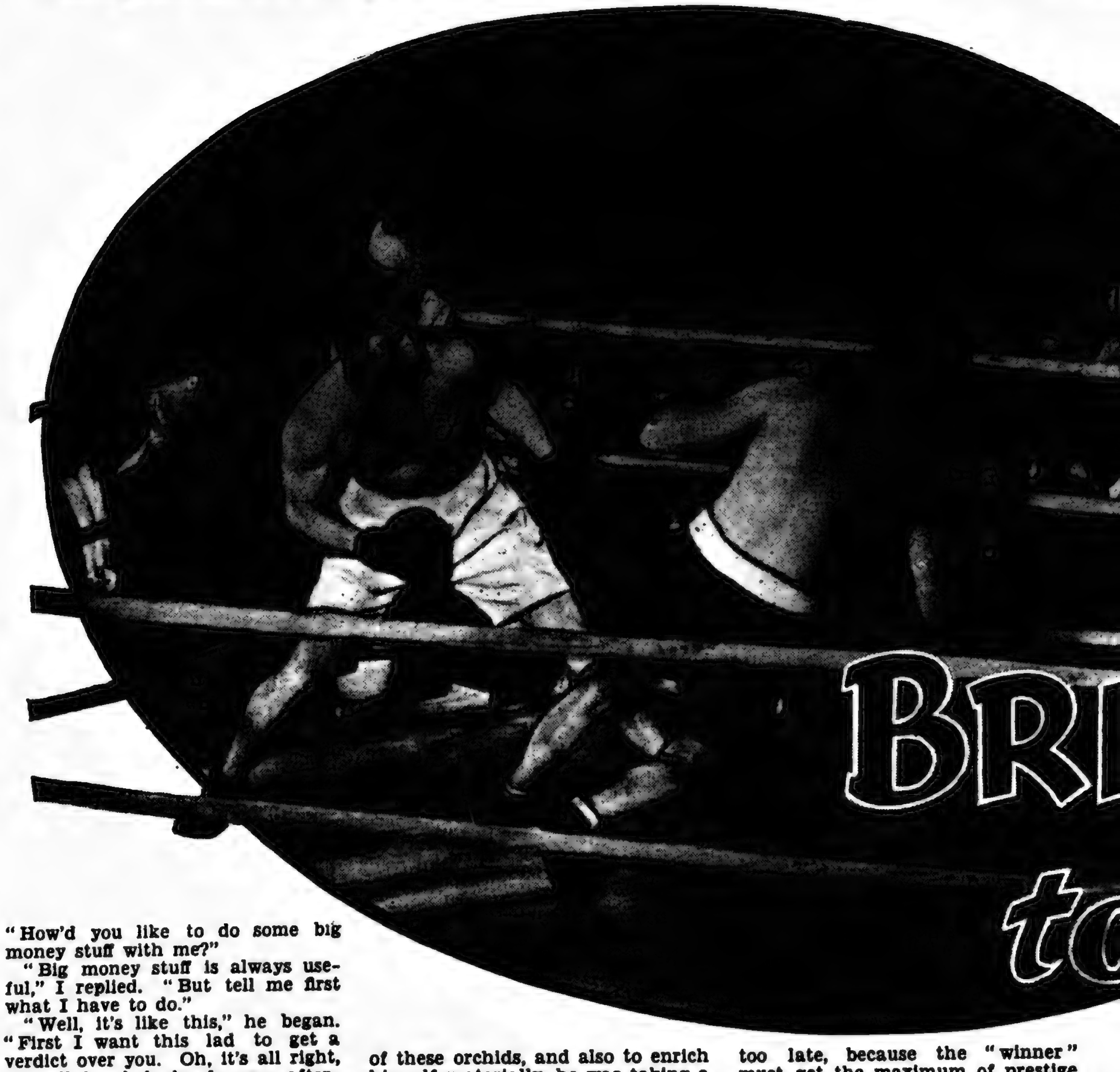
He concludes with a request for fourpence-halfpenny to be sent to him to reinburse him for postage and stationery.

Birt's personal views on the subject of cremation may be sincere. But it is intolerable that he should be allowed to continue to wound the bereaved by his wicked letters immediately after the burial of their loved ones.

He also encloses with each of these letters a signed tirade against the League of Nations, and asks for a further small sum of money to be sent to him to prosecute his propaganda.

We appeal to the Chief Constable of Birmingham to restrain Birt's grievous activities.

Big Boxing with the Lid Off (2) .



I OFTEN call to mind a saying associated with boxing which has been inseparable from the sport since the early days of the old bare-fist encounters and which is, therefore, older than the boxing-glove itself. It is: "May the best man win"—expressed from the ring by the M.C. nowadays before the fight begins.

Now that big boxing has become so much of a society affair of cigars and evening dress, the phrase is often expressed with greater regard for grammatical accuracy as "May the *better* man win."

When the recent Joe Louis-Max Baer encounter was held the formula even became: "It will be the hope of every sportsman in this building to-night that the better man shall emerge victorious."

Anyhow, it makes spectators sink back in their seats with the comfortable feeling that they are going to watch something as fair and above-board as an Old Bailey trial, which is what boxing should be, after all.

But why does it sometimes raise a smile on the face of boxers waiting within earshot?

Orders

Because it is all too often a mere form of words. Because there is another phrase associated with boxing, a phrase which I and many other boxers know, although it is never spoken about outside promoters' offices, training camps and dressing-rooms.

"Taking a dive" is that phrase. It means not "may the best man win," but "may the chosen man win." It means that both the winner and the loser have their orders—and that the result will not depend on merit in any form whatsoever.

Well do I remember my first experience of this sinister form of boxing corruption, which is far more prevalent than followers of the sport ever suspect.

Previous to this an opponent had told me, as we were both on the way to the ring for the fight, that he had made up his mind to lie down to me in the second round, and that there was no need to handle him roughly. That was just due to last minute funk. No financial jugglery was involved.

The "orchids"

Very different was the occasion to which I refer, when I was boldly invited to "take a dive."

It happened one day when I was in the gymnasium training to meet an "orchid"—which is a boxer's slang for a man who has the face, features, figure and personality to become a big box-office draw, if only he knew a little about how to box.

Into my quarters came a shifty-eyed little individual whom I knew to be the orchid's manager. Such people have a function that is quite their own. Let me describe it.

They rely on finding these handsome young fellows, who appeal to that modern boxing crowd that knows more about dress ties than about fighting, or pushing them into the big fight class by fair means or foul, and then on drawing quick profits out of the two or three huge crowds that result before the truth dawns on the boxing world that those orchids should never have gone into the ring at all.

Now I knew quite well that those were the intentions of this manager in regard to the orchid I was matched to meet. Therefore, I almost guessed what was coming when, after a preliminary "Good morning, Dave," he said to me: "How'd you like to do some big money stuff with me?"

"Big money stuff is always useful," I replied. "But tell me first what I have to do."

"Well, it's like this," he began. "First I want this lad to get a verdict over you. Oh, it's all right, It'll all break lucky for you afterwards.

"In the first place, you will make it easier to break away from your present manager by losing. I daresay he'll be all too glad to lose you, and I can find more money for you in this game than anybody else. Then you will have made this boy such a draw by taking a dive to him that when we give you a return fight, which you will be able to win, you will be handsomely in pocket both in cash and in prestige."

Did I kick him out of the gymnasium there and then? No, because I knew he would far rather get a definite refusal than remain in doubt as to what would happen.

Fine acting!

Therefore, I just went into the ring with that "nursed" boxer and looked for the first opening presented, which didn't take long. Then I put him stone cold with a hook which gave me greater satisfaction than any blow I ever landed in the whole course of my boxing career.

He was one orchid who failed to bloom.

But there was one man training in the same gym. as myself who called me every sort of fool for not taking what he thought a wonderful chance of making money. He had had a similar offer made to him, and wasn't going to turn it down.

To enhance the reputation of one of these orchids, and also to enrich himself materially, he was taking a vast overdose of salts two or three times a day. That, he informed me, would enable him to lose the fight without betraying to the spectators that he was trying to do so.

Using "pulled" punches not at all likely to do him any serious hurt, his opponent would have very little difficulty in knocking him out.

Well, the plan succeeded all right. My overdosed stable mate reeled about as if taking terrific punishment. And the manager who had made the arrangement with him, knowing nothing about his salts trick, told him he was a finer actor than any man who had ever agreed to take a dive for him.

Nearly always the method employed in these fake fights is the same.

The men are asked for lightning interchanges of what are known as gallery punches—spectacular, long-distance blows which are usually aimed just beneath the armpit, where they do the least damage. Those are the blows that set the spectators roaring noisily, the more so because they land with a lot of unnecessary noise.

Hollywood gets its film heroes to knock out the villains of the piece with such blows. They look tremendous, but hardly tickle.

It is arranged that one such blow, probably delivered in the third or fourth round, shall send a man down for the count. It mustn't be too soon, because the public expects some excitement for its money—nor too late, because the "winner" must get the maximum of prestige out of his so-called victory.

More often than ever it suspects, the boxing public is presented with fights of this character. These are the kind, in fact, that often work them up to the highest pitch of excitement. The slow-looking contests which people believe to be faked are usually nothing of the kind.

Yet there are other ways of deciding pre-arranged fights besides the use of these spectacular, slashing "knock-outs."

The cleverer people who will sink to this faking can manage to put up an excellent fight—and yet lose by a point or two. By far the safest way, that—except for the fact that some blunderers have managed to win by a narrow margin despite their best endeavours to lose.

A friend of mine who once fought for championship honours, and who was once compelled by sheer financial stringency to agree in cold blood to lose his contest, thought of an even better way.

Way out

Let me tell the story just as he told it to me:

"Don't look down on me for doing it, Dave," he told me, "but I lost that fight with —— deliberately. You know that I have never managed to save a penny out of boxing, and I wanted money badly. Otherwise, I wouldn't have done it.

. . . by DAVE FORBES

Scotland's Undefeated Light-heavyweight Champion

FAKE! But whereas this fight ended as previously arranged because it was part of Len Harvey's film, there are many so-called genuine matches the results of which are also known before a blow is struck—because the loser has arranged to lose!

RIBED oLOSE

and the Audience Never Suspects!

"The man's manager came to me and told me candidly that it wouldn't do me a lot of harm to look as if I had been knocked out, but it would do his lad the world of good professionally. He was the sort that made good box-office material. Would I consent to take a dive for three hundred pounds plus the winner's end of the purse?

"I refused to be beaten that way, and told him so. I wouldn't mind so much being beaten on points, but not by a knock-out, which would injure me in my own career. And then a more or less original idea came to me. Why not throw the onus on the second?

"And so, although the blows I received didn't hurt me a bit, I reeled about as if all the sense had been knocked out of me. When the gong went, I made for the wrong corner. When my mistake was pointed out to me, I talked meaningless nonsense in reply.

"My blows were not only mistimed: they weren't even right for direction. I let my knees go wonky as well. I was the very picture of a semi-conscious man. And, sure enough, in came the towel.

"And when the fight was awarded against me, I dropped all my pretence and stood in the ring as fresh as a daisy—with all the appearance of being a martyr to the mistaken zeal of my second."

The boxer who sank to losing in that fashion was a friend of mine, and, I am glad to say, is still a friend of mine. Brought up in the cheating atmosphere of the ring, who could think too badly of him if, when things were going very badly for him, he should sink just once on his own behalf to the shady methods so often used by the people who exploited him?

The other side

Remember that these wicked arrangements never originate in the mind of the boxer himself, even of the boxer who is deputed to win by arrangement.

Always they are money-making stunts on behalf of some crook manager or another, who hopes to make his money by pushing his man into a higher grade of boxing than his fighting skill justifies, thus not only increasing the purses, but making proportionately bigger the commission that is his share.

In fact, I can go so far as to say that the boxers whom managers want to win under these circumstances have to be approached just as cautiously — in some cases more so—as the men who are asked to lose.

I remember a certain manager — he never managed me, and, in fact, worked behind the back of my own manager—who came to me with the proposition that I should win by arrangement. The terms were that I should give the other boxer my end of the purse for taking a dive to me early in the bout.

There was fear written all over the face of that manager when he approached me. Perhaps he had a half-idea that I might make the thing public. He ought to have known that boxers always remain as silent as oysters about such approaches, even when they refuse them.

Boxers not only hate such arrangements—they often do their darnedest to see that they go wrong.

The classic case is an American one, but it is known to a wide circle on both sides of the Atlantic. It concerned two heavy-weights who were to fight a bout not many steps removed from a world championship fight.

Rehearsed, too!

Not only was the result arranged beforehand, but the fight itself was actually rehearsed three times with the two principals in the ring.

By way of diversion, I might say I have never known a boxing bout to be rehearsed in this country. The worst case I remember is of an English boxer who was having a gay old time on the Continent when he was supposed to be training not far from London, and who answered, when asked his reasons: "Why, you don't think I'm going to last long against So-and-So, do you?"

But to continue about this carefully faked American heavyweight fight. On the night of the actual contest, the man whose duty it was to lose let loose a jab which was never intended to be a part of the show, and which sent his opponent down for a count of nine.

Stirred to tremendous anger, the fighter who had been told to win leapt to his feet, crossed the ring in two tremendous strides, put over as fine a hook as the ring has ever known—and won by perfectly fair means.

I count myself a very young man at twenty-eight years of age, yet in a mere ten years of boxing I have known a number of absolutely worthless boxers to be advanced to very substantial fame—if of the short-lived variety — by methods such as I am describing.

One man, whose name is still well known wherever British boxing is followed, was so frightened just before he left his dressing-room for his first real fight (as distinct from the many faked affairs employed to bring him into public prominence) that he had to be pushed violently by his backers into the gangway that led down to the ring.

He lost ignominiously, of course. But he won a healthy purse.

But the most surprising thing about this crooked side of big boxing has yet to be told. It is that although this is the most palpable fraud on the sport-loving public, many of whom, in the case of boxing in particular, pay big sums to see what they fondly imagine will be as fair a test of strength, skill and manliness as could be devised, the people who practise the swindle have actually convinced themselves that it is good, sound business.

In America, where, I admit, the crooked game is practised on an even bigger scale than here, it is usually done as part of some betting racket. Nobody pretends that it is anything but the direst, filthiest crookery.

But here it passes by the name of "grooming." Oh, no, you are not guilty of faking when you persuade a particular boxer to take a dive for a stipulated reward, whether in the shape of a bribe, a more remunerative return match, or both ends of the purse. You are merely "grooming" the other man for bigger contests.

You do it very secretively, of course, because it wouldn't do to let the public know what goes on behind the scenes of many of our boxing tournaments. But you find no difficulty in reconciling your action with your conscience.

There is yet another aspect of this continual pushing of worthless boxing material—an aspect which is even more unjust to boxers who lack box-office personality and have nothing but their fighting skill to draw upon. It goes under the name of "fiddling."

To "fiddle" a contest is to push an "orchid" to the top of a bill, high over the names of men with long records of sterling and honest victories to their credit, as part of the campaign of boosting him.

The general mass of the public has but one way of looking at it. If Young Slogger and Bill Beatem, two men high up in their class who can always be relied on to give of their best, have second place on the bill, how much more important must be Harry Debonair who is first!

Let me say here and now that I have never known a British boxing match to be wangled on behalf of bookmakers. I can't recall one boxer who, asked to lose a fight by somebody who has a heavy bet on the other man, wouldn't start hitting out—a thing boxers are far less likely to do than the layman.

Ballyhoo

Yet the terrible dishonesty of faked fights goes on. And it is you, members of the sporting public, who can do most to put a stop to it.

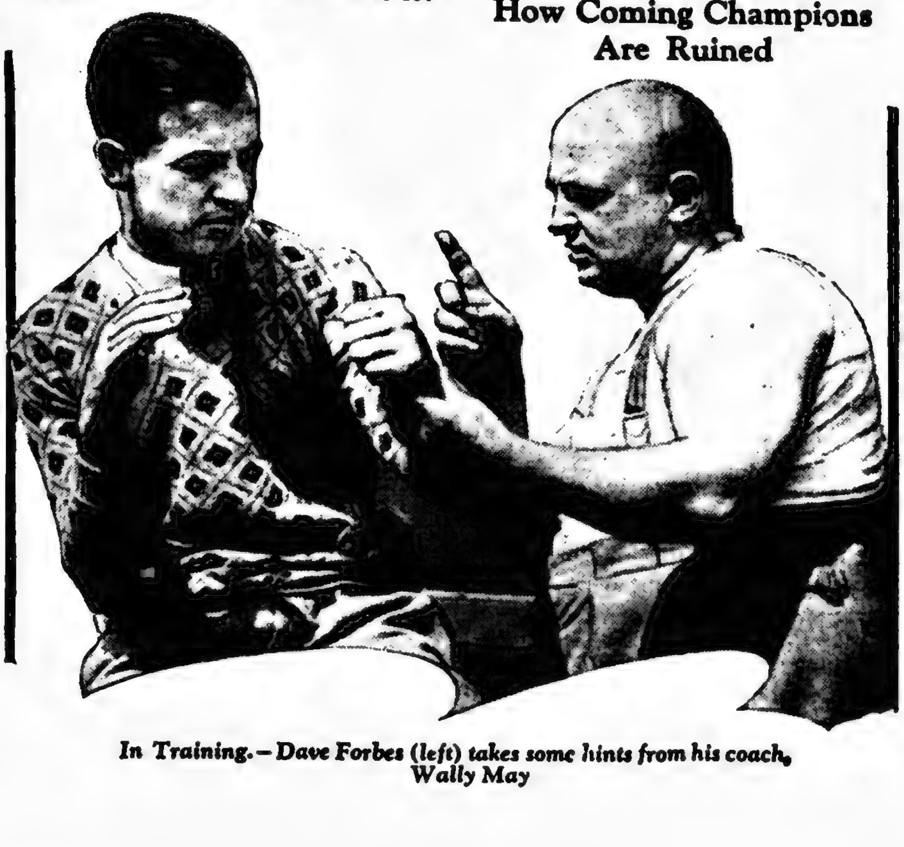
Take no notice of the ballyhoo that surrounds the prize ring. Don't stay away because one of the contestants can't write his own name and the other is not what you might call a "picture." And don't flock along to see a "personality" heedless of whether he can fight or not.

Let us go back twenty years or more in boxing—to the days when merit alone drew the crowds, when Jimmy Wilde, with no pretensions to scholarliness or the manners of a Beau Brummel, filled the biggest halls by sheer unsurpassable courage and skill, when there were no darlings of the ladies or darlings of Society in the ring, but just good boxers.

Then the managers who devote their time to finding "orchids" will have time to spare on real horticulture. We shall be able to hear "And may the best man win" in the full knowledge that he will.

Next Week:

How Coming Champions Are Ruined



In Training.—Dave Forbes (left) takes some hints from his coach, Wally May

"OH DEAR! THAT BOY'S GRUBBY HANKIES!"
LOOK AT THESE HANKIES MRS JONES - YOU'D THINK JIMMY WIPED THE PLAYGROUND WITH THEM.
TAKE MY TIP - WASH THOSE HANKIES IN OXYDOL LATHER IT BRINGS THEM UP SNOWY WHITE.
WHAT A RICH LATHER OXYDOL DOES GIVE! IT'S MAKING THE GRIME JUST ROLL OUT OF THESE HANKIES!
OXYDOL
MY WORD, OXYDOL LATHER IS MARVELLOUS - LOOK! FOR THE FIRST TIME. THESE HANKIES ARE JUST DAZZLING WHITE

SEE how *dazzling* white Oxydol washes *your* white things. See how that mass of thick, creamy Oxydol lather just pours out the dirt with no hard rubbing. Get your Oxydol to-day; big packet 3½d.; giant size 6d.

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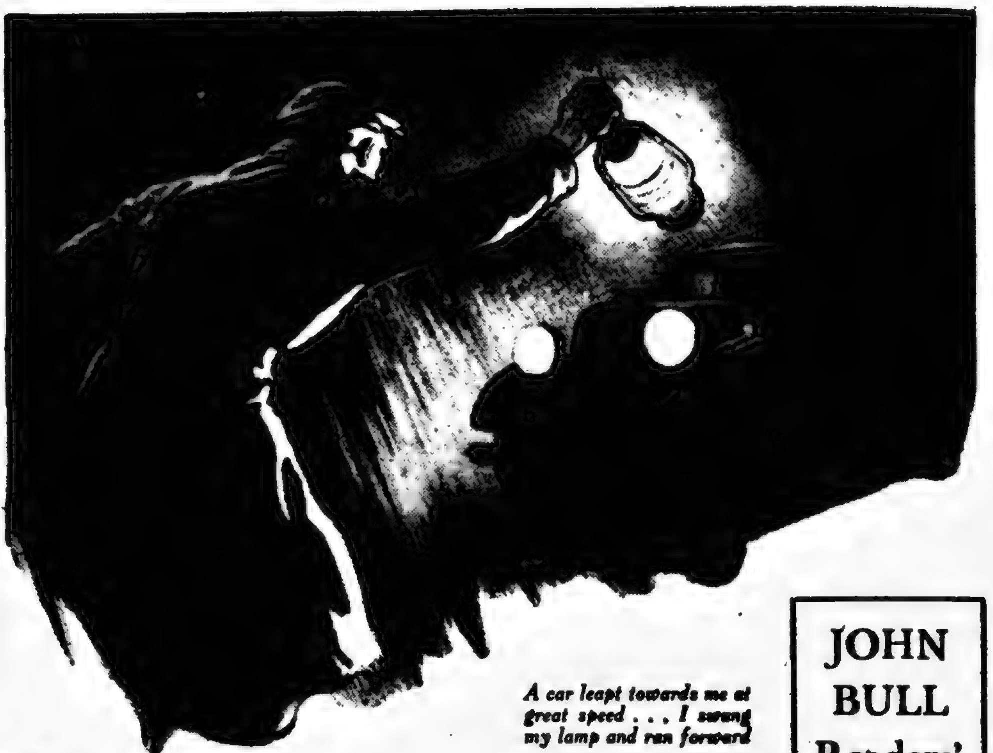
OF RICHER
SUDS

OXYDOL MAKES THE DISHES SHINE
WASHES THEM UP IN HALF THE TIME

Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne & Manchester

A Prodigal Son Parable of To-Day



A car leapt towards me at great speed . . . I swung my lamp and ran forward

JOHN
BULL
Readers'
Stories

Keeper *of* the Bridge

FROM Portland, Oregon, in the Western States, to lovely Glen Skeoch, in the Western Highlands, there came to me the other day a cablegram. It was brief; but its few words to me were a whole life story; its message brought to me the fulfilment of all my dreams. It said: "My command confirmed by J. O. in advice to-day. I'm still keeping the bridge, dad. Love to both.—Tom."

"I'm still keeping the bridge." . . . Only he, my sailor son, and I—not even his devoted brother—know what is contained in that simple phrase. Only the two of us know the faith that has been kept, and the bitter past that has been wiped out.

Tom is now skipper of his vessel. I knew he had taken over temporarily while at sea when his own skipper suffered a stroke in the Pacific. But now J. O.—the initials by which the owner has always been known—has made his command permanent.

So, a dream that I cherished as my own has come true in my son. But the drama and tragedy that lie between make the story I want to tell here.

I always wanted to go to sea. And I always wanted to command my own ship. The first wish I lived to enjoy—the second was denied me directly. For just when I had taken my extra-master's ticket at the age of twenty-nine I fell into a hold and so injured my spine that my sailing days were over. And that year, also, I had married.

The shipping firm I was with was a very old family concern—one of the pioneer services. The owner was known as J. D.—or, affectionately, as "The Old Man"—and when I came out of hospital after twenty-seven weeks he sent for me and offered me a shore job in the Marine Superintendent's department.

My sailing days were over and done with; but I was thankful, and grateful, to have a job to keep life going.

In those days the Old Man's son, J. O., was learning the business, going through every department. He was in the Marine Superintendent's department when I began there, and so we got to know each other and formed a friendship which has lasted for over thirty years.

Within six months after my accident, and before I was well enough to sit in an office chair, my son was born. And from the very beginning, when my disappointment at having to leave the sea for ever was so great, I began to build up my hopes in my boy, Tom, and to weave about him the dream that had been shattered for me.

He would be a seaman—he would be a skipper one day—and I began to live for the day in the long future when he would pace the bridge in full and proud command. No one knows how that dream sustained me when I was hobbling about with the aid of two stout sticks.

▣ ▣ ▣

The days of Tom's youth passed quickly. Always would I talk to him of ships and sailors and the sea; on every available opportunity I took him to the docks to be shown over vessels and to meet the crews and to stand on the bridge beside the officers and to listen to their tales.

Happy, happy days, passing all too quickly—and soon Tom's schooling was over and the world lay before him.

Fate had another nasty shock waiting for me. Never will I forget the anguish of that day when Tom stood before me, his fists clenched by his side, and said: "I'm sorry, dad, but you've got to know. I don't want to go away to sea. I'd rather get a job in the company's offices where you are and stay at home."

I argued, I wheedled, I coaxed—and I bullied and stormed. My pride was hurt, and even Elsie, my wife, could not make me see how my own selfish desires were making a tragedy out of the whole affair.

Often she had told me in the past that I was harping so much on the one string during Tom's boyhood that I would sicken him of the sea. I never believed her—but she was right.

▣ ▣ ▣

Tom left school and entered "the firm" as a clerk in the counting-house. Soon I saw him become like the other city youths—fond of dress, and going to dances, and making "dates" with girls, and reading the life-stories of film stars, and generally having a "good time."

Those were bitter days for me, but I had to become reconciled. We began to have words; he resented my interference with his life, and we grew estranged.

The Old Man was dead by this time, and J. O. was in command of the shipping line. I confided my troubles in him one day when my disappointment in my boy was too bitter to hold.

He told me not to worry, that Tom was a fine type of lad, but headstrong, and that if he did not wish to take to the sea I had no right to force my will upon him. "He's got to live *his* life, Jim, not yours."

Which was true enough, and helped me a bit—until the day when my boy did not come home for dinner, and the next morning he was missing from the office.

Two days passed in anxious waiting for his mother and me. But still he did not come home. Then the chief cashier made the terrible discovery: Tom had cooked his books to the tune of £100. When they were checking up on his handiwork they found a pile of betting slips and I.O.U.s in his desk.

My son a thief! I tried to hide the truth and the grief from Elsie, but in the end I had to tell her. I drew the £100 from my little capital at the bank and went with it to J. O. and asked him not to prosecute Tom.

"Jim," he said, pushing my hand with the money in it away from him, "I certainly won't take the money, nor will I go to the police. That was only a silly, boyish lapse. One day Master Thomas is going to sweat that £100 out of his hide for the firm. That's the only way he's going to pay it back—or be forgiven by me. . . ."

The days passed into weeks. We advertised in the Personal Columns of the newspapers for him, and when he did not even write, I became ill—and my days with the firm were ended.

The doctor said I would have to get away from the city and take things quietly in the open air for the rest of my life.

Tom's mother had aged in the anxious

(*Continued on page 28*)

Her Anæmic Daughter

"I really thought I was going to lose her," states Mrs. Buckle, of 16, Hipkins Street, Bloomfield, Tipton, Staffs, speaking of her young daughter. "She seemed to lose all her strength, and began to have fainting fits. She could not eat and became painfully thin and pale. She was highly nervous, and could not sleep at night. The doctor said she was anæmic, but despite every care she made no progress.

"Then I heard about Dr. Williams pink pills and decided to give them a trial. My daughter soon began to eat better and had more energy. The colour returned to her cheeks and she was able to sleep well. The fainting fits ceased and she started to put on weight. Now she is a bonny girl, and everyone remarks on the change in her."

The reason for the remarkable success of Dr. Williams brand pink pills in the treatment of anæmia is quite simple. It is this: these pills actually create new, rich blood in abundance, and new blood is the only thing that can possibly banish anæmia. Try these pills now; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams. [Advt.]

Children *must* have plenty of milk with breakfast foods—but the more milk, the less scrunchy the cornflakes. And the less scrunchy, the more often we hear, "Need I finish it *all?*" But that little trouble is very simply solved. Add a big spoonful of rich, creamy Nestlé's for extra milk: and add another one to the second helping!

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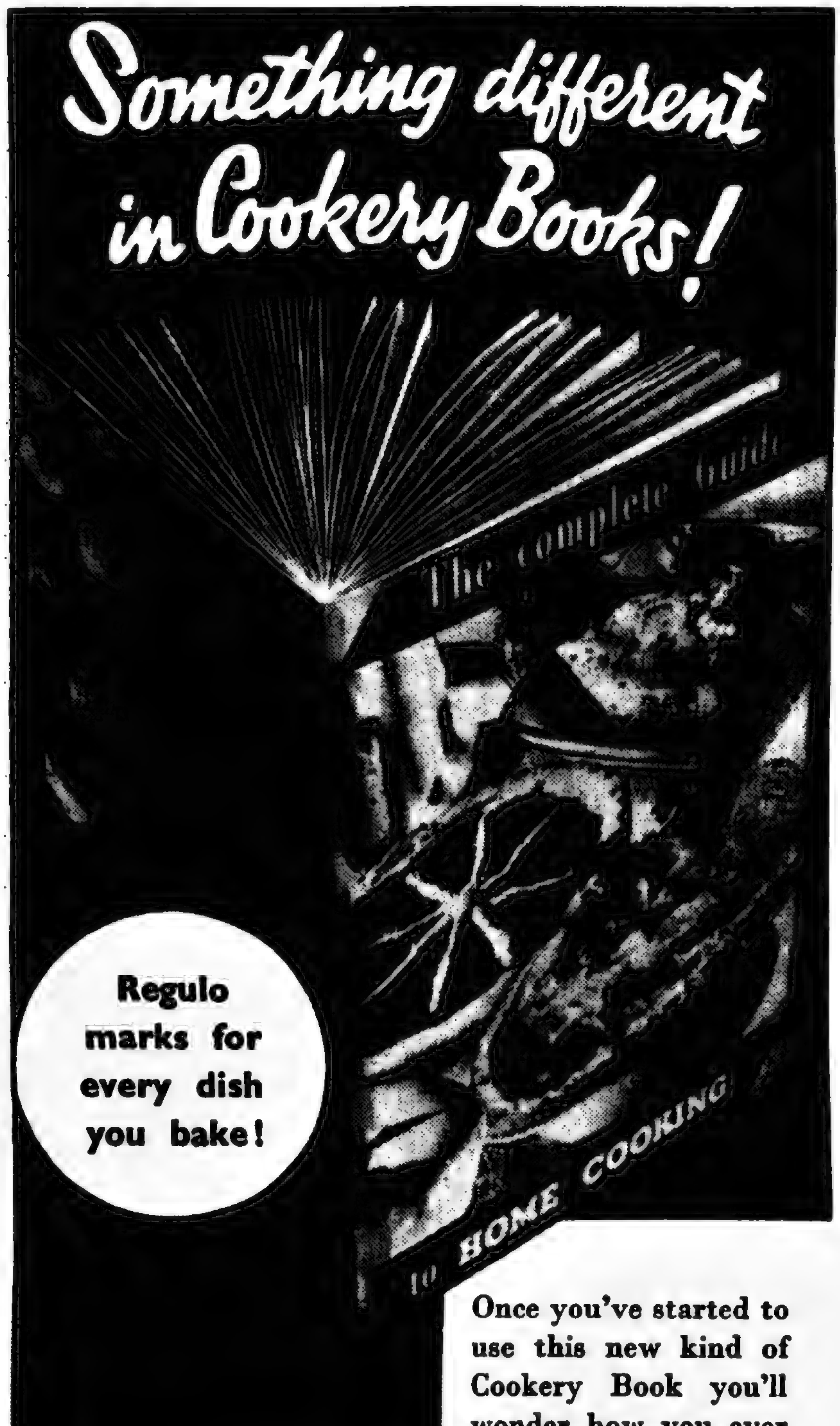

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IN SCOTLAND 1/-

Keeper of the Bridge—*continued from page 26*

months, and both of us were glad of the chance to get away to fresh scenes, when J. O. came to see me one day and offered to send us up to Glen Skeoch, where he had his country house, and where we could live rent-free on the pension the firm had arranged to give me.

The pension was not much; I was still a fairly young man. But with the lodge to live in, and the economy of the country, we were at least comfortable.

The lodge stood just off the main road from the south, hard by the hump-backed bridge which spanned the river L—— as it raced towards the sea from the hills. And we grew to love the place and the surrounding peace, although we were never happy because of our thoughts about our boy.

Towards the end of our third Spring in Glen Skeoch, when the snows were melting on the mountains and the river was running in high spate, we had a storm of rain and wind that blew from a Thursday night until the week-end.

◆ ◆ ◆

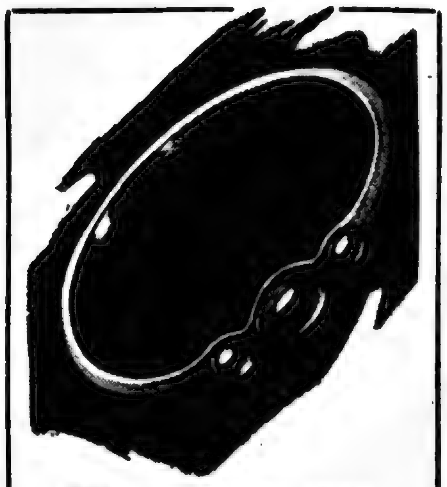
On the Saturday afternoon and evening it seemed to be worse than ever. We could scarcely hear ourselves talking under a shout with the howling of the tempest and the rushing of the flood waters.

That Saturday night we went to bed about half-past nine, after opening the gates so that J. O., who was motoring from Glasgow with a party of friends, could run right up the drive without stopping. Sleep was impossible.

About two hours later we were suddenly terrified by an appalling crash and clatter, and the house shook to the roof-top.

I jumped up and dressed hurriedly and my wife followed me. I went outside to find that the bridge was gone, and in its place was a yawning hole with the river leaping and churning in the gully, now and again throwing muddy spray high into the air as great boulders came tearing down like pieces of driftwood.

I stood by the brink, with a storm-lantern guttering in my hand. I shivered at the havoc the storm had wrought. Then I remembered that J. O. would be coming any moment now with his car. Unless warned, he would surely plunge headlong into the gully and they would all perish.



Whether you are superstitious or not, you cannot fail to be thrilled by next week's reader's story of a ring that brought ruin in its trail for all its owners.

Back to the house I ran, battling against the wind. I lit the only other storm lantern we had and tied it to the branch of a tree on the north side of the gap in the road. It swung furiously with the force of the wind, and no one coming from the north would fail to recognise it as a warning.

◆ ◆ ◆

I then went up through the gardens a little and found that the iron foot-bridge spanning the river higher up was still intact. Crossing that, I got over to the south side and came out to the main road again by a plantation of firs, about a hundred yards away from the river.

There, in the lee of a wall, I sheltered, holding the lamp, and waiting until I heard, or saw, the car approaching, when I would go into the middle of the road and swing the lamp in front of me.

That was my plan. But an hour passed, and then another—and perhaps it was the intense cold and the wet, perhaps it was just sheer exhaustion, but I must have dozed or slept or swooned, for I opened my eyes to see to my horror a car's headlights leaping furiously towards me at a great speed.

I jumped up, stiff with cold. I shouted. I swung my lamp and ran forward . . . and when I opened my eyes again there was no rushing of wind and water, but brilliant sunshine as it streamed in through the lattice windows of my bedroom in the lodge.

I thought at first I was dreaming. Then I saw my wife move towards me, smiling, and flushed with a new happiness. She looked years younger. She turned away and whispered to someone—and when I raised my head I saw my son Tom.

He came shyly, without words, emotion gripping him. He took my hand and I held his for a long time, content to lie back and say nothing. His mother stole away and Tom sat down.

"Dad," he said, "I want to go to sea. I really mean it. I want to feel—to feel clean and virile and—and worth-while again."

◆ ◆ ◆

Then, in a torrent of words, he began to tell me how he had run off to London when he found himself in a mess at the office. He had been too ashamed to come and speak to me about it. In London, he got one job after another. None ever lasted very long, and the pay was poor. He met some so-called friends, and gradually he was lured back into the betting game again

After some months of suspicion and uneasiness, he discovered that his especial crony was a crook—the man he shared a small flat with off Tottenham Court Road. Crassock, the supposed friend, had a police history, and it came out that he had just done a job in the West End and was planning another at a big house near Ascot. "And seeing how you've fished the news about me," he told Tom, "you'd better be ready to drive the car for me for my getaway."

Tom refused angrily. And Crassock, revealing his hand, told him that if he did not come in with him he would see that the police got enough cooked evidence against him to send him to prison for a long stretch. At that moment my son found his manhood.

◆ ◆ ◆

They fought. And Tom thrashed the other within an inch of his sorry life. Five hours later Tom took the first train for Scotland, determined to see me and make a fresh start. He found we were gone from the old address. He made enquiries, and with his last money hired a car to drive the hundred odd miles to Glen Skeoch.

"I'm sorry for everything, dad," he said. "And I'm sorry I caught you with the car last night. I saw your light, but I had to brake quickly and swerve to avoid running you down. A wing caught you and flung you against the wall, knocking you out."

That didn't matter to me now—not when my son was back. Not when I remembered, too, that by keeping my vigil I had saved his life.

Suddenly I remembered J. O. and his party of friends. I was horror-stricken . . . until Tom told me that after I had been knocked out he had blown his horn to attract his mother's attention. She had come across the iron footbridge, and together they got me into the house. Then Tom had gone back and kept watch by the bridge until J. O. came along.

◆ ◆ ◆

J. O.'s gratitude was immense. Before a month had passed he had arranged for Tom to sail in one of the firm's tramps to South America.

"If he's got the guts and the heart and the will to get on, I'll see to it that he does get on," he told me. "He'll learn a lot before the mast—as you know yourself, Jim."

So my story is told. With new hope packed in his sea-trunk Tom went off, leaving me with a burning faith in him again, and with his mother's and my happiness restored. "I'll go on keeping the bridge for your sakes," he said.

And he has. That cablegram is the proof. I know now that he'll go on keeping the bridge to the end.

The Greatest of These

Worried Father

Francis

THE father of eight-year-old Francis and of a girl aged thirteen and a boy of ten, has to be father and mother to them, as his wife left him four years ago.

He enlisted in 1910 and served all through the war, first in France, then Salonika, where he contracted malaria, then in Russia, where he enlisted for another four years, but was finally discharged as unfit in 1919.

He soon got work when he came home and did not worry about a pension. He married and was happy with his wife until his health began to break and he lost one or two jobs. "Then," he says, "I found out what kind of a wife I had. That was when my real suffering began. This went on for a few years. By that time there were the three children, but my wife didn't bother about them. She wanted what she called a good time, and I practically did everything for them. She left me once or twice and I took her back, until, four years ago, when she left me for good."

Francis's father is now suffering from T.B., and has struggled through a terrible winter, striving to keep his home going. All he has coming in is 24s. a week. "Some days," he owns, "I feel like giving it all up. But I would not part with the children after all these years, and they are happy with me."

Donations, earmarked "Francis," will bring this ex-Service dad, who is an honest, sober and industrious man, some measure of peace. They should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, as also subscriptions for the General Fund.

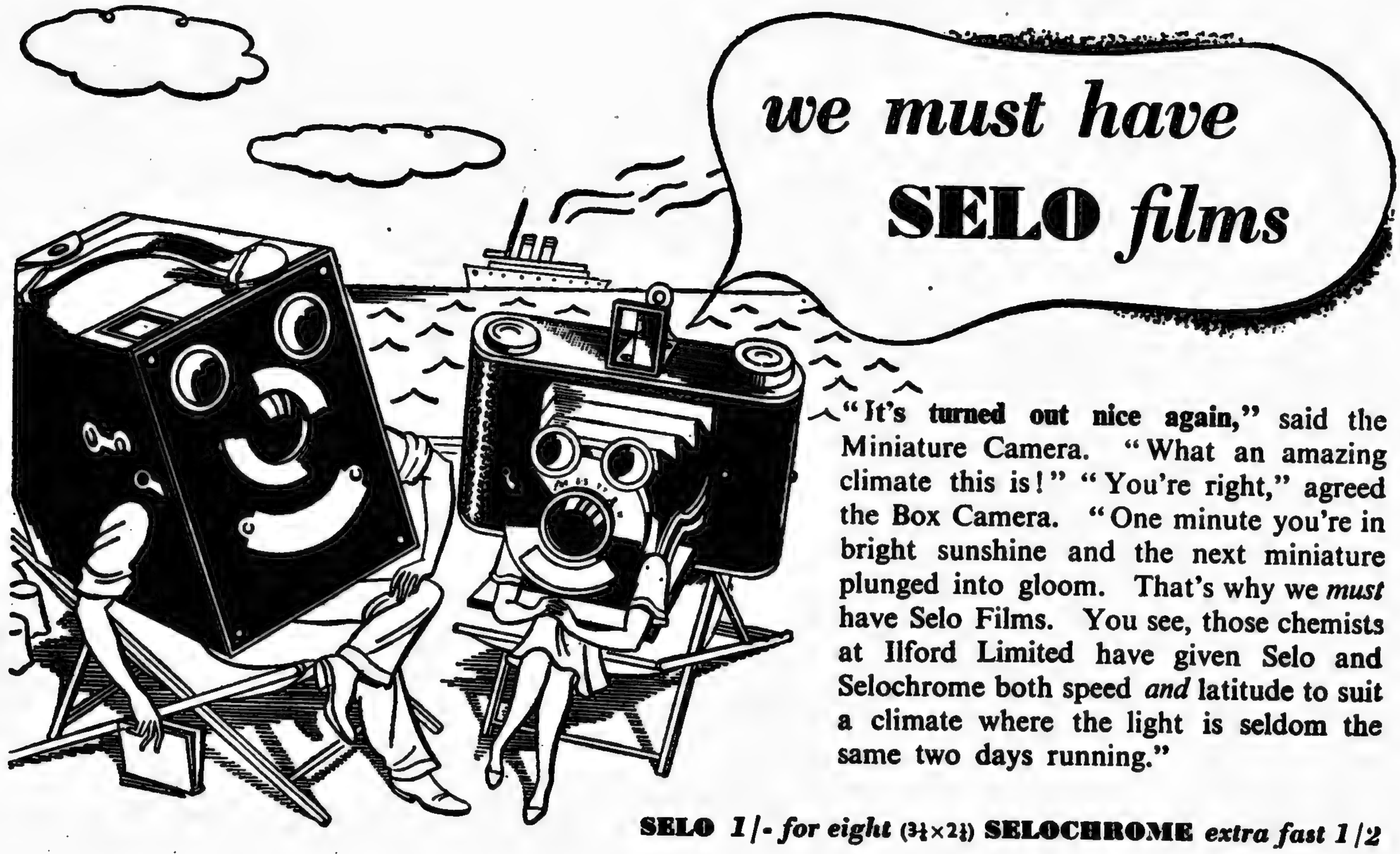
Lists of subscriptions are kept at the Office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Lets see your
Odol Smile!

Odol CLEANS TEETH

Tubes 6d. & 1/-

SEND A POSTCARD for FREE TRIAL TUBE to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. JB7), Norwich. *(Not I.F.S.)*



"It's **turned out nice again,**" said the Miniature Camera. "What an amazing climate this is!" "You're right," agreed the Box Camera. "One minute you're in bright sunshine and the next miniature plunged into gloom. That's why we *must* have Selo Films. You see, those chemists at Ilford Limited have given Selo and Selochrome both speed *and* latitude to suit a climate where the light is seldom the same two days running."

SELO *1/- for eight* (3¼×2¼) **SELOCHROME** *extra fast 1/2*

Good Morning!

THERE'S SHREDDED WHEAT FOR BREAKFAST » » »

SHREDDED WHEAT
MADE IN ENGLAND
BRITONS MAKE IT—
IT MAKES BRITONS

● "Good" is the word, in more senses than one, when the day starts with this famous whole-wheat food. Good taste, good nourishment, good health, good housekeeping—these are a few of the wonderful advantages which go with Shredded Wheat. In every golden grain of wheat Nature has stored those vital elements which are at the very root of individual happiness and family welfare—energy-giving Carbohydrates, tissue-building Proteins, the valuable vitamin B which promotes growth and resistance to disease, and the Bran which regulates the system so perfectly, and Shredded Wheat is whole wheat and nothing but whole wheat. No food could be more popular—it is as light and digestible as it is nourishing, its crisp wheaten flavour is delicious, and it is easy to prepare in a great variety of tempting ways. For the greater enjoyment of life, the will to work and the zest for play, and for economy—serve Shredded Wheat for Breakfast every day.

SHREDDED WHEAT ... *Gives you most food-value*

APPETITES do need tempting in the summer months. When eating less of other foods, you should adjust the balance by eating more HOVIS.

Had your HOVIS today?

There is Strength in every Slice

Best Bakers Bake It H108C

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

It is difficult to make yourself at home in another man's house. That is why a quarter of a million people have bought their homes through the Abbey Road Building Society, and freed themselves once and for all from the perpetual anxiety of paying rent.

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1.
Sir Harold Bellman, Man: Director

CVS—652

A PIT *Disaster* FOR INVESTORS

If investors had visions of profitable coal production, they were soon disillusioned

by Sir Wyndham Childs

I AM receiving letters daily from readers in all parts of the country who are being pestered to buy stocks and shares in a wide range of questionable investments, and if one thing is more obvious than another, it is that certain City sharks have embarked upon a fresh campaign.

A good many people complain to me that they have already lost their savings, and others I know are constantly receiving pressing invitations to plunge into some wild and speculative enterprise.

They can do as they like with their own money, of course, but I feel that the experiences of a newsagent, who writes to me from Sutton Bridge, in Lincolnshire, will serve to damp the misguided ardour of people who may be tempted by get-rich-quick lures of similar character.

My Lincolnshire reader has lost almost all his savings in transactions he has had with a concern of so-called "brokers" in the City, known as A. Williams and Co., of 9, Bishopsgate, London.

He is to-day a sorry, if wiser, man as a result of faith he was induced to place in the prospects of a company known as the Welsh Collieries Investment Trust, Ltd., which operated from various addresses scattered between Piccadilly Circus and London Wall.

No assets

It will be sufficient if I say here that the Welsh Collieries Investment Trust, Ltd., is in the lamentable predicament of possessing not a single asset to meet the claims of investors who among them have parted with more than £20,000.

My reader is among the many creditors, for the "Trust" is already in liquidation, having lasted less than two years from the time of its inception.

It is the methods employed by A. Williams and Co. to market its shares that I wish to bring to the notice of the public, for the same devices are practised continually by a variety of City sharks with almost identical results.

In the first place, the Sutton Bridge newsagent was favoured with a series of glowing circulars from A. Williams and Co., then of Broad Street House, Old Broad Street, London.

Achieved nothing

The circulars, received week by week, seemed to convey all the latest and best market information, which in due course was amply confirmed by a "travelling representative" who gave the name of Mr. Brownlow.

When Mr. Brownlow called on my reader, the latter had a fair amount of money in the bank, which he was quite ready to invest in any promising enterprise. That the "travelling representative" for A. Williams and Co. proved himself both plausible and convincing is apparent from the fact that within a few days cheques for £758 17s. changed hands.

My newsagent reader paid this amount to A. Williams and Co. in exchange for 750 ordinary shares in the company whose brief career and tragic termination I mentioned earlier in this article.

I learn from my investigator's reports that the Welsh Colliery Investment Trust, Ltd., had been launched only a few months before, with a nominal capital of £50,000.

Soon after this "Trust" was launched, a circular was sent out announcing details of mines in which a "controlling interest" was to be completed. An anthracite mine was declared to be in a position to start operations within six or eight weeks.

The "Trust" drifted from one address to another, but achieved nothing.

My Sutton Bridge reader was frequently in complete ignorance of its whereabouts, for, like other investors in Warwick and Hereford who sank money in it, he was scarcely in a position to inspect the file in the Companies Registration Department at Somerset House, London

According to a letter he received from A. Williams and Co., the "Trust" was flourishing. Though its shares were not being dealt in on the Stock Exchange, it was supposed to be owner of properties one of which alone was capable of producing 72,000 tons of coal per annum, yielding a profit of £24,000.

In view of subsequent happenings, this declaration is astonishing, to say the least of it, for when it came to disposing of the "Trust" shares they were found to be practically unsaleable.

Discreditable

At its closing meeting it was disclosed that the Welsh Collieries Investment Trust, Ltd., was unable because of its liabilities to carry on its business.

The liquidator has now reported that there is not a single asset. There is no mention of the colliery producing the promised 72,000 tons per annum.

But I am able to reveal what actually did happen! I find that the "Trust" paid an amount of £19,800 for shares in an unprofitable colliery in the Ely Valley, South Wales.

I find that the statement which was made by the Welsh Collieries Investment Trust, Ltd., in lieu of a prospectus contains not a word with regard to any mines or properties.

In fact, the only information available in the high hopes held forth in the circular I have already mentioned.

And as for A. Williams and Co., now of 9, Bishopsgate, London, it is merely the registered business name of one Alfred Williams, who migrated last year from Old Broad Street.

A *warning*

The offices now occupied by A. Williams and Co. were formerly rented by another notorious concern called James Petter and Co., which dealt similarly in stocks and shares. It extracted £440 from a reader in Barrow-in-Furness, who failed to recover a penny piece.

And here I shall strike a note of warning, for my enquiries reveal that James Petter, who ran under the style of James Petter and Co., is still to be found with A. Williams and Co.

He is an individual concerning whose operations in the City my readers should be on their guard.

CHARLATAN *We don't like*

IN curious circumstances a pretty girl of seventeen years was missing lately from her home in South London.

Information was obtained which led the father to an address in Electric Avenue, Brixton, occupied by a man named Archibald Henry Kitley, otherwise "Professor Mars."

On the admissions of the alleged "professor,' it was plain that this seventeen-year-old girl had called at his flat in connection with employment he was offering to young women at the seaside during the summer season.

She had told him her name and address, and he, finding her to be a suitable applicant, had promised to engage her for one of the vacant posts in three weeks time.

Meanwhile, he declared that he would help her to secure temporary domestic work and provide her with a reference.

The girl was engaged as a domestic help by a resident of Streatham.

Eventually the father, by consistent house-to-house calls in the Streatham district, found his absconding daughter.

Now we have dealt before in our columns with this fellow Kitley. That was when he was running an entirely bogus charity—the "Happiness Home for Ailing Children."

This home existed only in the imagination of Kitley. Yet he employed attractive young women collectors—to extract funds from the public for his preposterous enterprise.

While Kitley was posing as the father of an ambitious charity scheme he was also trading in his horoscopes as "Professor Mars," and selling a ridiculous chart for telling future events.

SHAVE TIME

Why start the day with a rush when by shaving with "Morning Pride" you eliminate soaping, brushing, lathering and rubbing. "Morning Pride" gives you the quickest and cleanest shave you have ever had.

MORNING PRIDE

TUBES 1/- JARS 1/6

FREE SAMPLE TUBE

Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send them with a 1½d. stamp (for postage and packing) to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

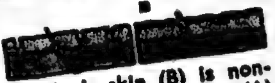
‘listless, sulky dog...’

Mrs. HORABIN’S little daughter and Gyp at their home in South Norwood.

Mrs. Horabin had a trying time with her fox-terrier, Gyp. With the summer weather he grew listless, moody and uncertain-tempered. Finally Mrs. Horabin gave him a course of Bob Martin’s. The change was amazing. Gyp was quickly cured and became fit and friendly with a tail-wag for everybody.

Why Gyp was sulky

When a dog is listless and sulky and turns from his food, it is a sure sign that his blood is loaded with impurities. He cannot rid himself of these impurities by perspiring, because, as this diagram shows, a dog’s skin (B) is non-porous, whereas in human skin (A) there are ducts through which perspiration passes to the surface. Moreover, your dog is denied the natural blood correctives found in certain wild grasses and herbage, for these are now beyond his reach. That is why you must help him to keep his blood pure—by providing him regularly with the blood correctives in Bob Martin’s Condition Powders.



Regular conditioning means that without fail you give your dog

Bob Martin’s

3 times EVERY Saturday
3 times EVERY Sunday

YOUR DOG NEEDS THIS CARE

By removing every impurity from a dog’s blood, Bob Martin’s Condition Powders not only quickly cure but prevent all blood disorders—listlessness, loss of appetite, scratching and eczema. But the wise dog owner does not drop the treatment as soon as his dog is cured. He adopts the simple method of *regular* conditioning originated by Mr. Bob Martin—more than 40 years ago. That is how famous breeders and fanciers and thousands of other considerate owners keep their dogs *always* fit.

Begin this week-end to give your dog his Bob Martin’s every Saturday and Sunday. He’ll not only be saved from suffering—he’ll gain an entirely new level of hardy fitness. You’ll have the pride and pleasure of owning a dog thoroughly *in condition.*

You can buy Bob Martin’s in 6d. packets of 9, 1/- packets of 21 powders, from all chemists, etc.

BOB MARTIN LTD. SOUTHPORT

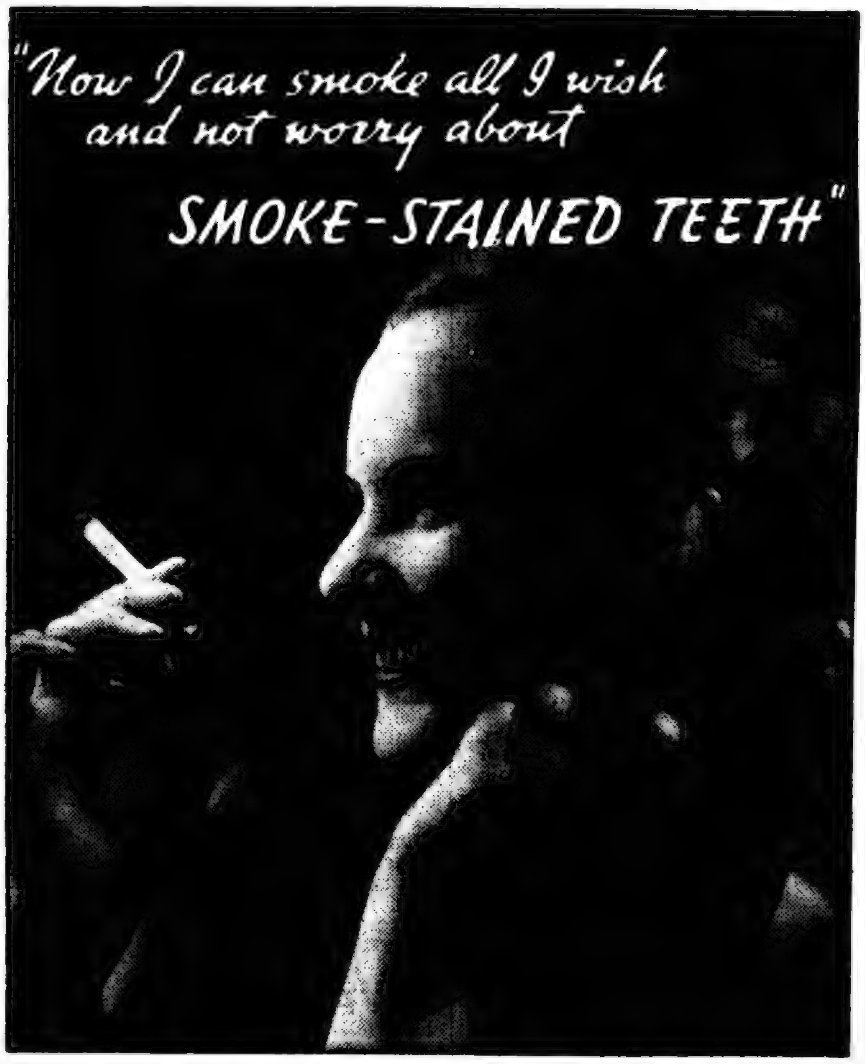
GOOD NEWS FOR STOMACH SUFFERERS

Even if you consulted a Harley Street specialist about your stomach trouble, he could hardly recommend a better remedy than ‘BISURATED’ MAGNESIA. Professor Bidet, the eminent French Biologist, has himself tested this famous formula, and proved its ingredients to be the best and quickest-acting known to science. ‘Bisurated’ Magnesia (powder or tablets) brings you instant relief from **Indigestion, Gastritis, Flatulence, Sick Headache** and all stomach disorders. Just one dose, and pain goes like magic—you can eat what you like without fear of after-meal misery.

The new sixpenny tin of 24 tablets brings this widely prescribed remedy within the reach of every sufferer.

Other sizes 1/3 and 2/6 powder or tablets

‘Bisurated’ Magnesia For the Stomach


"Now I can smoke all I wish and not worry about
SMOKE-STAINED TEETH"

REMOVE SMOKE STAINS THIS SAFE WAY

Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find, dull ugly teeth become naturally white and sparkling.

Do you smoke? If you do, you’ve probably noticed stains on your teeth. Now there is a way to keep the faintest trace from showing on your teeth—use Pepsodent Tooth Paste twice a day.

Switch to Pepsodent to-day and make this smokers’ test. See how teeth become whiter immediately. Then after a few days, let your mirror prove that teeth *are* cleaner . . . that they glisten with natural whiteness many smokers may think impossible to attain.

In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed to remove film from teeth. Smoking and food stains are absorbed by film. It must be removed.

This revolutionary stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent not only brings out the natural whiteness of teeth, but also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance. Pepsodent is the softest . . . therefore the *safest* . . . of eleven well-known tooth pastes as proved by impartial scientific tests.

Try Pepsodent and prove how this “special film-removing tooth paste” keeps your teeth free from ugly smoke stains.

COSTS 1/- & 1/9 IN NEW LARGER TUBES

New! PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

contains no soap yet foams . . . .

Here is a dentifrice in powder form—*different* from any you’ve ever tried. It contains a new polishing and cleansing agent never before used in a dentifrice. An invigorating foam penetrates between the teeth and its pleasant zestful flavour refreshes the mouth.

Clean teeth quickly, effectively and safely this new way. Try it — send the coupon.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW

Pepsodent, Ltd. (Dept. 69) Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10
Send me free sample of
Pepsodent Tooth Paste ☐
Pepsodent Tooth Powder ☐ *(tick which you require)*
I enclose 1½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
Only one sample to a family *(Not applicable in I.F.S.)* 69-D-B

J.205.
What would you like for a sweet, John?

Another of those CHIVERS JELLIES, please!

RATHER

Chivers' Jellies contain real fruit juices—no wonder they taste so good—no wonder they're so popular. In warm weather serve Jellies in individual glasses or moulds—they set quicker that way and look even more tempting!

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.
THE ORCHARD FACTORY
HISTON - CAMBRIDGE

'Lemons for me'

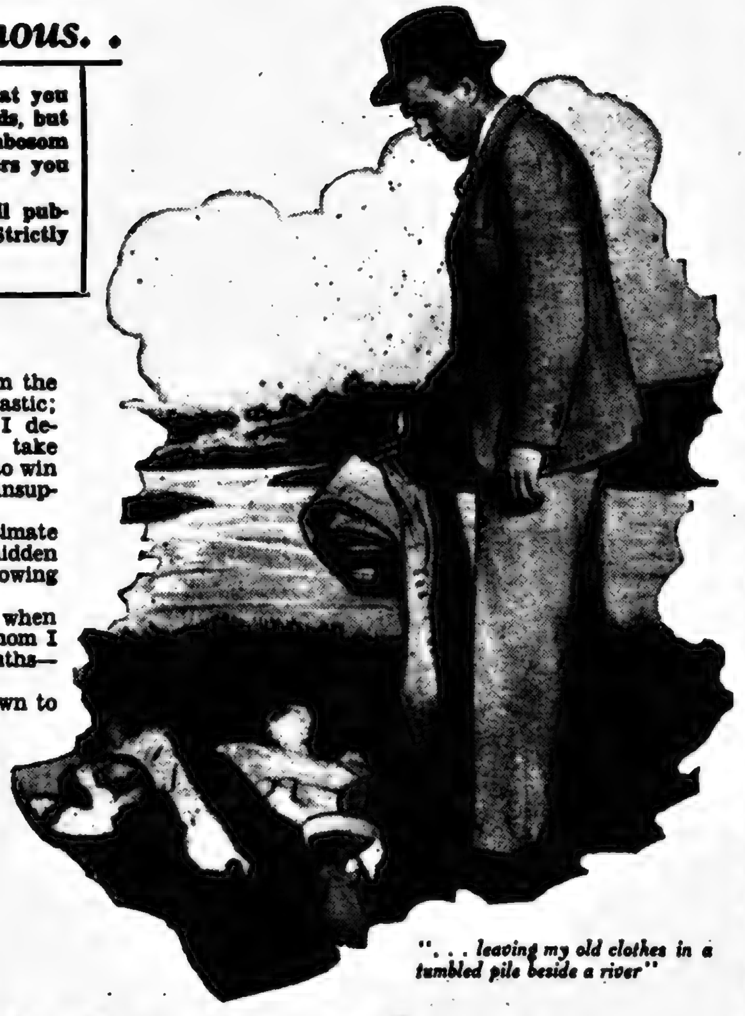
EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

60 MILLION LEMONS YEARLY

Strictly Anonymous.

If you have some secret that you dare not reveal to your friends, but feel that you would like to unbosom yourself, JOHN BULL here offers you the opportunity.

Usual rates are paid for all published stories, which are "Strictly Anonymous."



". . . leaving my old clothes in a tumbled pile beside a river"

MY *Sham* SUICIDE

I AM a man who returned from the grave! That may sound fantastic; but it is easily explained. I deliberately ended one life to take up another, faking a suicide to win freedom from ties I had found insupportable.

No one, even among my most intimate friends, suspects that there is any hidden chapter in my life; yet I feel a growing urge to tell my story.

It really begins fifteen years ago when I set sail with a young wife—to whom I had been married just eight months—bound for New Zealand.

Soon we had started to settle down to a life of farming, and in the loneliness of my new surroundings I looked for friends and found one in a young bachelor who owned a neighbouring farm.

He became a frequent caller at our home and proved very useful to me because of his long experience. Under his friendly advice I soon became an efficient farmer, so that I looked forward to a prosperous future.

After a time, however, a cloud fell upon our household. My wife and I did not get on well together; there was constant bickering over the merest trifles; then serious quarrels that made life unendurable.

One day an unexpected blow fell, for in a fit of temper my wife told me scathingly that I meant nothing to her at all; that she was in love with my new friend and neighbour, who had won her affection at their very first meeting.

I saw my marriage crashing on the rocks and decided that I would not stay to be humiliated. After deliberating upon the problem for some days I reached a momentous decision. I would stage a suicide and so escape and start life afresh.

On the following evening I penned a farewell letter to my wife, telling her that her faithlessness had driven me to despair and that I was determined to make an end of everything.

New life

Leaving this note behind I went to a near-by town, where I bought an entirely new outfit, which I donned secretly, leaving my old clothes in a tumbled pile at a lonely spot beside a river.

For a year I tramped the countryside, doing any odd jobs that came my way. I had seen a report of my supposed suicide in a newspaper, but beyond that I had no tidings whatever of my wife or her lover, and I gratefully regarded my past life as a closed book.

I will not pretend that I was easy in my mind. All this time I lived in daily dread of discovery, but gradually I summoned up sufficient courage to risk leaving the country.

I worked my passage back to England where, three years later, I met a young girl with whom I fell madly in love. She proved a real inspiration to me. I studied hard and was eventually successful in gaining a well-paid post with a well-known petrol company.

In the hope that my past was now finally left behind and my new life firmly established, I married again, stifling my conscience and saying nothing to my new "wife."

This second union was ideally happy. I was successful in business and was building up a nice home. Everything was going so well that I believed myself fully justified in my deception, arguing that I had a right to be happy and owed nothing whatever to the wife who had proved unfaithful and had made me so miserable.

But my dreams were destined to be shattered in a most dramatic manner. One day when I was at my office a clerk announced that a woman caller was enquiring for me, and when she was shown into my room I was dumbfounded to find myself face to face with my real wife.

I do not know to this day how she had traced me; but having run me to earth she left me in no doubt as to her intentions. She taunted me cruelly, at the same time brazenly admitting that she had "married" her New Zealand lover almost immediately after my reported suicide.

But their alliance had not lasted long. She had tired of farm life and had run away from her second husband within six months of their marriage!

Since then she had led a chequered career and, returning to England, had somehow discovered my existence and had lost no time in seeking me out with one fixed object which she did not mince words in explaining.

I was happily "married"; I had three children; I enjoyed a good position and was looked up to on all sides as a respectable citizen. No doubt I was anxious to preserve that happiness and that respectability? Very well then; she had no desire to cause me any embarrassment or pain. She was quite willing to let the dead past remain buried on condition that I made it worth her while!

No alternative

Blackmail! There was no other word for it! But I shrank from publicity, not for my own sake, but for the sake of my dearly beloved "wife" and our three innocent children.

Involved as I was, I saw no alternative but to accept the conditions my tormentor named, which were that I should make her a regular weekly allowance of £2.

Reluctantly I kept to this arrangement, and I need hardly stress the difficulties it plunged me into. I could not possibly conceal the financial drainage from my "wife," who was fully conversant with all my business affairs; but I contrived to explain the deficiency by pretending that I was setting aside £2 weekly towards our children's education and future.

For six years I kept up this life, often being forced to scrape and save additional sums to lend colour to my supposed thrift.

Then, to my unspeakable relief, came news that my persecutor had been involved in a fatal motoring accident while on a night jaunt with a drunken companion.

But my trials are far from being over. With the greater demands now rapidly approaching as my children grow up I shall be expected to draw on the fund I am supposed to have accumulated with such pretence. My dear wife fondly believes that it must now be in the region of £600, whereas I have little or no resources.

To keep up this illusion I have had to resort to more subterfuges than I care to remember. I have lied repeatedly, and, in so doing, have only plunged myself more deeply into the mire.

On more than one occasion I have been on the verge of exposure. It has seemed impossible that I could keep my secret. But, somehow, I have always emerged safely. But I know that truth will out.

The fateful day

I am steeling myself for the inevitable day when I must confess everything to my wife and stand revealed as a deceiver and liar who has lived a double life for fourteen years; who wooed her and married her under false colours.

What she will think of me I dare not contemplate; but the ordeal will have to be faced—and before very long.

It has been some consolation to unburden myself here, and I have been heartened by the thought that perhaps there may be a lesson for others in my story.

Even as I write these lines it dawns upon me that a deal of misery and misunderstanding might have been saved had I had the courage to tell my wife the truth when we first met.

KILL Insect Pests

● To keep homes clean and healthful, use Keatings regularly. Most efficient and economical of all insecticides Cartols: 2d., 6d. and 1/-.

KEATING'S KILLS
BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc., even Bugs
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

A healthful dish that appeals to YOUNG APPETITES

Children simply can't stay away from Kellogg's Corn Flakes. There is something so enticing in the unmatched flavour and crunchy crispness of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that young appetites simply can't resist them.

Instead of so much hot, heavy food, serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes. A welcome change at any meal or as a snack after school or at bedtime. Oven-fresh in the heat-sealed inner WAXTITE bag. Rich in nourishment, easy to digest. No cooking. Just add cold milk or cream.

Reject Substitutes. See that your grocer gives you genuine Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
OVEN-FRESH FLAVOUR-PERFECT

NOW 5½D PER PKT

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

ALL WAYS GUARANTEED

P252

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

MACLEANS
PEROXIDE
SOLID DENTIFRICE

"Don't you love using Macleans Solid Dentifrice?"

"Yes, and what lovely white teeth it gives you."

"And what a lot you get for 6d.!"

Only 6ᴰ per large tin

from all Chemists

Worn-out by housework?

Nervy and run-down?

YOU NEED A TONIC!

If you feel weak and listless and over-tired at this time of year, it's no wonder. You've been through a long, hard winter, and you haven't got over it yet. Your whole system has been weakened by the cold and damp, by lack of sunshine and by extra work.

Avoid artificial "tonics"

What you need is a tonic. But it's no use taking artificial "tonics" that lift you up for a short time and then let you down again. You need something that will really build up your winter-weakened blood and nerve-cells.

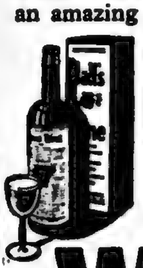
Don't worry—there *is* one tonic specially prepared from a famous doctor's prescription to help you at this difficult time of year—and that tonic is Hall's Wine. You can actually feel Hall's Wine pouring new strength into your blood and nerve-cells *within thirty seconds after taking*.

And this good effect is LASTING. You feel better and look better. Your work seems easy, and the whole world looks bright again!

Follow doctors' advice

Do what doctors and nurses everywhere tell their patients to do—take Hall's Wine two or three times a day. Start to-day—you'll notice an amazing difference at once in the way you feel!

Insist on Hall's Wine—no other tonic has exactly the same effect—both *quick* and *lasting*.



HALL'S WINE

The tonic that does you good in thirty seconds

At Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle 5/6.
Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

FENNINGS'

70 YEARS REPUTATION

During the critical days of babyhood, these powders are the finest medicine for babies cutting their teeth, are cooling and soothing and absolutely harmless.

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?

Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to:—
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

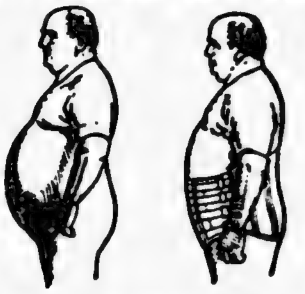
The cool taste of real home-made lemonade — its blessing of utter refreshment — is brought to you in Rowntree's Mixed Clear Gums and Mixed Fruit Pastilles — in company with lime and apricot — tangerine — plum, blackcurrant — strawberry, raspberry and gooseberry. (*Try them between smokes!*)

DON'T FORGET! Rowntree's Fruit Clear Gums (*Hard*) and Fruit Pastilles (*Medium*) are sold loose 6d. per ¼ lb.; in packets 2d., 3d. and 6d.
Juicy-Fruits (*Soft*) 6d. per ¼ lb. In packets, 6d.

Ger.11JB

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.
Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

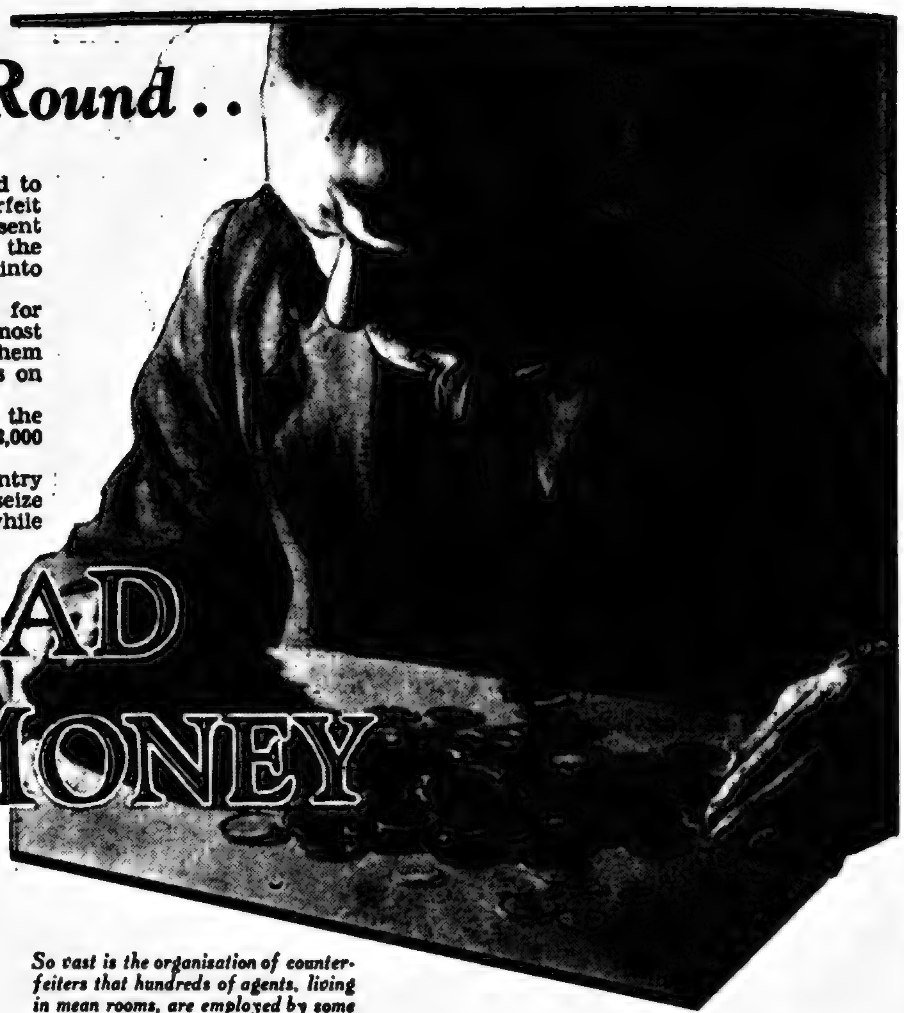
Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 4 & 5, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 22, Clare St., 1. Bristol 24801

How it Goes Round . .

BAD MONEY

and How to Watch your Change



So vast is the organisation of counterfeiters that hundreds of agents, living in mean rooms, are employed by some gangs to pass the fake coins

YET again the public has been warned to keep a sharp look out for counterfeit coins. Many of them are at present being circulated, and this time, the authorities believe, they are coming into the country from abroad.

It is a strange fact that those who go in for counterfeiting on any extensive scale are almost invariably caught by the police—most of them within a month. Yet this illicit traffic goes on continually.

Eighty people were sent to prison for the offence last year, and the police took nearly 2,000 false coins out of circulation.

The issue of a new coinage in any country is an opening which counterfeiters always seize to make big hauls—the first few weeks, while people are still unfamiliar with the new money, is a heaven-sent opportunity of which they do not fail to take full advantage.

Therefore, when the new coins for King Edward's reign are issued by the Mint, we can expect a rush of false ones to follow them.

As soon as the banks have the new silver pieces the fakers procure specimens. Patterns of them are taken and dies cast within a few hours, and the spurious coins are being passed off on the unsuspecting public within twenty-four or forty-eight hours.

When the new money comes out, therefore, people will be well advised to keep a wary eye open for any coin in their change which looks suspicious.

You may ask: How can the ordinary person tell a bad coin when he sees one?

An official in the special department of the Mint which is concerned with counterfeit coins, told a JOHN BULL representative that they are nearly always half-crowns or florins.

Shillings and sixpences are not profitable enough for general circulation. When they are made it is usually for automatic machines.

It is quite easy to detect bad coins if you look at them carefully. First of all the "colour" is invariably bad. To make a really good imitation of our silver coins is difficult and means a bigger outlay than the forger is usually prepared to make. Often they use a mixture of cheap metals which have the appearance of lead.

Sometimes they get a metal which has a good appearance while it is new, but deteriorates rapidly and within a few days shows itself obviously a fake.

Simple tests

The second point to look for is the imprint of the King's head. At the Mint this is stamped on the cold metal blanks with a die which descends with a weight of one hundred tons pressure on each blank.

Counterfeiters have to use a mould into which they run molten metal of a low fusing point. The impression they get has rounded, slightly blurred edges, while the imprint of a genuine coin is sharp and clear cut.

Another point is the milling of the edges. In counterfeit coins this is always badly done and irregular, for it is impossible to get perfect reproduction from a mould however carefully it is made.

False coins are generally lighter in weight than real ones and the metal of which they are made is invariably softer. For that reason it is easy to deface them. If the edge is rubbed against a good coin or a sharp instrument it is easy to rub it away. On the contrary you will find it very hard to make any impression on a coin that comes from the Mint.

Another simple test is to see if the coin will bend or break. A simple everyday way of doing this is to jam the coin in a door. If it breaks or can be distorted you can be quite sure it is counterfeit. Many tradespeople keep a simple device with a slot for this purpose.

Two other pieces of advice which the Mint offers are—always be suspicious of coins which have a battered, knocked-about appearance, and always be careful of change which you receive in a dim light.

The "ring" of coins is no longer a safe test. The forgers have overcome this and now put out coins which ring as true as genuine ones.

Prompt action on the part of a shopkeeper has frequently resulted in bringing a whole gang of counterfeiters to justice. Here is an instance:

In Oldham last year a man walked into a butcher's shop and asked for some chops. To pay for them he tendered a half-crown which the butcher thought was a "dud." When he refused to accept it the man produced a good shilling, paid for the chops, walked out and got into a car.

The butcher took the number of the car, telephoned the police, and 35 minutes later the man who bought the chops and his accomplice in the car were arrested in Rochdale, about ten miles away.

Pursuing enquiries, the police discovered a regular coiner's den. The man confessed to passing 240 half-crowns in three weeks in eight different towns in the area between Manchester and Bradford. On one day he had passed £3 worth, and six days later another £5 worth.

The vigilance of a hairdresser led to the arrest of another man who was being paid £7 a week to put false coins in cigarette machines.

The hairdresser had a cigarette machine outside his shop, and when he found counterfeit coins being frequently put into it he informed the police. He then put a marked packet of cigarettes into the machine and kept a watch with two police officers in an empty flat above the shop. After the man visited the machine they opened it and found a counterfeit shilling. The police followed him, arrested him in a public-house about a hundred yards away, and he was subsequently convicted.

Prompt action

A publican and his wife were responsible for putting an end to another counterfeiter's activities. A man gave a half-crown in payment for a drink, which the publican afterwards discovered was a bad coin.

Having "got away with it" the first time, the man made the mistake (which most of them make and often leads to their undoing) of trying to pass a second one at the same place. This time, however, the proprietor's wife was ready for him. She took the two-shilling piece, looked at it hard and then rang it on the counter. The man immediately ran out of the bar with several customers in pursuit. The police were called, and after chasing him for best part of a mile he was caught. Six bad florins were found on the ground at one spot where he had been sitting and fifteen at another.

Gang unmasked

Some counterfeit coins are made abroad and make their way into Great Britain via the Continental resorts frequented by English visitors. At Grenoble last year a whole gang was unmasked which manufactured bad coins in a number of currencies, including American and English. These men employed agents all over the Continent, who offered these dud coins at an advantageous rate of exchange.

Shillings and sixpences are generally made for use in automatic machines. Here the weight of the coin is the all-important thing, and blank discs serve the purpose quite well.

Nevertheless, this kind of forger often takes the trouble to make some attempt to reproduce the design of real coins, so that if he is caught he can pretend he thought the coin was a good one.

Make YOURS a NEW GARDEN in TEN DAYS!

By feeding while you water with SANGRAL now, you will add vital Organic Nitrogen to your soil in six hours, and in ten days you will notice an amazing difference in the quality of your garden produce.

MAKE THIS TEN-DAY TEST FOR 6d.

Test Sangral in your garden this week by treating a portion of your garden. Mark out the area carefully and feed the rest of the bed with ANY other fertiliser. Leave for 10 DAYS and SEE the difference. More life, strength, and colour will be observed everywhere SANGRAL has touched. Send 6d. (in stamps) NOW and you'll be proud of your garden next week.
Write to LASCO, LTD., [illegible], Carruthers St., Liverpool

SANGRAL

THE TEN-DAY FERTILISER
Sold Everywhere 1/6, 3/- & 5/- tins

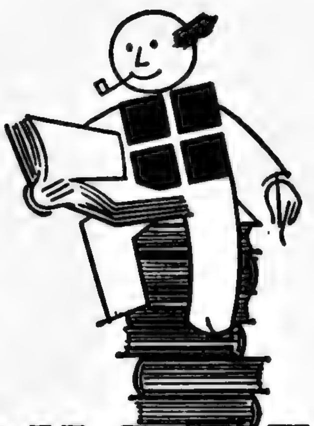
end Motor Sickness

End Travel Sickness by sea, road or air. SONGO NEVER FAILS. 1/3 and 3/-, Chemists, or Post Free Vandco, Ltd., [illegible] St., Glasgow.

Get SONGO

Audited,
and found correct!

There's no rule against smoking in my job and so I choose a tobacco that I can smoke all day long without being debited with a dried-up mouth or a tainted tongue. The tobacco I've audited and found correct is — FOUR SQUARE! Totted up pipe by pipe throughout the day it credits me with a grand total of smoking satisfaction — with compound interest. Nothing but Four Square for me — on any account.



FOUR SQUARE

Tobaccos and Cigarettes

NATURALLY MATURED AND FREE FROM ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING.

Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*) 10½d.
Curlies (*Purple Squares*) 10½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*) 11d.

Sold in the new easy-to-open 1-oz. and 2-oz. vacuum tins. All blends are Medium Strength.

10½d. to 1/3d.

Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*) 11d.
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*) 1/2½d
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*) 1/3d.

ALSO FOUR SQUARE OUTSIZE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES, FLAT TINS, 25 FOR 1/6d.

SAMPLES OF ALL 6 BLENDS, 1/-. WRITE DEPT. *J.B.9* GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

Basil Butler

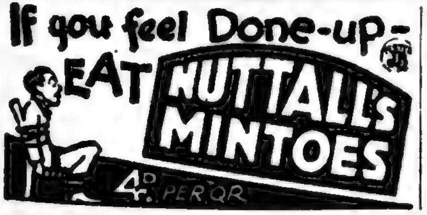
"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

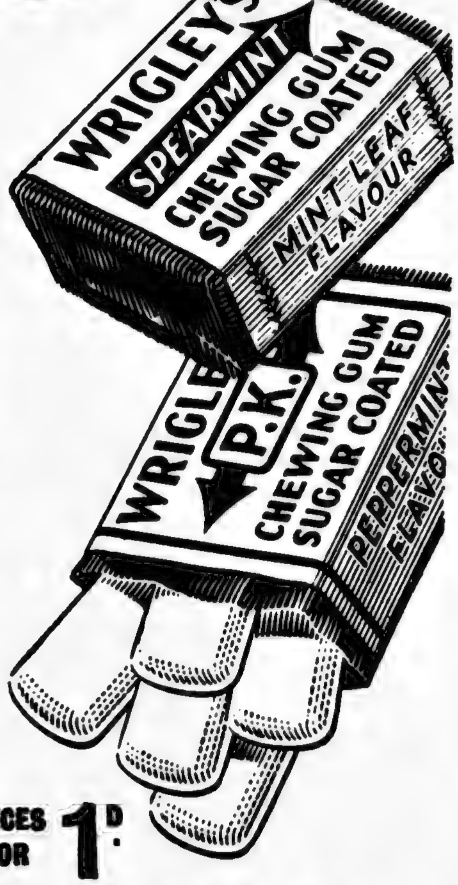
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."



Don't overlook the
"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 3 and 4 and
The Small Ads Worth Watching
on page 2.

Children love
teeth-cleaning
the
WRIGLEY way!

You'll find the kiddies also simply revel in the lasting flavour of WRIGLEY'S. And nothing could do them more good—all the time they are chewing WRIGLEY'S, it's cleaning and helping to preserve those little teeth upon which their future so much depends! Besides, the jaw muscles are strengthened and mouth and throat kept clean. So let them have WRIGLEY'S as often as they like, Mother!



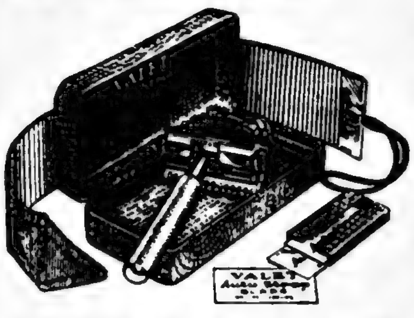
5 PIECES FOR 1D.

WRIGLEY'S

after every meal

Every man *can* afford a
'VALET'

What does perfect shaving cost? Very little, with a 'Valet' AutoStrop Razor. A complete set can be obtained for as little as half-a-crown. Each blade, stropped to a perfect edge for every shave, gives weeks and weeks of service. That's real economy. And as for speed, the 'Valet' holds the record. There's nothing to unscrew. Nothing to take to pieces. The whole affair of stropping, shaving, cleaning, is merely a matter of seconds. Buy a 'Valet'—the original self-stropping razor—still the simplest and the best.



THE NEW 'VALET' No. 99 SET

Re-designed throughout, offering better value than ever. This popular utility set contains an entirely new and improved self-stropping razor, good quality strop, and three 'VALET' blades, complete in red and black grained leatherette-covered metal case 2/6

These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

OTHER SETS 6/- TO 45/-
BRITISH MADE ● OF ALL DEALERS

indigestion

Stomach felt
Tied with a ROPE

For years she used to be hungry but feared to eat. For years she suffered the suffocating discomfort of indigestion at its worst. All this was ended instantly. Here she tells all other indigestion sufferers the easy, pleasant way in which she obtained this amazing relief:—

'Your Digestif Rennie Tablets are the best thing I have ever tried for indigestion. I have had gastric trouble so many times and never really got rid of it, but since taking these Rennie Pastilles I am free, and can eat now what I have been unable to do for years. I used to feel as if I had a rope tied round me tight. I felt very hungry, but was unable to eat for fear of the after effects, but now I can enjoy anything if I take two Digestif Rennie Pastilles after meals. I shall never be without them, as they are very pleasant to suck, and I can carry them in my pocket, as they keep clean in their twist wrapping, and can be put in your mouth at any time. I shall always recommend Digestif Rennie to my friends.'
1st June, 1936. Mrs. A. M., Brighton.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion in a way that has never been done before. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised, indigestion *simply cannot start.* And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you from stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food.* End your indigestion once and for all with this amazing new scientific discovery. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're handy: each one is individually wrapped in waxed paper. **Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family Size 1s. 9d.**

DIGESTIF RENNIE

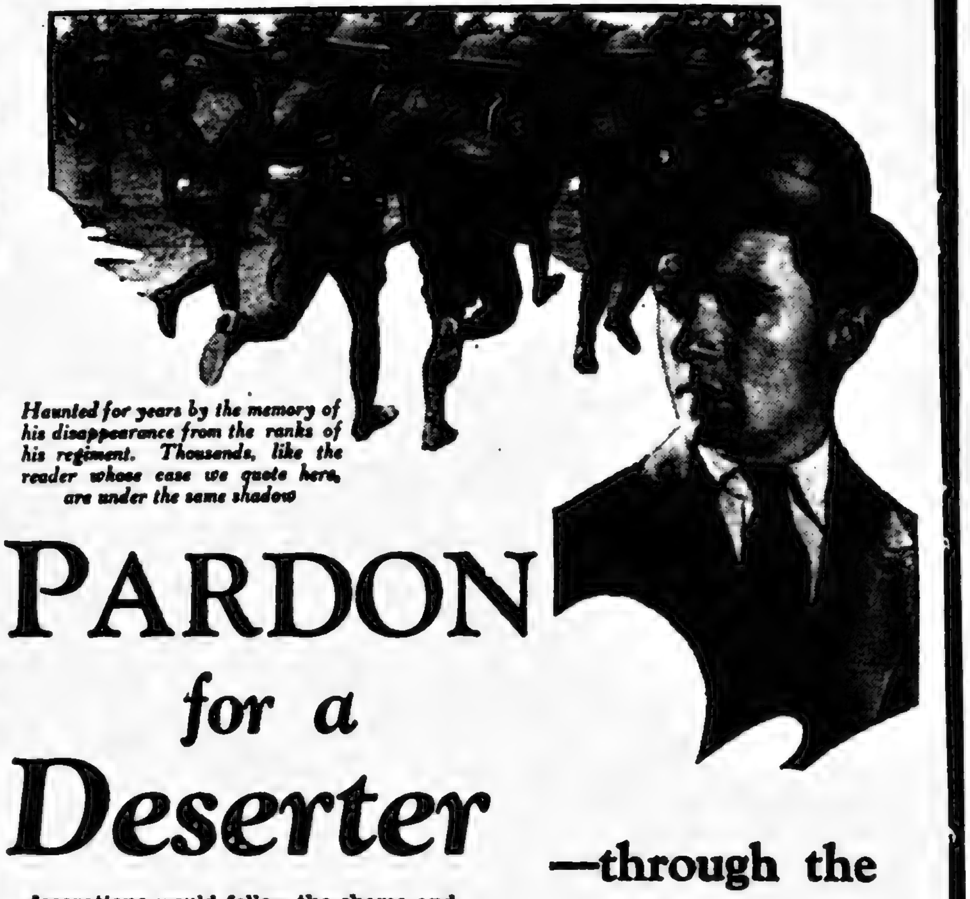
Digestif Rennie
You suck it like a sweet.

Out of JOHN BULL's letter-bag there came, the other day, an appeal from a man who had walked about for nearly twenty years with a guilty secret.

Although a decent citizen in every sense of the word, he has been in dread of a touch on the shoulder in every walking hour of that long period.

We banished his grim spectre. And how we did it, which is described in the following article, will be good news to a multitude of men who are haunted by the same ghost. . . .

◆◆◆◆



Haunted for years by the memory of his disappearance from the ranks of his regiment. Thousands, like the reader whose case we quote here, are under the same shadow

PARDON for a Deserter

—through the efforts of JOHN BULL

"I AM a *deserter!*"

Unbelievable as it may seem to people who understand to the full the terrible import of that word, there are probably three hundred thousand men or more who, when alone with themselves, are tortured and goaded by that thought.

Many of them have scarcely known the boon of a happy and carefree mind since the Great War ended.

The biggest number of them, perhaps, are men who discovered after enlisting for war service that a friend had joined a totally different unit, and who, keen to share the Great Adventure with him, broke their training to join the friend's regiment under an assumed name.

Then there were the Scots who joined an English regiment in their first anxiety to serve, and then, wanting to be with their ain folk, deserted to start again with the Kilties. Englishmen, Welshmen and Irishmen, too, made somewhat similar mistakes and remedied them in exactly the same way.

Furthermore, there are the men who broke barracks after a few days or weeks of service to join either their county regiments or the Navy, or because they had learnt that they would never like horses and thought they would prefer the infantry, after all, or because the barracks or the barrack-room were uncongenial.

Hermit lives

Dozens of different reasons there have been, some not entirely unconnected with romance, why these men should have left one unit ashore or afloat to bob up in some other branch of His Majesty's Forces under a totally different name.

And always there came, soon after their reappearance in khaki or blue, the realisation that they had been posted as deserters.

Deserters! It is a word that has pursued them ever since.

Some of them have evaded crowds attracted by such spectacles as a Cup Final or the Wembley Exhibition because they have felt that among so many thousands of eyes there would be sure to be a pair that would pick them out.

Many have not dared to join such excellent organisations as the British Legion, believing that their war records would not stand examination.

All too often there have been men who, although desperately anxious to get jobs both for the sake of themselves and their dependants, have been afraid to apply for them in case some sort of approach would be made to the Records Office which would lead that department to discover their whereabouts and so set the wheels of the Law in motion.

Without exception they have been afraid to claim their war medals or any honour due to them in respect of their war service, dreading that instead of decorations would follow the shame and dishonour of proceedings first before a civil and later a military tribunal.

Well, we can reassure them. They can be at peace with their own consciences. More, they can write to the War Office for their medals not only in the knowledge that no action will be taken against them, but that that office will be grateful to them for enabling it to clear up its records.

The War Office will not and indeed cannot treat as a deserter anybody who left his unit if the object in his mind was not to avoid further service to the Crown.

And lest there be any man of that category who still carries in his mind the dread of being arrested as a deserter which has dogged him since the war, we may describe a case in which we have been able to help.

Although the facts are well known to the War Office, for obvious reasons we prefer to call it the case of Mr. X.

Now when the war broke out Mr. X. was a very keen and patriotic Lancashire lad of fifteen who, lying about his age in his determination to serve his country, joined one of the most famous of our infantry regiments.

That was in September, 1914. Not long after his sixteenth birthday he volunteered for service in France, where he served for fourteen months before his mother, on the grounds that he was under age, applied for and secured his drafting to England for home service.

Torpedoed

The military authorities saw fit to transfer him to another famous regiment, which in January, 1917, when he was still under military age, was transferred to Dublin.

Then the mother who had brought him back from France, believing that Ireland was just as dangerous a place for her son at that time as any battlefront, acted again. And again he found himself back in England.

And because of this—not with any intention of avoiding service to the Crown—that lad bolted from his regiment.

In April, 1917, he stole out of barracks for the last time. Two days later, with a different name and identity, and congratulating himself that nobody would know his whereabouts now, he joined the Mercantile Reserve Marine to taste active service afloat.

And there he served his King and Country until after the Armistice, once in a ship that was torpedoed.

That was eighteen years ago. Through all the years that have followed that brave man who has grown from a brave youth has been dogged by apprehensions that should only belong to the sneak, and the coward and the criminal, and certainly not to such as he.

Then, when he was out of work and the chance of material advancement presented itself to him, afraid that his "awful secret" would come out, he decided on a step he should have taken years before.

He wrote to JOHN BULL about it.

That day his troubles ended.

The War Office, we knew, had no wish that men who served their country should be handicapped through misdeeds of a kind which, while serious enough in war time, seem very unimportant to-day.

Restitution

And it gave him the papers that will enable him to face the world a happy, carefree man who is proud of everything he did to serve his country in the Great War—with his medals as well.

More medals, more such papers that will dissolve the groundless fears that have pursued thousands and thousands of such men as he are waiting.

The rightful owners need have no fear that action will be taken against them as deserters, unless they left the Services to avoid all service to the Crown. And even then if circumstances warrant it mercy is shown and trial dispensed with.

Take JOHN BULL's word for it that—if you are one of the men with a spectre we have described—no such charge will he brought. The War Office is all too anxious to give you your due.

Our Birthday—Your Gift

It's our birthday—but *you* get the Birthday Present! JOHN BULL readers have been thrilled by the wonderful novel way in which this great family journal is celebrating the completion of thirty years of its life.

To every reader, old and new, JOHN BULL this week again offers "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries," a real library volume of 768 pages—nearly 300,000 words—containing 50 thrilling stories by 50 great authors and 17 full-page illustrations. Make it yours!

You will find your Reservation Forms and Gift Vouchers on pages 6 and 7.

PURE BEER FOR 1D. PER PINT ALE OR STOUT
REFRESHING & SUSTAINING
SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD
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FROM
VIGGORMALT
(REGD.)
PURE TRIPLE · STRENGTH
EXTRACT OF
RICH MALT & HOPS
Simply add cold water
FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

Get a Shilling tin of Viggormalt to-day from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops., Parkes, or any Store, Chemist or Grocer: or send Stamps or P.O. for one shilling direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., (Dept 7.J.), Davigdor Rd., HOVE, SUSSEX. Postage extra for abroad.

State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

THE TORTURE OF
RHEUMATISM

"I think Urace brand tablets are a wonderful remedy. In my own case, which is one of very long standing, they have certainly given me great relief—I mean to go on taking them."—Nurse ——(Cert.), Taunton, Som. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-

C.C.518D

AS PATRICIA SAID TO PERCY:

BETTER BUY CAPSTAN

they're blended better

THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

Turn to pages 2, 3, & 4.

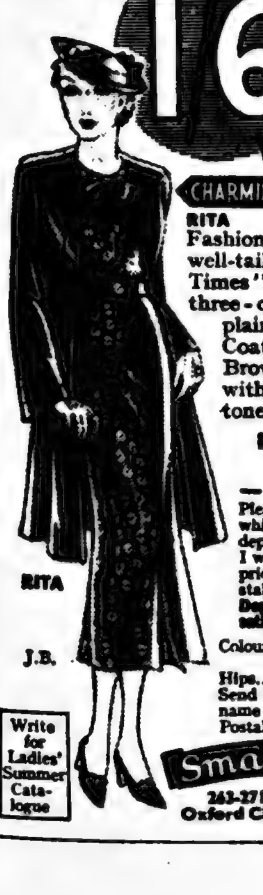
"NOW . . . I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

Most famous of all complexion soaps, Palmolive is becoming more and more popular as a bath soap, too. And no wonder. For its creamy, olive oil lather gives shoulders, back and arms the same exquisite smoothness as a schoolgirl complexion: and a bath with Palmolive gives a wonderful sense of exhilaration and refreshment.

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment: and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself *all over* the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d per tablet

YOURS FOR 1/6 WITH ORDER



CHARMING TWO PIECE

RITA

Fashionable Two-piece, well-tailored in "Modern Times" floral print, three-quarter coat in plain art. marocain. Coat in Black, Navy, Brown, Lido, Green; with floral frock to tone. In S.S.W., S.W., W.

Price 39/6

(Also in W.X.)

Please send "Rita," for which I enclose 2/3 (1/6 deposit and 9d. postage). I will pay the balance of price by fortnightly instalments of 3/-. **Deposit refunded if not satisfied.**

Colour......... Bust.........

Hips......... Length.........

Send this coupon with full name and address and Postal Order to

Write for Ladies' Summer Catalogue

Smartwear

243-271, Regent Street,
Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

THIS WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY No. 9

WHAT IS THE OUTDOOR CHOCOLATE?

It's a fine smooth chocolate with crisp almonds and juicy raisins — Rowntree's Motoring. Remember the name.

YOUR "DUMB" FRIEND

Most people would be surprised to hear that dogs have acquired the faculty of barking from association with men. Whining, howling and growling are natural. Barking is an effort to *speak.*

"DRAWING WET"

Streaks of light radiating from the sun behind a cloud are said to show that the "sun-suckers" are drawing up moisture from the earth to make rain. When you see this "drawing wet" look out for rain.

"Pippin, pippin, paradise,
Tell me where my true love lies;
East, west, north, south,
Kirby, Kendal, Cockermouth."

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THE OUTDOOR CHOCOLATE · 2 ozs. 2d.

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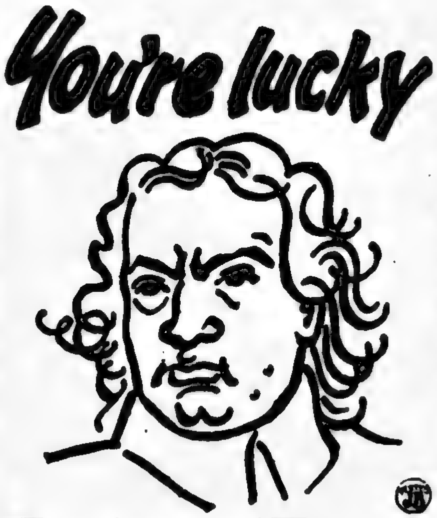

but Cromwell . . . .

although quite proud of his warts, can hardly have been proud of his hair. Indeed, he seems to have treated that round head of his most cavalierly! If only he could have subdued those unruly locks with Field's Solid Brilliantine. What a difference! Use Field's every day and your hair will not only look smarter, it will last longer. You see, Field's is a Great Protector! Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine gives you hair-smartness and hair-*health*. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much—but *why should you?*

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Awful RASH

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Dear Sirs, *15th April, 1936*

I call *Germolene* the most wonderful Ointment ever made. It has cured me of an awful rash which nothing else would touch. The rash was on my chest which was a mass of ugly red patches which burned and itched so terribly that many and many a night I have laid awake, unable to sleep. Then I noticed the rash was spreading to my back and up my neck! I was worried out of my life and tried everything. Then I saw your *Germolene* and decided to try it. The first application brought wonderful relief . . . . soothed my skin and I felt instant benefit. The rash stopped spreading at once. In a week my skin was getting clear and after only two tins of *Germolene* the rash had completely gone. —(Signed) F.S.

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For PILES Use GERMOLOIDS Brand
(1/3 per box.)

SLANDERED by the JEALOUS Mother-in-Law

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

by PHILIP INMAN

"A good talking to" is the direct and simplest solution to the problem of the mother-in-law who has become mischievous out of jealousy of her grandchild

LIFE has no greater happiness than to be trusted by those we love. But how deeply it hurts when we are maligned by those we think love us.

"My mother-in-law and I have always been the greatest of friends, and I am very much attached to her," says a correspondent. "I have discovered, however, that she is spreading untrue stories about me." My correspondent goes on:—

Our little girl, who is now three, is her only grandchild, and she naturally idolises her. My husband is away on business for long periods at a time, and I was always glad for my mother-in-law to come and keep me company.

Then some neighbours told me that she had been saying I was very unkind to our baby; that I neglected her, did not give her regular meals, and so on. To make things worse, she repeated this to my husband when he came home recently, but as he is a very sensible fellow, he took no notice of it. You have only to see our little girl to realise how untrue these things are, for she is the picture of health and happiness.

My mother-in-law has been exceedingly good to me in every way, and I can only put her unkindness down to jealousy. I have been wondering whether I ought to tell her what I have heard, but her health has not been good lately, and I would not like to upset her. The trouble is that I feel rather strained when I know she is coming to see us, whereas her visits used to be such a pleasure.

There is no doubt that this mother-in-law has been spreading these statements. There is the evidence not only of those neighbours but of my correspondent's husband. What motive there is in her doing so only she herself knows. It may be due to jealousy, though, if it is, there seems no reasonable cause for it. She has been welcomed in the home and has never been denied the companionship of her little granddaughter.

The trouble is that if the matter is not cleared up there will always be a feeling of resentment on the part of my correspondent. Those visits, as she says, will be dreaded rather than anticipated.

I think that the husband is the one to tackle the problem. He could speak to his mother quite naturally, for she has talked to him about it. He can point out, in a kindly way, how unjust it is to make these untrue accusations. He need not even mention to her that his wife is aware of them.

That husband's intervention should lead to the cessation of these stories. I hope it will also result in a renewal of the happy relationship that has always existed amongst them all.

In my next problem it is the husband's father who has caused the trouble. The wife tells me:

ALTHOUGH I am only twenty-five, I have been married eight years and we have two children. All this time we have lived with my father-in-law in his own house, and although he occupies the two best rooms, I pay him fifteen shillings a week rent out of the £2 5s. housekeeping money. He is still working, and yet my husband thinks I should also give him his food out of the remaining thirty shillings, and I have done so, often having to go without myself. I also clean for him and do his washing.

I have put up with these things, but now I hear he is telling tales to my husband, and it is making our home life very unpleasant. I have reached such a pitch that it is making me ill, and I feel if we don't move to another house I shall run away from it all. I have told my husband this, but he says he will not leave his father because when he dies the property will become his. Will you please give me your advice as to the best step to take?

There is no doubt about this girl having a grievance. Apart from everything else there is the difficulty of maintaining five people on thirty shillings a week. It is not surprising that she often has to go without food herself. That father-in-law should be ashamed of sponging upon her. If she feeds, cleans and washes for him she certainly ought not to be expected to pay him rent, especially as he occupies the two best rooms and is in regular work.

My correspondent's husband is just as much to blame, in allowing her to be subjected to such treatment. It sounds to me a case of "like father, like son."

In spite of these hardships, however, I do not advise this girl to carry out her threat and leave her home. That would probably mean falling out of the frying pan into the fire.

The clue to the problem seems to lie in this sentence: "I have reached such a pitch that it is making me ill." In view of this fact, I presume she is under the care of a doctor. If not, it would be a good plan for her to consult one.

It would be his duty to discover the causes which have led to her illness and to do his best to have them removed. That might mean his having a frank talk with her husband. It is only right that someone should see him—and who better than a doctor? No one can accuse him of unwarranted interference.

"My concern is my patient," he can say. "You have got to assist me in making her well again. And that assistance means better home conditions."

I believe my correspondent, by taking this step, will find the solution to her problem.

There is something rather pathetic about my next problem. A young man is the central figure in it, and he is loved by his mother and his girl. And yet these two women are at daggers drawn. What a pity! It is the girl who writes:—

I am twenty-seven and have been courting a young man for five years. He lives with his mother and has a business of his own, but recently trade was so bad that he went bankrupt. His mother came to the rescue—gave him all her savings and finally put him on his feet. Now the business is just beginning to make headway again, though it will be some time before he can repay his mother her money.

I HAVE just lost my job, and I have had the offer of a similar one, but it is a hundred miles from here. My young man and I do not like the idea of my going so far away, and we would like to get married, but his mother absolutely forbids it. She will not, on any condition, see me, and during all our courtship I have not once been invited to her house.

She has heard that before I started going out with her son I kept very late hours, and although this *is* true, I altered completely afterwards and would do my very utmost to convince her that I only want to be a loyal and steady wife. She threatens to draw her money from the business should we get married, and that would make it impossible for it to be carried on.

My fiancé suggests that he should try and get a job elsewhere. But in view of the progress he is now making that seems a pity, and I feel sure that if only I could see his mother and talk to her for a while, I could convince her that I only want to make her son happy. Will you please tell us what you think we ought to do?

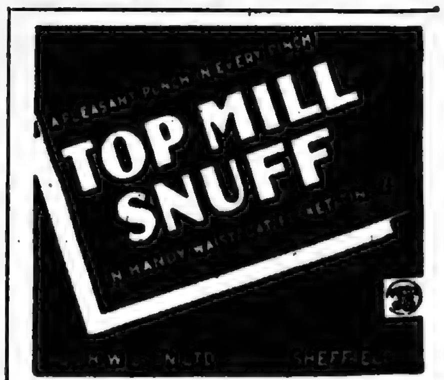
I think this mother is acting most unreasonably. Apparently the only complaint she has against the girl is that she used to keep late hours. But that was a long time ago. She has been keeping company with this young man for five years. And she changed her habits as soon as she came to know him.

I am sure, however, that there must be a great deal of good in this mother.

WHY does not my correspondent write and tell her just what she has told me? She could ask for the opportunity to have a friendly talk together. Her sincerity would assuredly carry conviction.

If that is not feasible, is it not possible for this girl, with her young man, to talk things over with someone who may know the mother? "A friend at court" could probably smooth away the difficulties.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.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(Signed) NORMAN LONG.

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Mrs. Cookson, 6 Acacia Terrace, Ashington, writes:—"I had a severe breakdown in health and could not move hand or foot and vomited for five weeks. I was sent to the Infirmary, and after a week on nothing but Glucose water, the vomiting ceased, but I was terribly weak, and lost two stones. A friend advised me to try Vitadatio, and by persevering with it, I can do my own work again, and have gained 16 lbs. People tell me I am a miracle."

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HOW I ENDED CRUEL CORNS
after years of foot torture

When I recall the excruciating pain I endured with aching corns and sore, painful feet I am thankful beyond words for the foot comfort that is now mine. I could scarcely walk and I hobbled along in agony. This merciless torture led me to try everything I could think of. By bitter experience I learnt that cutting the top off a corn does not get to the root cause—I dreaded blood-poisoning too! Caustic liquids were useless and often burnt the surrounding skin, adding to my plight. Then a chemist friend explained how the business end of a corn is the root—how it pressed on the nerves and how the best and quickest way of getting relief was provided by triple-oxygenated 'Reudel' Salts. He explained how the oxygen released by 'Reudel' carries special corn-loosening salts down to the very roots so that corns stop aching and come right out in your fingers. My experience proved that he was right! You must get this amazing relief from corns and foot-pains; ask your chemist to-day for 'Reudel' Bath Salts (pronounced Roo del) they cost only 1/6 for a large 10 oz. YELLOW packet.

Do not confuse 'Reudel' Salts with bath preparations which do not and cannot have the same curative action and which contain no oxygen. Ask plainly for 'Reudel' (say Roodel) and see you get the YELLOW package with the words "TRIPLE-OXYGENATED" printed across the front. Remember—it's the yellow pack gives corns the sack, and your money will be refunded if you are not absolutely satisfied.

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Why we say . . NO CONSCRIPTION

by
Letter
Parliament
Readers

I AM a youth of twenty-one in regular employment and, being of a working-class family my wage is a considerable asset to my mother.

Introduce conscription, and what happens? I am immediately asked to sacrifice my job and accept a meagre allowance. This means that my mother has to scheme harder than ever before, and for what? So that a few distinguished people may feel safer in their stately homes.

No, sir! I don't want conscription.—*E. S., Manchester.*

Contrary

Convinced that by so doing he was helping to secure a lasting peace, my husband went to the Great War and lost his life.

I have endeavoured to bring up our children in a manner he would have desired. Educated at a secluded monastery with a view to taking Holy Orders, my two sons have been taught to emulate, as far as is humanly possible, the great Disciple of Peace whom they later hope to serve.

To compel them now to undergo training for the destruction of fellow-beings would be contrary both to their religion and their dead father's wishes.—*"St. Monica," Devon.*

War Inevitable

Conscription is the greatest evil that could possibly befall this country. Its cost would mean the shelving of every scheme for the betterment of social conditions, probably for ever.

Slum clearances would cease, and roads would remain death-traps; children would continue to leave school at fourteen and millions of young men would become little better than slaves.

Britain would cease to be an inspiration to those countries which passionately desire peace. Her influence, tremendous at the moment, would vanish, and the world war which will end civilisation would become inevitable.—*E. P., Dudley.*

An Insult

Talk of conscription is an insult to the British Army. It means that conditions for Tommy Atkins are not good enough to lure sufficient volunteers into the ranks.

Secretly, the dictator-ridden nations envy those countries which can rely upon enough volunteers; what will they think of Britain if she institutes compulsory service?

Let us keep our pride and forbid conscription, but prepare for the future by making the Army a body any man will be proud to join.—*R. A., Yorkshire.*

Lead Him

Conscription violates that freedom of action which every man cherishes; it forces him to do something irrespective of his principles. His actions will be governed by bitter resentment, and he will not give of his best; his attitude will be aggressive.

Far better to appeal to his sense of duty and encourage his co-operation. Flatter his manhood, and he will respond accordingly.

Conscription implies that he lacks both this sense of duty and manhood. To get the best out of him he must be led; he cannot be successfully driven.—*W. A. S., Chesterfield.*

Not Easy

Every man has a duty to himself as well as to his country. A period of compulsory service, cutting into the carefully planned career of a young man, may break that career for ever.

Many have known how difficult it is to take up the reins again after a period—however short—of unemployment or illness; it is not easy to return to and continue work that has been interrupted. In some professions involving deep study, any lengthy interruption is fatal.

That is why I am against conscription; it unjustly interferes with a personal career.—*J. W., Cardiff.*

The Cry

A youth of nineteen, perhaps I haven't yet reached the "age of discretion." I do know, however, like thousands of other young fellows, that I want to try to live my life according to my ideals and ambitions. These do *not* include conscription.

Although willing to fight in defence of my country if attacked, under conscription I should be liable to be called upon to fight at any time, perhaps merely to satisfy the silly whims of a handful of politicians.

I want to *live* for my country, not die for it, and therefore my cry is, "No conscription!"—*H. R., Langby.*

Beginning of the End

Conscription would be the beginning of the end of our greatness. When a Briton takes up arms voluntarily, his whole heart and soul are in the business. He fights hard, laughs at suffering, welcomes danger—all because his precious freedom is threatened.

Take away that freedom by making him a conscript and you take away his chief reason for fighting; he becomes a "mercenary," dissatisfied, fighting from fear of what his country might do to him, not of what a foe might do to his country.—*H. B., Purley.*

A Great Blow

I say "No." because industry would suffer. Between the ages of eighteen and twenty, young fellows are just completing their apprenticeships and are ready to take over their first responsible positions in the workshops of the country.

It is at this impressionable age, when their brains are still plastic and capable of great retentive power, that they obtain the practicable experience which moulds them into expert craftsmen.

Under conscription, such youths would be called away just at the time when it is most essential that they should be developing their skill, with the result that industry would suffer a great blow.—*Employer, Somerset.*

Overbearing, Truculent

I contend that the greatest danger to the peace of this world is the immense armies maintained by the Great Powers of Europe—Italy, France, Germany and Russia.

When the leaders of these nations have the backing of such great forces they are apt to become overbearing and, at times, truculent.

That is why I am dead against conscription for this country. It would add to the danger of another world war—the flower of our youth would fall to the icy blasts of Armageddon.—*I. G., Kent.*

Surrender

My chief objection to conscription lies in the fact that the passing of this law would in itself constitute a surrender to the pessimistic philosophy that the affairs of nations must always be settled by the mutilation, mud, and misery of war.

I can see no reason why Britain should join others in the mad rearmament race. Our duty should be to give a strong lead to the world for peace.—*Sanity, Queen's Park.*

Unsuitable

Advocates of compulsory training overlook the vital fact that many individuals, owing to their physical make-up, are unsuitable for military service.

You cannot make a man a good soldier by dressing him in khaki and giving him a rifle, and in this respect conscription attempts the impossible.

Far better provide real inducements, which would attract the right type of recruit, than force into the Service unwilling conscripts who are liable to break up under the strain of active service, and thus imperil the lives of their comrades.—*Ensign, S.W.20.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 16.

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Ascot Naps

IN the four days' racing at Royal Ascot this month owners of winning horses will receive approximately £65,000.

Best prizes are the Gold Cup and Coronation Stakes, which are in the neighbourhood of £5,000; and the Queen Mary Stakes, St. James' Stakes and Hardwicke Stakes, each worth over £3,000.

The three big gambles are the events which make most appeal to speculators—the Ascot Stakes, Hunt Cup and the Wokingham Stakes.

For the Stakes, I suggest Nightcap III, who has not run since finishing second to Near Relation in the Cesarewitch. If this one is absent, Guiscard.

Hairan may make his class tell in the Hunt Cup, and King's Gap is recommended for the "Wokingham."

Note Livery and Polariscope at Gatwick for the Saturday double.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, June 11, to Wednesday, June 17.

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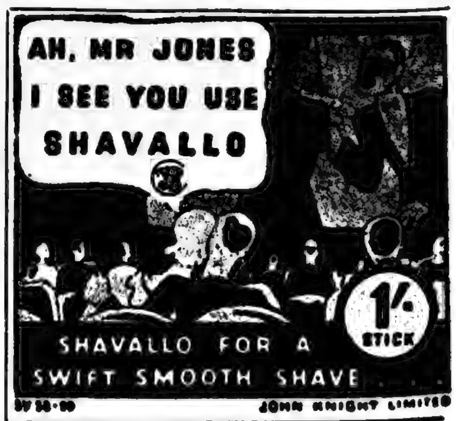
In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.



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HERE ARE A FEW TESTIMONIALS TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM THOUSANDS

J. E. PEACH: Have increased all round with 6 lb. increase in weight.

G. Brown, Rotherham: I have gained 8 in. extra.

E. Carrington: I wish to say that your course is doing me more good than all others I have tried. My weight has jumped up by 6 lb. and I am better than I have ever experienced.

J. Sheakle, Keighley: It is really marvellous. My weight has increased 10 lb. and my measurements are increasing all round.

J. Farrely, Margate: Increases 8 lb. in weight and 12 in. in muscular development.

J. T. Garrick: Increases 10 in. and 8 lb. in weight.

L. D. O. Lee Gledhill, Halifax: Increases 12 lb. in weight.

S. Oliver, Lincoln: Gains 1½ in. chest, 1 in. on each bicep, and 100 per cent. improvement.

R. G. Steadman, Anfield: Gained 1 st. 6 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. bicep, 2 in. thigh, and 3 in. calves.

L. Ross, Nottingham: Gained 2 st., 3 in. each bicep, 5 in. chest, 1½ in. neck, 2 in. forearm.

E. Harvey, Birmingham: Increases in 21 days, 11 lb., biceps 1½ in., etc., etc.

W. H. Spencer, Chesterfield: Gained 4 lb. in weight, 2½ in. chest, 1 in. each bicep.

R. McNeff, North Kensington: I have not only gained huge measurements, but robust heath. Gained 7 lb., in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. neck, 2 in. each bicep, 1½ in forearm.

L. D. Smith, Plaistow: I have spent over £20 and tried most courses, but I have got ten times the results with you for 30s.

C. W. Turner, Consett: In the past month I have put on another 1 in. on biceps and chest, 1½ in. on forearms. What the results will be like after six months of this course I can only guess.

F. A. Stratman, London: I am getting excellent results. Have developed 1 st. in weight.

L. C. O. Weir, Bedford: I have gained 15 lb. in weight. My club mates tell me that I have put on more in three months with you than they in three years with other courses.

R. Penn: Increases 1 st. and ½ lb. and other measurements.

F. A. James, Parkstone: Gained 7 lb. in weight, chest, neck and forearm and wrist increases 7 in.

Gordon G. Long, Sittingbourne: Increases in three weeks, 11 lb. in weight, chest 3 in., biceps 1½ in., forearm 1½ in.

THE advertisements I have published recently have staggered the P.C. World. Time after time I have obtained results on the International Course which have never before been expected from a Course either in facts or figures.

Facts and figures, even in tabulated form, can be very boring, but in the undermentioned cases they are definitely startling; they must pull you up short and compel you to glance at them again with interest. The following, for example, tells a dramatic and sensational story. . . .

FACTS AND FIGURES

I first proved the International Course on myself and added 3 st. to my own body-weight, which had stood still for 20 years and 30 in. in development in one year.

I again proved the Course on my son Eric, who, at 17, is stronger than most men and winner of 15 medals.

My pupil, N. Bourne, defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years . . . and receives the Broom Silver Cup. I showed four cases where the International Course had saved life—not my words, but thankful fathers, doctors and Press reports, etc. . . . not luck, but results.

I gave figures in the shape of Accountants' certificates and a batch of 27,844 testimonials have been certified by the Editor of "H. & S." and Accountants. I have been compelled to set up a room specially for the filing of testimonials.

This course also has the praise of its competitors. Mr. Ed. Aston gave me a wonderful testimonial, which I have published.

85 per cent. of the pupils report satisfied after the first lesson alone, and the Course is the only one in the world WITH A REAL GUARANTEE (WRITTEN). Also my After-Sales Free Service is the LAST WORD in making the failure of the Course impossible.

READ WHAT THESE JOURNALS SAY:

The Editor of "Health and Strength" says: "Such proof of a Physical Culture Course has never before been seen at these Offices, and we take the opportunity of publicly stating this fact. Some of the letters are really amazing—one pupil reports a gain of 40 in., etc. Congratulations, Mr. Broom."

Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says: "That is surely the greatest work of to-day—the regeneration of youth—and Mr. Broom is to be congratulated on the amazing results he has secured for physical culture in general and his International Course in particular."

Editor of "Superman" says: "Every day large numbers of testimonials are being received at Broom Hall. Mr. Broom is at a loss to know how to inform readers of the wonderful results he is achieving."

Editor of "Boxing" says: "That Mr. Broom's claims are by no means exaggerated is proved to the hilt by the fact that he has 5,697 testimonials, every one of which is vouched for by a Chartered Accountants' Certificate. There can be no better guarantee of the genuineness of the Course than this."

FREE TO EVERY READER!

I have published an instructional book entitled "The International Way." This book is remarkable because it covers so much ground. It shows how 27,000 pupils have been able to increase beyond their wildest dreams; how Norman Bourne defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years. It tells how over 700 doctors and 27 police forces have used physical culture to their own benefit; how physical culture has saved eight lives.

It gives for the first time the remarkable career of the author from obscurity to World-Wide Fame, and as you go through the pages you will be thrilled with the results of physical culture in a modern sense.

What others have got does not benefit you, but you are clearly shown how you can get exactly the same results and the same benefits; nothing is hidden.

Also, the full 32 pages from cover to cover are packed with photographic studies such as the Physical Culture World has never before seen; new poses of novices turned into stars; new and unpublished photographs of myself, Eric Broom's wonderful physique, and so on until you get to the last page you are full of new inspirations, new ambitions, and, above all, they are realisable.

The book is *free*, but costs me a lot of money, and when this first Edition is exhausted you may be disappointed. So write for your FREE copy TO-DAY.

In spite of all the above I have not yet started to give readers proof

See this marvellous Result of Training on the

INTERNATIONAL COURSE

H. BROOM

BROOM HALL, HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL

The World's Premier P.C. Expert by Results

THE BROOM INTERNATIONAL COURSE consists of six monthly lessons. New apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser. . . . All-steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit. . . .

The Course really does give bulk in development. . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to Chest, 3 inches to Biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test. . . . It's the greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting. . . . This course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee. . . . The fee of 30s. for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1s. per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course, and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE. SPECIAL OFFER, 30/- or 1/- Weekly.

85% of all pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

Write for "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." *It's the Turning Point in Your Career.*

To H. BROOM, Holderness Road, Hull.

Please send me a copy of your book, "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY," and full particulars of your SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE, without obligation.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Please write in Block Letters. J.B.

Bradley's

A Charming Two-Piece In Art Marocain

Offered

On Approval

for

2/-

Deposit.

L.C. 74. Just the thing for bright sunny days and sundry formal occasions, this useful ensemble in plain and printed Art Marocain. Printed puff sleeves to dress, trimmed pleating in plain shade, which is also used to edge jabot on front of bodice. Narrow tie makes a nice finish to neck. Four gored straight skirt with belt all round. Three-quarter length Coat is trimmed hemstitching down front and on sleeves and is suitable to wear over any light frock.

Send now and judge value at home. Deposit is only 2/-, with instalments of 3/6 monthly.

(See Coupon.)

SIZES: SW. 44, 46; W. 46, 48, 50; and WX. 49 inches. (WX. 2/- extra.)

COLOURS: Light Navy, Chestnut Brown, Black.

Full Price 19/11

L. C. 74 BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, Two-Piece L.C. 74, at present Bargain Price of 19/11.

Size and Length..

Colour ....

I enclose 2/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 3/6. If not satisfied, and I return the Two-Piece unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit. ENCLOSE COUPON WITH FULL NAME (MRS. OR MISS) AND ADDRESS AND POSTAL ORDER CROSSED THUS / / IN INK.

Overseas full cash only.

John Bull, 13/6/36. No. 809.

Post your Order to—

AMBROSE WILSON, LTD.,
809, Ambron House,
60, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

Specially good—
so ask specially for
A.G papers

A.G. papers make such a marvellous improvement to your smokes that they're worth insisting on. You get cooler, finer-flavoured smokes because A.G. are *better* quality pure papers. No harshness from chemicals, no paper taste, but simply the best smokes you ever had. And you'll like the *new* Automatic packet, it's automatic to the last sheet. Ask for A.G.—they cost no more, but they're worth more.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS
Now packed in 2 styles

THE NEW
AUTOMATIC PACK
COSTS NO MORE

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

SALESMAN (Leicester).—"A dud car will reveal itself in the long run." A short run is enough.

PILOT (Hendon).—"I enjoy flying at dawn so that I can watch the day break." You like to be up with the lark?

F. T. (Lincoln).—"I've heard of ghosts opening locked doors." With skeleton keys?

TENNIS FAN (London).—"Every year at Wimbledon some seeded players get knocked out." They don't come up to expectations.

APPRENTICE (Epsom).—"An unestablished jockey needs influence." And even an established one needs a leg-up sometimes.

R. B. (Edinburgh).—"A dispute held up my wedding for two weeks." The usual way is to have the wedding first and the dispute after.

M. R. (Tottenham).—"As an instance of what a tenant can do to improve his conditions, I mentioned my own backyard." A concrete example, so to speak.

CRICKETER (Maidstone).—"Kent is famous for its bowlers." And Yorkshire for its batters?

N. M. (Taunton).—"I want a fitting career for my son." Then why not have him trained as a tailor?

E. S. (Edinburgh).—"Where will these attempts to climb Everest end, I wonder?" At the summit, probably.

E. L. (Taplow).—"I am trying to teach myself to punt. If I fall into the river, how do I get back into the boat?" Wet.

T. B. (Bolton).—"Once, when I was stage effects man in a theatre, the whole of my equipment was lifted." Someone stole your thunder.

ANGRY FATHER (E.C.).—"I found out that my son, aged ten, backed three winners recently." And he didn't give his poor old dad the tip!

WORKER (Newcastle).—"If only the average man were granted that extra five minutes in bed, what more could he want?" Another five minutes.

E. P. (Derby).—"While my fiancée was watching me on the skating rink, I fell with my legs in the air, so you can imagine how I felt." Upset.

P. I. (Rothwell).—"What is the best thing the chemist can give me to help grow a nice strong beard?" A packet of dud razor-blades.

MOTORIST (Epping).—"I couldn't find a policeman late the other night when I specially wanted one." If it was after 11 you should have hooted faintly.

D. B. (Henley).—"Whenever I descend in a lift, I experience a most acute feeling of depression." You find it gets you down?

T. O. (Brentwood).—"It is noticeable that those people who take cold baths every morning do not suffer from colds." No, but they suffer from cold baths!

G. L. (Henley).—"Some burglars who broke into my warehouse were making off with a consignment of drums, when they were interrupted by the police." So they beat a hurried retreat.

TEACHER (Nottingham).—"If a boy in my class misbehaves I place a pencil-mark against his name. As this is considered by the rest to be a big disgrace, I think it much better than caning him." You tick him off, instead?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

REYNOLDS NEWS:—"Both have passed their SEVEN-SCORE years and ten."

RIPLEY AND HEANOR NEWS:—"The bride received an oak CLOAK from fellow-workers. . . ."

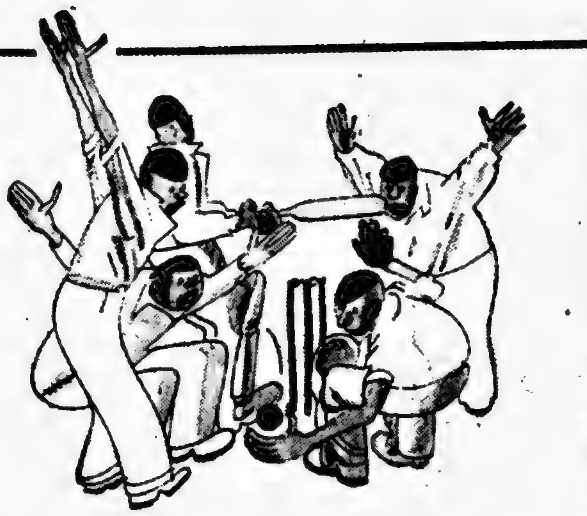
NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"Head-dresses of green leaves with yellow rosebuds were also worn by the bridesmaids, who had sheaves of yellow RACES."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"One feature of baby culture which the Zoo is sometimes called upon to face is the necessity of finding a FASTER parent."

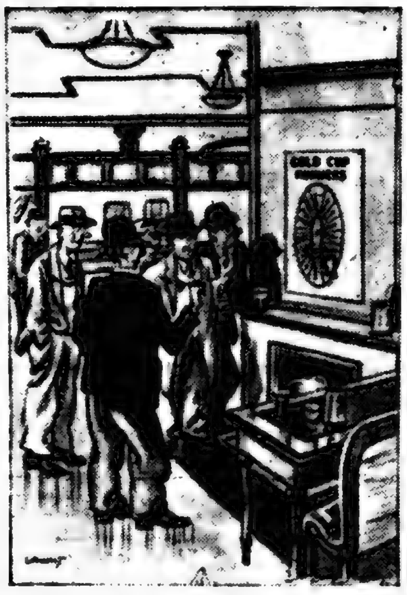
THE LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"——— is SWERVING with the Italian Army.

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"It is a week since the buoy, COMICAL in shape, came into their hands."

THE OBSERVER:—" . . . he opened his parachute and dropped gently on to the middle of the AEROPLANE."



Philosopher (Oxford).—"Noise is out of place on the cricket field." Unless, of course, the batsman snicks a very fast one and the whole of the fielding side appeals for a catch.



How Joe Blobbs became famous as a tipster.
(From "The Passing Show")

B. S. (Rotherhithe).—"I am absolutely immersed in my job." Diver?

AUCTIONEER (Birmingham).—"I often dream of my work." Into the land of nod?

MATHEMATICIAN (Brockenhurst).—"That error left a deep scar on my reputation." Disfigured?

MRS. S. (Longniddry).—"My husband always does the straight thing." It must be his bent.

NOVELIST (Chelsea).—"Before marriage the average young man gives his *fiancée* bushels of kisses." Afterwards, pecks.

B. L. (Burnley).—"My chemist is a very unemotional sort of person." No doubt he keeps his enthusiasm bottled up in the shop.

D. R. (Swindon).—"I am a signalman, and, therefore, it is necessary for me to exercise great care." You have to watch points.

AIRMAN (Kenton).—"I was severely stung by a wasp while flying the other day and landed very badly." You came to earth with a bump.

HUBBY (Ipswich).—"I really can't discover what has made my wife so attentive to me of late." It is probably in the centre of the window, marked at four or five guineas.

HUSBAND (Manchester).—"I tried my hand at cooking a rabbit, but left it so long that it turned out to be little better than thick gravy." You made a hash of it, eh?

AMATEUR SLEUTH (Glasgow).—"Suppose you saw a man lying unconscious in his porch, with a slip of paper in his hand and a cardboard box by his side, what would you deduce?" That his wife's new summer hat had arrived.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

F. M. (London).—"A big store is now delivering goods by air." Plane vans?

S. P. (Blackheath).—"Doctors are good linguists." They are familiar with many tongues.

MISS JANE (Derby).—"What do most men do when they get off the chain?" Go on the links.

SAMMY (Laleham).—"The boxer and his sparring partner were the best of pals." Then they hit it off well?

N. M. (Liverpool).—"We parted because my employer told me to jump to it, and I jump to it for no man." So you had to hop it.

B. K. (Reading).—"Only one girl in twenty drinks cocktails." And that's the one we generally pick on to take out to dinner.

R. G. (Worksop).—"People are beginning to realise the amount of indigestion caused by eating new bread." That's stale.

N. C. B. (St. Albans).—"The police were surprised to find that the burglar had had a bath before leaving the house." He wanted a clean get-away, evidently.

G. H. (Parkstone).—"Beyond the fact that the amateur actors didn't speak out quite enough, there was only one thing that spoiled the show." Hard seats?

T. S. M. (London, E.).—"There always seems to be a big crowd around the fish shop looking for bargains." In the hope of catching something or other?

VISITOR (Bournemouth).—"My doctor ordered me here for my health and a thorough rest, but I find it very expensive." So you are not getting the change you hoped for?

J. M. C. (Hampstead).—"Packing and unpacking spoils half the pleasure of holidays for me." What about unpacking a *Bullets* Holiday Suit-case and packing £500 into your bank account? See offer of 50 big 2-in-1 Holiday Prizes on page 47.

BEEKEEPER (Wigmore).—"I have tried a hive of the new stingless bees, but for my part the old English variety are to be preferred for various reasons." They have many points to recommend them.

PROGRESS (Chiswick).—"When the wireless aerial first came out it took many a man's breath away." Especially when he had to climb on to the roof to erect it.

D. W. (Cambridge).—"An instrument has been invented that measures to the 6,000th of an inch." Every motorist should carry one and enjoy the thrill of parking his car *exactly* where the car park attendant wants it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

HAY FEVER
CATARRH HEAD COLDS

Relief in 30 seconds. Nostroline nasal remedy stops Hay Fever, Catarrh, Head Colds, Summer Stuffiness. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Stops nasal discharge, irritation, soreness. Relieves your stuffed-up nostrils, sore throat, watering eyes and headache. 1/3 all Chemists.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.56. Clifton, Bristol

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. [illegible]

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

6/- NOW [illegible]

Cases From My Notebook

HER HEADACHES were due to her TRIGEMINAL NERVE

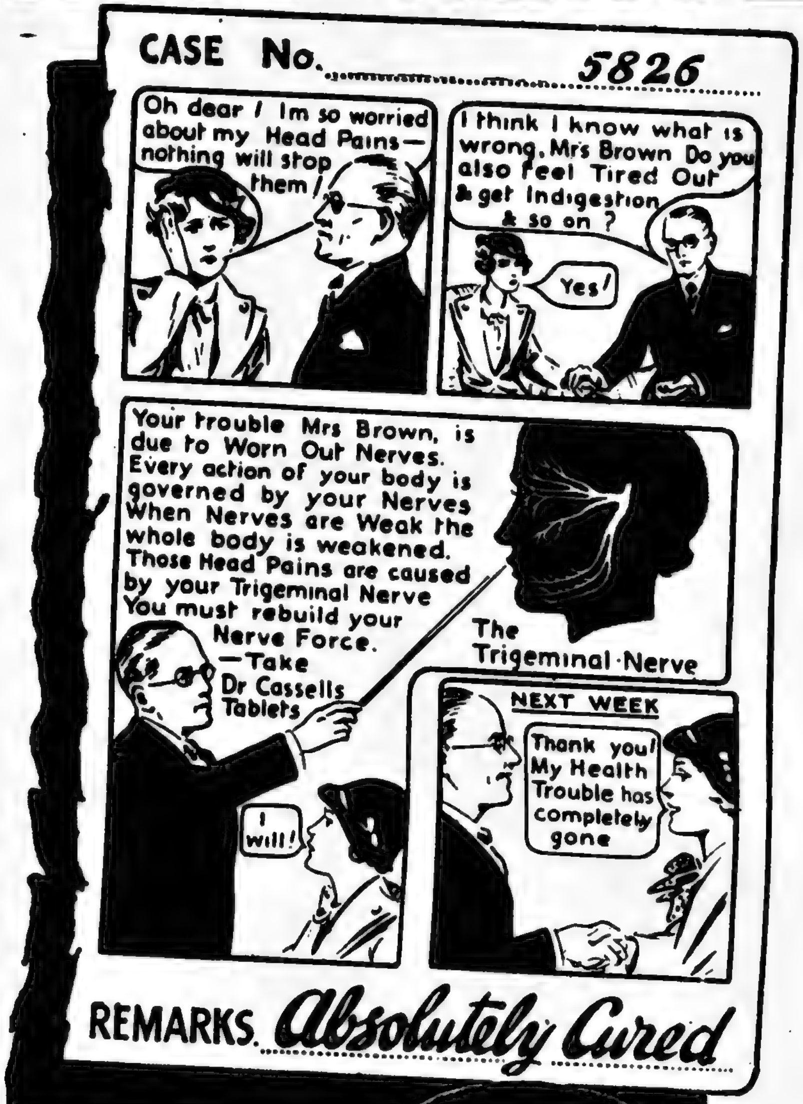
Don't FIGHT WEAK NERVES FEED them!

Do YOU wonder WHY you keep getting headaches and other pains . . . why nothing seems to do you any good . . . why you are condemned to go on suffering day by day Then read the case of Mrs. Brown and learn how she found New Health and Strength!

IF YOU struggle on continually drooping beneath a multitude of health troubles . . . going to bed worn out at night . . . facing each new day with dread . . . racked by pain . . . unable to enjoy your meals . . . then you, too, need the Wonderful Remedy that is restoring New Health to thousands upon thousands of ailing men and women.

You, too, should start at once to take that remarkable medicine which all the World knows as Dr. Cassells Tablets!

For those pains that you experience, those spasms of agony, that tiredness, that upset of your whole constitution are the cry of a worn-out Nervous System in urgent need of New Strength and Vigour! *You must stop treating Symptoms and get at the CAUSE!*


CASE No. 5826
Oh dear! Im so worried about my Head Pains—nothing will stop them!
I think I know what is wrong. Mrs Brown Do you also feel Tired Out & get Indigestion & so on?
Yes!
Your trouble Mrs Brown, is due to Worn Out Nerves. Every action of your body is governed by your Nerves When Nerves are Weak the whole body is weakened. Those Head Pains are caused by your Trigeminal Nerve You must rebuild your Nerve Force. —Take Dr Cassells Tablets
The Trigeminal·Nerve
I will!
NEXT WEEK
Thank you! My Health Trouble has completely gone
REMARKS. Absolutely Cured

YOUR STARVED NERVES NEED DR. CASSELLS TREATMENT

Every sufferer from Debilitated and Impoverished Nerves will find in Dr. Cassells Tablets a wonderful scientific combination of proved value. Medical Research has fully endorsed its marvellous restorative powers. Each ingredient has been selected for a definite purpose and each plays its part in bringing back the weakened nerves to complete and lasting health. There is only one scientific way of overcoming nervous trouble and that is to supply the elements which are lacking by taking Dr. Cassells Tablets. Go to your chemist and buy a bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets for the Nerves. Take two tablets overnight and see how much better you feel in the morning. Dr. Cassells Tablets quickly banish :—

HEADACHES
BACKACHE
IRRITABILITY
NEURALGIA
INDIGESTION
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
NEURITIS
SCIATICA
DEPRESSION
PALPITATION
HYSTERIA

Dr. Cassells Tablets are the complete treatment . . . they strengthen the nerves whilst they rejuvenate the whole body. Do not suffer longer, begin to take Dr. Cassells Tablets TO-DAY!

Fair-Play OFFER!

To make a trial, get a 1/3 box from your Chemist. Save the Carton. If not entirely satisfied, send it to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your money will be returned in full at once.

PRICES:
6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

JOHN BULL CELEBRATES 30th BIRTHDAY

£30 MONTHLY FOR LIFE
and £1000 Cash
...OR GIANT LUMP SUM OF 3,000 GUINEAS
WIN THIS YEAR'S RECORD FIRST PRIZE

WHO WANTS WEALTH AND INDEPENDENCE FOR LIFE?

CAN you imagine the thrill of seeing your name on a JOHN BULL cheque for £1,000? Can you visualise the wonderful holiday plans you could make this year with that huge lump sum at your immediate disposal? Can you realise the glorious feeling of independence and the comforting knowledge of future security which a magnificent Pension of £30 monthly for life would bring to you and yours?

All these joys can be yours for finding apt answers to the interesting Clues on this page. Yes, beat all your rivals in JOHN BULL'S colossal 30th Birthday Celebration Crossword Contest and your double reward will be £1,000 cash and £30 Monthly for Life, or, if you prefer, one huge payment of 3,000 Guineas.

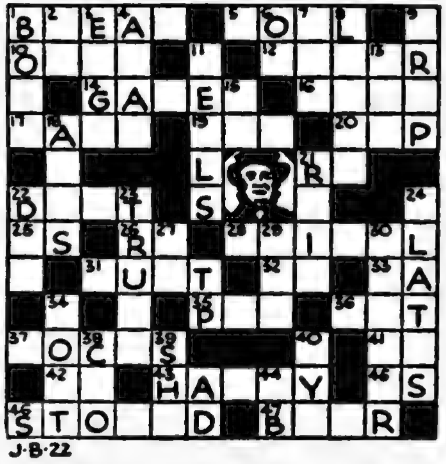
None of the 24 competitors already drawing Crossword Life Pensions from JOHN BULL did any more than you can do in the next half-hour with the fascinating problem our Compiler has prepared for this thrilling Birthday Contest. As many as 77 entrants have won a huge JOHN BULL Crossword First Prize outright—now you can be the next!

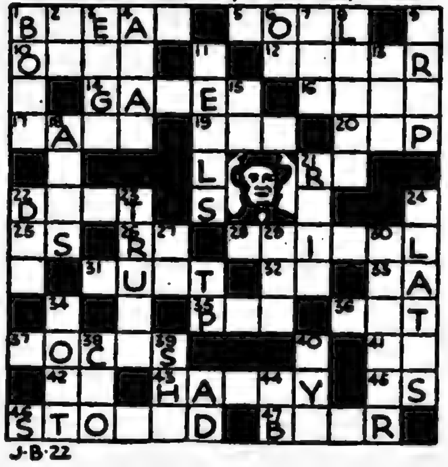
With a big increase in Holiday Cash for Runners-up and special Birthday Bonuses value £2 for every winner of £2 or over, here is a mighty opportunity you *must* grasp, even if you have never worked out a JOHN BULL Crossword before. But if you want a place in this sensational 30th Birthday prize-list, make sure that your squares reach JOHN BULL by Friday, June 26.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

For this Special Contest only you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Other coupons will appear in next week's JOHN BULL. For further squares send penny post-card to JOHN BULL'S Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 22—CLOSING FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1936


J·B·22


J·B·22

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final and in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..............No...............

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

....

CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

YOUR FREE-ENTRY COUPON

AND TWO FURTHER SIXPENNY ENTRY COUPONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the twenty-second of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit., Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, July 9, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as directed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Kind that's faultlessly made wins the prizes
5. Defying the law shows a man is this
10. Drunken revel
12. Soup can be this of thick
14. Science may yet show how to defy all these
16. Slang for Spaniard or Portuguese
17. Frame round window
19. Cover of a tin
20. Vigour that starts peppering
21. Found in horses and cars
22. Often results in a hole
25. Centre of rose
26. Is trunks and begins running
28. This is nonsense [tragic
31. Its presence on workmen's tools is
32. Ant without a tail
33. Distinguished artist in trance
35. Dangerous one needs constant supervision
36. "Welcome" is often written all over this
37. Dry ones are often needed after storms
41. South East
42. Half Soho in prison
43. For successful camping holiday you need to be this
45. How cities and empires end
46. Coal is, on ships
47. There's danger for victim of its grip

DOWN

1. Typist's thoughts should not be centred on
2. Middle of mirror
3. They can be scrambled or poached
4. Indian nurse
6. Beginning of October
7. Antique that's not quite sold
8. Bounds
9. Good one keeps roof over some people's heads
11. Sounding these is a safety precaution
13. How long you've lived
15. Bit of crisis in Russia
18. Are given considerable publicity
21. Adds to misery of earthquake victims
22. Good one is willing to learn
23. Very big one causes railway difficulties
24. Replacing broken ones is often difficult
27. United States
29. Rodent found in crate
30. This rubs out [interview
34. Discourages maid from travelling for
38. Pigeons and sweethearts do this
39. Feminine pronoun
40. Match is often decided by
44. This is drab without the artist

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE and become entitled to enter two additional Gift Squares provided. If making additional entries, one allowed free with each three paid. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, June 26.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

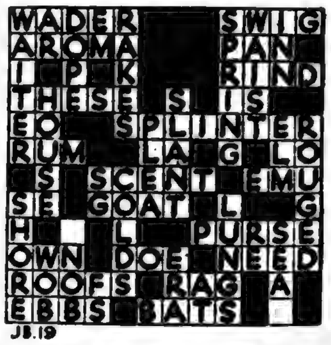
3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, July 9. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 14, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prizes. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, 3,000 Guineas cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

X-WORD No 19


JB.19

WINNERS ON PAGE 4

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Two spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points competitors who used the words KNOB or SNOB and SEAL or SEAT were regarded as having submitted apt and accurate Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Diagon Crossword No. 19 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

GET THIS FREE HELP in addition to valuable "Reasons Why" guidance, the "Crossword Gazette" provides Entry Squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free!

Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin on page 47. Every reader now receives a free Entry Envelope weekly.

with GREATEST SUMMER HOLIDAY OFFER IN CROSSWORD HISTORY

£250
HOLIDAY CASH
BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

ADDITIONAL
£100
between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" receives four or more entries (8 squares. including 2 free squares) in same envelope.

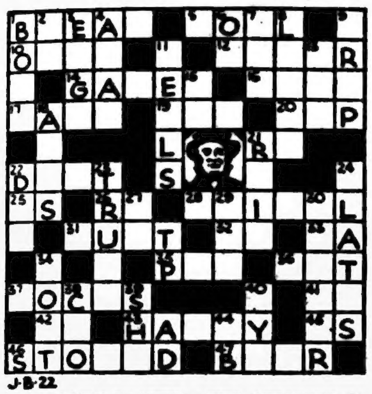
EXTRA BIRTHDAY BONUS AWARD
— VALUE £2 WITH EACH PRIZE —
— OF £2 OR OVER —

Closing Friday June 26

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED — ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED.

KEEP YOUR COPIES HERE.

These miniature reproductions of "John Bull's" Crossword Squares are for your copies only and will NOT be accepted as entries.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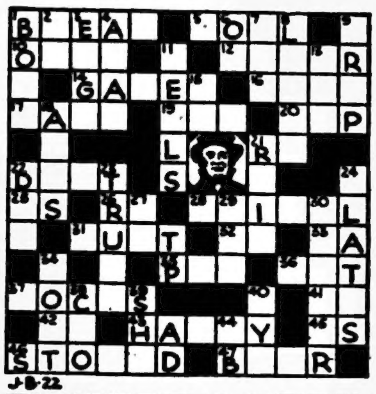
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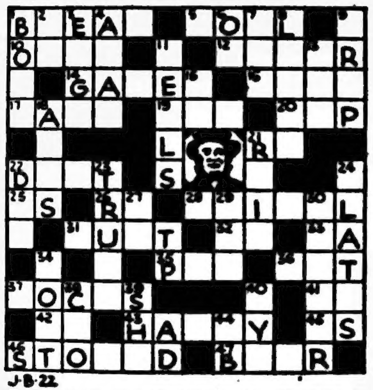
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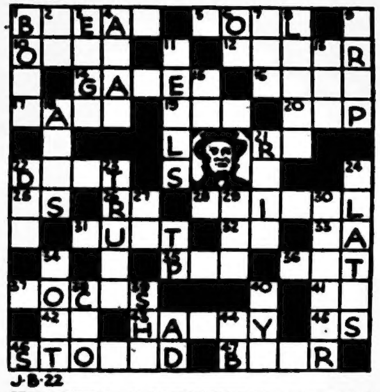
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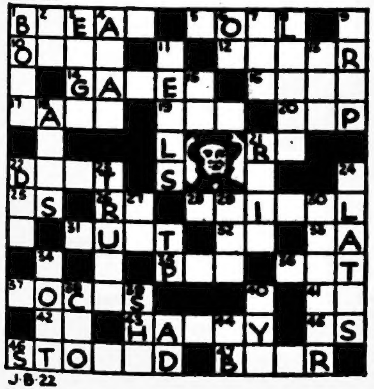
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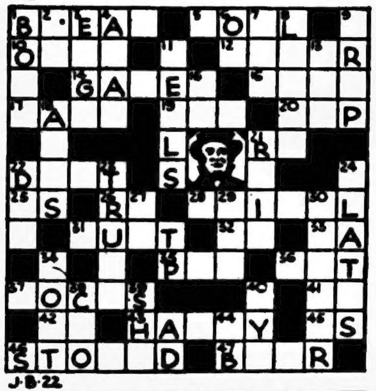
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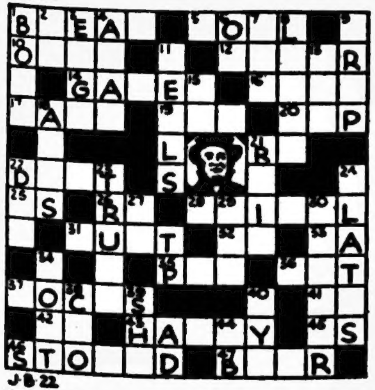
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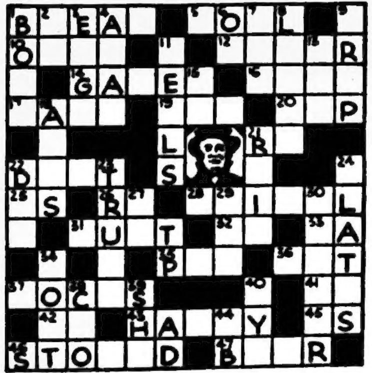
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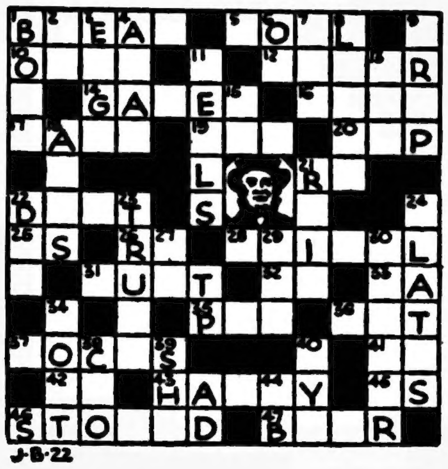
FREE COUPON

The two entry squares on this fourth coupon are FREE, provided it is enclosed in the same envelope with three other paid (or prize) coupons from same entrant.

AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL FRIDAY, JUNE 26

ENTRY-FEE For two squares, send P.O. for 6d. ; for four squares, send 1s. ; for six squares, send 1s. 6d., entitling you to enclose one FREE-ENTRY coupon bearing two extra squares.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 22—CLOSING FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1936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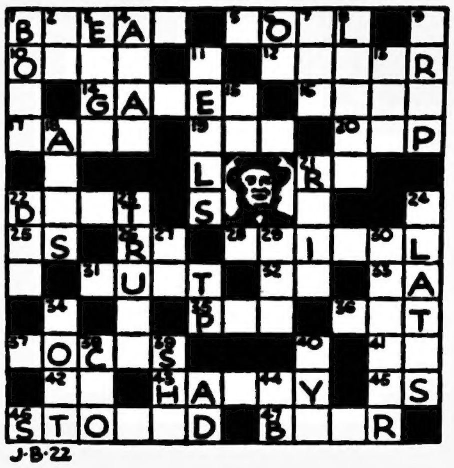

J-B-22

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value......... No..................

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1s.

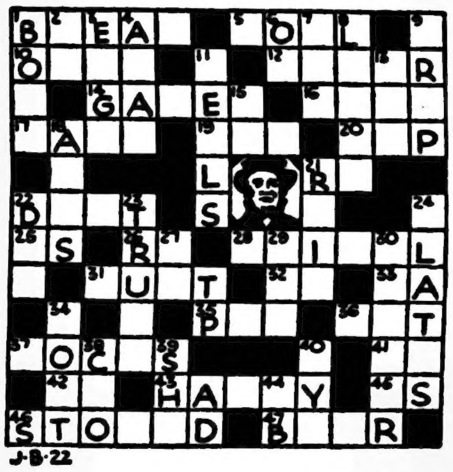
SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

....

CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 22—CLOSING FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1936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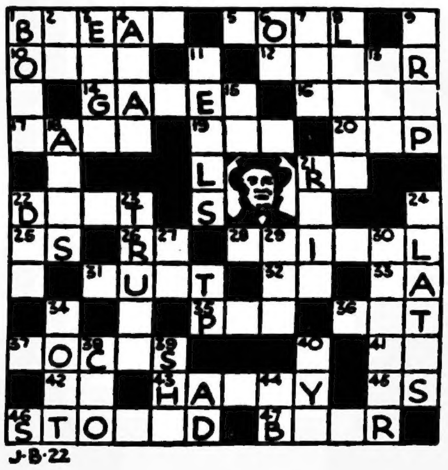

J-B-22

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value......... No..................

ENTRY FEE
for 6 Squares
1s. 6d.

SIGNED ....

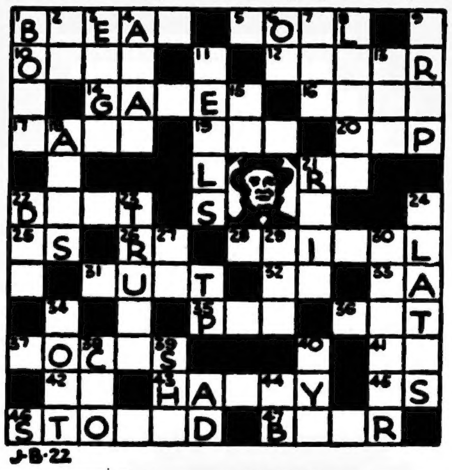
ADDRESS..

....

CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 22, and if used as directed with 3 paid-entry or prize coupons.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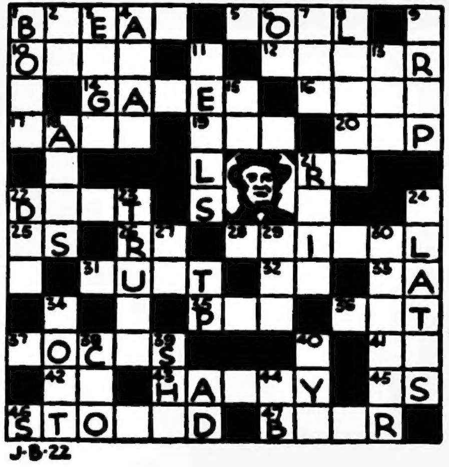

J-B-22

FREE
COUPON
for use as directed

I enclose THREE paid-entry or prize coupons for Crossword No. 22, and claim this FREE ENTRY accordingly. I agree to all rules and conditions.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS..

....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"John Bull" Crossword No. 22,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Is Your Skin DEAD Or Alive?

Skin dying from lack of proper nourishment can be made radiantly alive and glowing with the bloom of youth. Dry dull lifeless skin, lines and wrinkles, are all caused by the loss of certain vital nourishing elements. These elements are now extracted from carefully selected young animals. When fed back to the human skin, they make it fresh and young again. These are the astounding results of research made at the University of Vienna by Prof. Dr. Stejskal. The sole rights to the Professor's discovery have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. His extract of living skin cells, called 'Biocel,' is to be found only in Crème Tokalon (Rose Colour). In hospital tests on women of 60 to 70 years of age, wrinkles were banished in six weeks (see full report in Vienna Medical Journal).

Apply Crème Tokalon, Skinfood, Rose Colour, every night. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a few weeks you will look years younger. During the day use Crème Tokalon, White Colour, (non-greasy). Dissolves away blackheads; tightens enlarged pores; makes darkest roughest skin soft smooth and white. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

Reduce *YOUR* High
BLOOD PRESSURE
Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW.** (**Prescription No. 1108/T**) Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6**
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.36), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.
Descriptive Book (J.B. 299) Post Free.

FREE!

Test, free of charge, the wonderful properties of "Pepsodent Toothpaste," or "Pepsodent Tooth Powder," the new method which keeps the teeth white and brilliant and prevents decay. You can try either free by writing, mentioning "John Bull," and enclose 1½d. stamp to cover cost of postage, etc., to the Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 69), Park Royal Road, London, N.W., or by simply filling in the Coupon on page 31. Tick which you prefer—toothpaste or powder. Accept this unique offer now.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

The discomfort caused by a strong dose of medicine can be agonisingly painful to a child. It is like turning a screw in the tender, sensitive little bowels.

How different is the gentle, smooth, easy action of 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a pure, fruit laxative that starts a *natural* movement which carries away all the hard, clogged up waste-matter from the bowels without worrying the child in the least. In a few hours, after all the half-digested food and poisonous, fermenting waste-matter have passed from the bowels, the child is like a different being—happy, contented and full of "go."

The internal cleansing which 'California Syrup of Figs' gives is positive but *gentle*, and without the faintest twinge of discomfort.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well.

'California Syrup of Figs' is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is *safe* for children. It is sold by all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.

PILES can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

ManZan
BRAND
PILE REMEDY

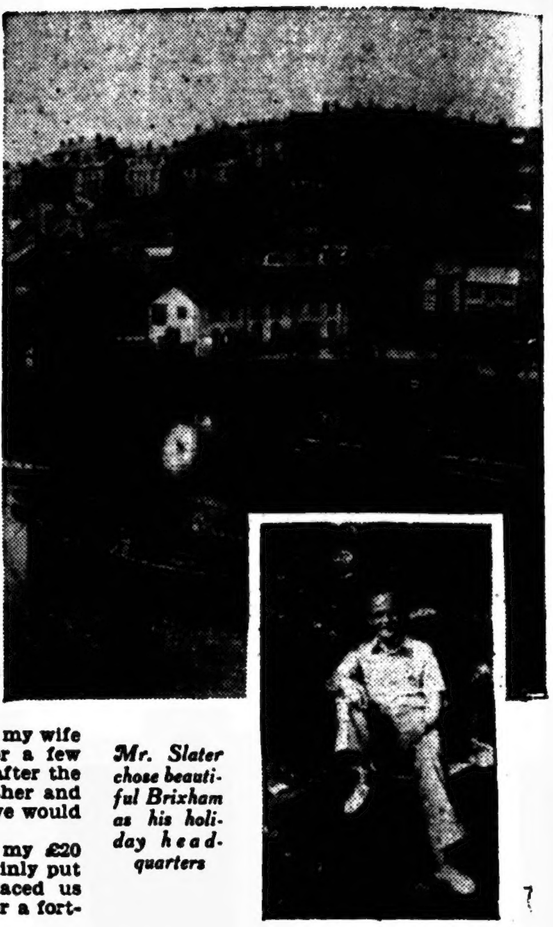
IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

IDEAL HOLIDAYS —and the cost was SIXPENCE!

Follow these Winners to the Seaside



Mr. Slater chose beautiful Brixham as his holiday headquarters

DECORATING this page you see quaint old Brixham and bright young Mr. H. Slater, 8, Watling Street, Gillingham. They met on holiday—and he owes his happy days in Devon to a *Bullet* with a tang in it, ROUGH SEA—THEN APPRECIATES "FRIENDLY BEAM."

"In May," he told JOHN BULL, "my wife and I had only been married for a few months. Funds were pretty low after the expenses of getting a home together and we were just wondering whether we would be able to afford a holiday.

"Then out of the blue came my £20 cheque from JOHN BULL. It certainly put us out of 'the blues,' for it placed us amongst the red cliffs of Devon for a fortnight.

"We stayed in the lovely old fishing village of Brixham, with its quaint quay and market. Torquay, Paignton, Totnes and Dawlish we explored in a friend's car and on foot we roamed the magnificent headlands overlooking Tor Bay.

"Bathing was glorious in the many coves and bays along the coast and we were soon as brown as berries and as healthy as only Devon air can make you.

"All too soon we had to bring our holiday to an end with a day in London. It was indeed a delightful holiday at JOHN BULL'S expense—and all for four words!"

* * *

"To have 25 crisp £1 notes to play with at the height of the holiday season *is* a pleasant surprise!" said another young *Bullets* holidaymaker, Mr. E. J. Putland, 9, Winders Road, Battersea. As a doglover it was fitting that he won his £25 with the timely effort, FOURTEEN DAYS—HOLIDAYMAKERS DESERVE "IMPRISONING" PETS.

"Rex, my big companion, inspired my winning *Bullet*," Mr. Putland related, "so naturally he had first call on the prize-money. He got a brand new collar and some extra juicy bones.

"Some stout walking shoes and a sports outfit for his master and the two of us set out on a walking tour through the leafy lanes of the West. Home again, I had a week's rest in London, whilst mother and father enjoyed the seaside air with the remainder of my prize-money."

* * *

On the opposite page you will find 50 fine opportunities of capturing a big Holiday Cheque and valuable suit-case Bonus, an ideal prize for a stay by the sea. In your case, make it a *Bullets* Holiday—and what is in your *Bullets* Case will help to make it ideal.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,029

First Prize £1,500 Cash, plus Saloon Car:

F. RUSSELL, 63, Coronation Road, Plaistow, E.
Example: IN THE SUNSHINE
Bullet: "BRONZED CHILDREN," FINEST "MEMORIAL."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£250, PLUS CAR:

G. B. MITCHELL, 2, Blakemore Road, Streatham, S.W.
Example: Peace Or War
Bullet: Makers Deserve "Front Rank."

£100, PLUS CAR:

D. MUNGALL, 19, Dunbar Road, Southport.
Example: Ordinary Fellow
Bullet: Even Coronation Won't "Dethrone."

OTHER PRIZES:

£90: K. VENN, 27a, Redcliffe Gardens, Fulham Road, London, S.W.
Example: To Help Others
Bullet: Impossible? God Help Us!

£80: A. GORDON, Roseland, Millisle, Co. Down.
Example: Peace Or War
Bullet: Or Something, Government's Policy!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£70: T. N. ELLIOTT, 40, Marlboro' Road, Doncaster.
Long Innings—Grandad's, Describing Grace's "Duck"!

£60: P. PHILLIPS, 2, Maesteg Road, Maesteg.
Busy Housewife—"Confectioner," But Not "Newsagent."

£50: R. MURRAY, The Lodge, Glasshouse Hill, Stourbridge, Worcs.
Time Is Money, But—Spare "Great Giver" Trifle!

£40: MRS. W. HENDRY, 72, High Street, Aberlour, Banffshire.
To Help Others—"On Road," Don't "Hesitate"!

£30: MISS J. O. LYONS, 29, Philip Street, Darwen, Lancs.
Whilst We Sleep—"Repairs"—"Mend" Your Hours!

£20: C. BARNARD, 7, Firle Road, Brighton.
On The Pavement—Lacking "Fields," All Ages.

£19: G. REDDINGTON, 49, Richmond Road, Freemantle, Southampton.
Sonny—Forfeited Scholarship, "Studying" *Us.*

£18: W. McINROY, 60, Main Street, Dundee.
Peace Or War—Not Debatable Question, Econ.

£17: E. W. WALLIS, 25, Bootham Crescent, York.
Auntie's Sunshade—Keeps Goloshes From Perishing!

£16: A. J. R. CARTWRIGHT, 7, Wragby Road, Lincoln.
"No!"—Interrupted Poet's "Hey Nonny——"

£15: F. J. NASH, 330, Brockley Road, S.E.
In Europe's Circus—"Whips" *And* "Tentpoles" Cracking.

£14: MISS A. MAYO, Mynydd-Ar-Mor, Llanaber, Barmouth.
Sonny — "Sand-boy" To-day — "Sheik" To-morrow.

£13: J. P. SUTTON, 15, Burlington Road, West Bromwich.
Won't Fight—Pacifist—Except For Gas-mark!

£12: H. CAVE, Central Motor Co., Ltd., John Bright Street, Birmingham.
Long Innings—Love's, Through "Declaration" Daily.

£11: MRS. A. E. FORD, 1, Standard Road, Belvedere, Kent.
Jogging Along—Happily, Now I'm "Gee-gee."

£10: MRS. L. K. THOMAS, Dale Cottage, Crescent Road, Llandilo, Carm.
Life Is Short, So—Let Attendant Open Deck-chair!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Winners of from £10 up to £19 will also receive a £5 Holiday Cheque, and those of from £20 up to £90 a Holiday Cheque for £10. A List of 50 25s., 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

STAGGERING WORLD CRUISE OFFER COMING!

For *Bullets* 1,035th Competition the colossal 3-in-1 First Prize will be a 40,000-mile Family World Cruise, £1,000 cash and £6 Weekly for Life, supported by scores of other big cheques and bonuses.

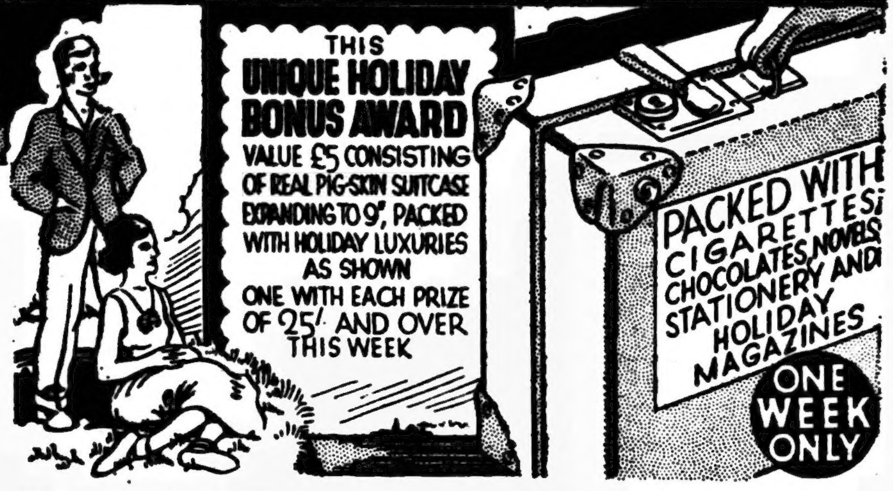
50 FINE NEW BONUS AWARDS *with this week's* BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES!

SPLENDID 2-in-1 BULLETS' 1st PRIZE

£500 *plus* HOLIDAY BONUS

£50 PLUS BONUS	£25 PLUS BONUS	£20 PLUS BONUS	£18 PLUS BONUS	£16 PLUS BONUS	£14 PLUS BONUS
£12 PLUS BONUS	£10 PLUS BONUS	£9 PLUS BONUS	£8 PLUS BONUS	£7 PLUS BONUS	£6 PLUS BONUS
£5 PLUS BONUS	£4 PLUS BONUS	10 *of* £3 EACH PLUS BONUS		25 *of* 25/- EACH PLUS BONUS	

500 *of* 2/6 · 4,000 "DOUBLE STAR TARGETS" · 6,000 "STAR TARGETS"



THIS
UNIQUE HOLIDAY
BONUS AWARD
VALUE £5 CONSISTING
OF REAL PIG-SKIN SUITCASE
EXPANDING TO 9", PACKED
WITH HOLIDAY LUXURIES
AS SHOWN
ONE WITH EACH PRIZE
OF 25/- AND OVER
THIS WEEK

PACKED WITH CIGARETTES, CHOCOLATES, NOVELS, STATIONERY AND HOLIDAY MAGAZINES
ONE WEEK ONLY

1,033

BIG NEW 2-in-1 HOLIDAY PRIZES FOR 50 "BULLETEERS" THIS WEEK!

HOW will this summer end for you? Will it leave you wearied without a holiday or working harder than ever to replenish a hole in your savings? How much better that you should win a holiday for yourself and family at JOHN BULL's expense and enjoy without anxiety the most glorious stay at the seaside which you have ever known!

Before you to-day is another of JOHN BULL's huge one-week Holiday Offers—new in its special attractions but old in the solidity of its prize-money, providing for many more *Bullets* entrants the opportunity of a care-free seaside holiday this year.

On Friday, July 3, a golden Joy Wire will bring some entrant JOHN BULL's congratulations on capturing a £500 fortune and valuable new Holiday Bonus. This Bonus will consist of a real pigskin suit-case, filled with cigarettes, chocolates, novels, stationery and holiday magazines. And one of these fine Suitcase Bonuses, value £5 each, will go with every one of this week's chief cash prizes, all the way down the list from £500 to 25s.!

Dozens of "Bulleteers" have already made sure of an ideal holiday this summer. Here is your opportunity to join the merry throng!

HOW TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read carefully through the list of *Examples* provided on this page and write down a few which specially appeal to you. Then, against each of your selected *Examples*, make rough jottings of all the ideas it brings to your mind and there you have the raw material for your *Bullets*.

Now, each of your completed efforts must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*. Your next step, then, is to prune and polish your first rough jottings into sparkling *Bullets*.

For instance, to the *Example*, IN EUROPE'S FAMILY, you might first add *Much Quarrelling And Little Prosperity*. A few minutes' search for more picturesque phrasing and you could readily arrive at the finished *Bullet*, IN EUROPE'S FAMILY—MANY "BEARS"—LITTLE "PORRIDGE."

To help you further to appreciate winning styles, study the successful efforts in our 1,029th Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then make a start with your own *Bullets*, remembering that they must reach Long Acre by Saturday, June 20.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

IN EUROPE'S FAMILY
LEAGUE POLICEMAN
WARNING EVERYBODY
COUNCIL OF WAR
AMY
ALWAYS AT WORK
HIS MEMOIRS
AWAY FROM WESTMINSTER
FALLEN IDOL
TROUBLE IN THE CAMP
"NAME, PLEASE!"
BAFFLED
OWING TO HER
MISTAKEN KINDNESS
SONNY'S A TERROR, BUT
EVE
CRUISING AROUND
WITH DEADLY ACCURACY
RUN OVER
WHEN DAD WENT ON
WOBBLING
WOULDN'T HURT
LOST OPPORTUNITY
MAN WITHOUT A HEART
FANFARE OF TRUMPETS
WE'D DO WELL IF
UNARMED
SEASIDE HERO
MUTINOUS CREW
BOOKING ROOMS
SORROW
FLATTERED HER
TOO HOT
SURPRISE FOR THE MERMAID
FOOD AND DRINK
IN A TIGHT CORNER

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,033)
Closing SAT., June 20.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,033)
Closing SAT., June 20.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ....
Address ....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,033)
Closing SAT., June 20.
P.O. No. ....
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If *YOU* Suffer From

HEADACHES

These are mostly caused by Nervousness, Liver Trouble, Disordered Stomach, Excitement. Worry or a general Run-Down condition. In most cases the throbbing pain and the unendurable "tightness" of scalp and temples can be relieved in a few minutes by **Yeast-Vite Tablets**, which not only soothe the nerves, but remove the cause of the trouble, thus giving permanent benefit.

BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS

together with **Dizziness, Heaviness, Depression, "Blues," Offensive Breath, Lack of Energy, Buzzing Head, Irritable Temper**, and the many symptoms of Functional Disorder, are quickly relieved by **Yeast-Vite Tablets.** They cleanse the Blood Stream, Regulate the Stomach and Bowels and rapidly promote harmonious working amongst the bodily functions.

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The curse of the Worried, Run-Down, Overworked or Pain-Racked. One of the most dreadful afflictions known. Insomnia responds most readily to the wonderful soothing action of **Yeast-Vite Tablets.** Their nourishing effect on the Nerves and Brain Cells, together with their powerful **Regulating** action on the system as a whole induces Refreshing, Natural Sleep.

LIVER, KIDNEYS, LUMBAGO

Here, again Heaviness, Depression, Irritable Temper, etc., are common symptoms, together with **black specks before the vision**, and in the case of **Lumbago or Backache**, a terrible continuous Aching round the loins and the base of the spine. **Yeast-Vite Tablets** act directly on the Liver and Kidneys (through the blood stream), and dispel the disagreeable symptoms, producing a feeling of Exhilaration and Vigorous Energy.

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For years Yeast has been the standard medicine for purifying the blood. Most skin troubles are due to blood impurity, because the poisons lodged in the system break through the skin, causing eruptions, both painful and unsightly. **Yeast-Vite Tablets**, which are made from a special culture, dried by a special process so as to retain all its Vitamins, and mixed with other valuable ingredients, enable small quantities in a concentrated form to give relief in a pleasant and effective way.

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That "full," uncomfortable feeling in stomach after eating, with its symptoms of Heartburn, Palpitation, etc., is speedily relieved by Yeast-Vite. A quick return to Eager, Healthy Appetite is the invariable result of taking Yeast-Vite Tablets.

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Nervousness is more pronounced when the system is generally Run-Down, and only a Tonic that is a powerful nutrient and nerve food will be effective. **Yeast-Vite Tablets** are particularly powerful in their stimulating effect, as they clear the blood of all waste matter, and help to produce a healthy condition of the entire system. They "feed" the starved nerves, and soothe away nerve pains as if by magic. Vitamin "B," of which Yeast-Vite Tablets contain a very high percentage, is held by leading Scientists and Physicians to be the best Nerve Stimulant.

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In thousands of cases of Anaemia, Malnutrition, etc., especially in girls in their teens, **Yeast-Vite Tablets** cannot be improved upon. They assist in making rich, pure blood and well-nourished nerves, and bring rapid relief from the "thumping" headaches and other pains usually associated with this condition.

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N.B.—To gain the fullest benefit from Yeast-Vite Tablets, they should be followed by a glass of water.

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OUR OFFER

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

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